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A TREASURY OF ENGLISH SONNETS

A TREASURY

OF

ENGLISH SONNETS

EDITED

FROM THE ORIGINAL SOURCES WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

DAVID M. MAIN

Manchester

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O, how faire frutes may you to mortall men
From wisdomes garden geue? How many may
By you the wiser and the better proue?

NICHOLAS GRIMAULD. *Tottel's Miscellany:* 1557.

PREFACE

THE aim of this work is to provide students and lovers of good poetry with a comprehensive Selection of the best original Sonnets known to the Editor, written by native English poets not living; and to illustrate it from English poetical and prose literature.

In pursuance of the plan adopted, the volume falls into two equal portions,—Text and Notes. The first is devoted to Sonnets by those writers who have attained the highest, or nearly the highest, excellence in this species of composition; and the second, which is specially intended for students, to a liberal system of illustration, furnishing a complete critical apparatus for the study of the Sonnets in the Text, and containing numerous supplementary Sonnets by the same writers and others of the past suggested by them. Throughout this portion also have been interspersed, as occasion offered, examples from some of our best living sonnet-writers; but it will be obvious that these, which come in simply by the way, and form no essential part of the work, are not submitted as affording any adequate representation of our contemporary Sonnet-literature.

Definitions of the Sonnet have been so frequent since the present work was first taken in hand, now some years ago, as to determine the Editor not to encumber his volume with the

analytical Essay on the Sonnet out of which it originally grew. It may be mentioned, however, that the Selection, generally, has been made in accordance with principles enforced in that Essay, which—with all deference to such rigid disciplinarians as Mr. Tomlinson—favoured a relaxation, so far as English practice is concerned, of nearly every law in the Italian code except the two cardinal ones which demand that the Sonnet shall consist of fourteen rimed decasyllabic verses, and be a development of one idea, mood, feeling, or sentiment,—and one only.

By reducing the contents of the Text to the orthography of the present day—a wholesome test of poetic vitality—and adhering, in all quotations in the Notes, to the successive contemporary modes of spelling and (when admissible) punctuation, the Editor trusts that he has avoided offence to the advocates either of the archaic method on the one hand, or of the modern on the other.

To the respective owners by whose liberality so large a number of copyright Sonnets are inserted; and to the many good friends who by word or deed have aided him in his labour of love, the Editor takes this opportunity of repeating his grateful acknowledgments.

D. M. M.

DOUNE, PERTHSHIRE,
27th November, 1879.

A

Treasury of English Sonnets

IN TWO BOOKS

Book First

I

A RENOUNCING OF LOVE.

SIR THO. WYAT
1503—1542

FAREWELL, Love, and all thy laws for ever!
Thy baited hooks shall tangle me no more:
Senec and Plato call me from thy lore
To perfect wealth my wit for to endeavour.
In blind error when I did persever,
Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh aye so sore,
Taught me in trifles that I set no store;
But 'scaped forth thence, since liberty is lever.
Therefore, farewell! go trouble younger hearts,
And in me claim no more authority:
With idle youth go use thy property,
And thereon spend thy many brittle darts;
For hitherto though I have lost my time,
Me list no longer rotten boughs to climb.

II

THE DESERTED LOVER CONSOLETH HIMSELF

WITH REMEMBRANCE THAT ALL WOMEN ARE BY NATURE FICKLE.

SIR THO. WYAT
1503—1542

DIVERS doth use, as I have heard and know,
When that to change their ladies do begin,
To mourn, and wail, and never for to lynn;
Hoping thereby to 'pease their painful woe.
And some there be that when it chanceth so
That women change, and hate where love hath been,
They call them false, and think with words to win
The hearts of them which otherwhere doth grow.
But as for me, though that by chance indeed
Change hath outworn the favour that I had,
I will not wail, lament, nor yet be sad,
Nor call her false that falsely did me feed;
But let it pass, and think it is of kind
That often change doth please a woman's mind.

III

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING,

WHEREIN EACH THING RENEWS, SAVE ONLY THE LOVER.

EARL OF SURREY
1516?—1547

THE soote season, that bud and bloom furth brings,
With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale,
The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
The turtle to her make hath told her tale.
Summer is come, for every spray now springs,
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;
The fishes flete with new-repaired scale;
The adder all her slough away she slings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale;
The busy bee her honey now she mings;
Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale.
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

IV

VOW TO LOVE FAITHFULLY,
HOWSOEVER HE BE REWARDED.

EARL OF SURREY
1516?—1547

SET me whereas the sun doth parch the green,
Or where his beams do not dissolve the ice;
In temperate heat, where he is felt and seen;
In presence prest of people mad or wise;
Set me in high, or yet in low degree;
In longest night, or in the shortest day;
In clearest sky, or where clouds thickest be
In lusty youth, or when my hairs are gray:
Set me in heaven, in earth, or else in hell,
In hill, or dale, or in the foaming flood;
Thrall, or at large, alive whereso I dwell,
Sick, or in health, in evil fame, or good,
Hers will I be; and only with this thought
Content myself, although my chance be nought.

V

PRAISE OF CERTAIN PSALMS OF DAVID
TRANSLATED BY SIR T. W. THE ELDER.

THE great Macedon that out of Persia chased
Darius, of whose huge power all Asia rung,
In the rich ark Dan Homer's rimes he placed,
Who feignèd gests of heathen princes sung.
What holy grave, what worthy sepulture,
To Wyat's Psalms should Christians then purchase?
Where he doth paint the lively faith and pure,
The steadfast hope, the sweet return to grace
Of just David, by perfect penitence;
Where rulers may see in a mirror clear
The bitter fruit of false concupiscence;
How Jewry bought Uriah's death full dear
In princes' hearts God's scourge imprinted deep,
Ought them awake out of their sinful sleep.

VI

AN EPITAPH.

EARL OF SURREY
1516?—1547

NORFOLK sprung thee, Lambeth holds thee dead;
Clere, of the Count of Cleremont, thou hight;
Within the womb of Ormond's race thou bred,
And saw'st thy cousin crownèd in thy sight.
Shelton for love, Surrey for lord thou chase,
(Ay me! whilst life did last that league was tender)
Tracing whose steps thou sawest Kelsal blaze,
Landrecy burnt, and battered Boulogne render.
At Montreuil gates, hopeless of all recure,
Thine earl, half dead, gave in thy hand his will;
Which cause did thee this pining death procure,
Ere summers four times seven thou couldst fulfil.
Ah, Clere! if love had booted care or cost,
Heaven had not won, nor earth so timely lost.

VII

OF SARDANAPALUS' DISHONOURABLE LIFE
AND MISERABLE DEATH.

TH' Assyrian king, in peace, with foul desire
And filthy lusts that stained his regal heart;
In war, that should set princely hearts on fire,
Did yield, vanquished for want of martial art.
The dint of swords from kisses seemèd strange,
And harder than his lady's side his targe;
From glutton feasts to soldier's fare a change;
His helmet far above a garland's charge:
Who scarce the name of manhood did retain,
Drenchèd in sloth and womanish delight,
Feeble of spirit, impatient of pain,
When he had lost his honour and his right,
(Proud time of wealth, in storms appalled with dread,)
Murthered himself, to show some manful deed.

VIII

(1)

EDMUND SPENSER
1552?—1599

HAPPY, ye leaves! whenas those lily hands,
Which hold my life in their dead-doing might,
Shall handle you, and hold in love's soft bands,
Like captives trembling at the victor's sight;
And happy lines! on which, with starry light,
Those lamping eyes will deign sometimes to look,
And read the sorrows of my dying spright,
Written with tears in heart's close-bleeding book;
And happy rimes! bathed in the sacred brook
Of Helicon, whence she derivèd is;—
When ye behold that Angel's blessèd look,
My soul's long-lackèd food, my heaven's bliss,
Leaves, lines, and rimes, seek her to please alone,
Whom if ye please, I care for other none.

IX

(5)

RUDELY thou wrongest my dear heart's desire,
In finding fault with her too portly pride:
The thing which I do most in her admire,
Is of the world unworthy most envíed;
For in those lofty looks is close implied
Scorn of base things, and sdeign of foul dishonour,
Threatening rash eyes which gaze on her so wide,
That loosely they ne dare to look upon her.
Such pride is praise, such portliness is honour,
That boldened innocence bears in her eyes;
And her fair countenance, like a goodly banner,
Spreads in defiance of all enemies.
Was never in this world ought worthy tried,
Without some spark of such self-pleasing pride.

x

(8)

EDMUND SPENSER
1552?—1599

MORE than most fair, full of the living fire
Kindled above unto the Maker near:
No eyes but joys, in which all powers conspire
That to the world nought else be counted dear!
Through your bright beams doth not the blinded guest
Shoot out his dart to base affections wound;
But angels come to lead frail minds to rest
In chaste desires, on heavenly beauty bound.
You frame my thoughts, and fashion me within;
You stop my tongue, and teach my heart to speak;
You calm the storm that passion did begin,
Strong through your cause, but by your virtue weak.
Dark is the world where your light shinèd never;
Well is he born that may behold you ever.

xi

(17)

THE glorious portrait of that Angel's face,
Made to amaze weak men's confusèd skill,
And this world's worthless glory to embase;
What pen, what pencil, can express her fill?
For though he colours could devise at will,
And eke his learnèd hand at pleasure guide,
Lest, trembling, it his workmanship should spill,
Yet many wondrous things there are beside:—
The sweet eye-glances that like arrows glide,
The charming smiles that rob sense from the heart,
The lovely pleasance, and the lofty pride,
Cannot expressèd be by any art.
A greater craftsman's hand thereto doth need
That can express the life of things indeed.

XII

(22)

EDMUND SPENSER
1552?—1599

THIS holy season, fit to fast and pray,
Men to devotion ought to be inclined:
Therefore I likewise on so holy day
For my sweet Saint some service fit will find.
Her temple fair is built within my mind,
In which her glorious image placèd is,
On which my thoughts do day and night attend,
Like sacred priests that never think amiss!
There I to her, as th' author of my bliss,
Will build an altar to appease her ire,
And on the same my heart will sacrifice,
Burning in flames of pure and chaste desire
The which vouchsafe, O goddess, to accept,
Amongst thy dearest relics to be kept.

XIII

(34)

LIKE as a ship that through the ocean wide,
By conduct of some star, doth make her way,
Whenas a storm hath dimmed her trusty guide,
Out of her course doth wander far astray,—
So I, whose star, that wont with her bright ray
Me to direct, with clouds is overcast,
Do wander now in darkness and dismay,
Through hidden perils round about me placed;
Yet hope I well that, when this storm is past,
My Helice, the lodestar of my life,
Will shine again, and look on me at last,
With lovely light to clear my cloudy grief.
Till then I wander careful, comfortless,
In secret sorrow and sad pensiveness.

XIV

(37)

EDMUND SPENSER
1552?—1599

WHAT guile is this, that those her golden tresses
She doth attire under a net of gold;
And with sly skill so cunningly them dresses,
That which is gold or hair may scarce be told
Is it that men's frail eyes which gaze too bold,
She may entangle in that golden snare;
And being caught may craftily enfold
Their weaker hearts which are not well aware?
Take heed therefore, mine eyes, how ye do stare
Henceforth too rashly on that guileful net,
In which if ever ye entrappèd are,
Out of her bands ye by no means shall get.
Fondness it were for any, being free,
To covet fetters, though they golden be!

XV

(40)

MARK when she smiles with amiable cheer,
And tell me whereto can ye liken it,
When on each eyelid sweetly do appear
An hundred Graces as in shade to sit.
Likest it seemeth, in my simple wit,
Unto the fair sunshine in summer's day,
That when a dreadful storm away is flit,
Through the broad world doth spread his goodly ray;
At sight whereof, each bird that sits on spray,
And every beast that to his den was fled,
Comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,
And to the light lift up their drooping head.
So my storm-beaten heart likewise is cheered
With that sunshine, when cloudy looks are cleared.

XVI

(61)

EDMUND SPENSER
1552?—1599

THE glorious image of the Maker's beauty,
My sovereign saint, the idol of my thought,
Dare not henceforth above the bounds of duty
T' accuse of pride or rashly blame for ought.
For being as she is divinely wrought
And of the brood of angels heavenly born,
And with the crew of blessèd saints upbrought,
Each of which did her with their gifts adorn;
The bud of joy, the blossom of the morn,
The beam of light whom mortal eyes admire;
What reason is it then but she should scorn
Base things, that to her love too bold aspire!
Such heavenly forms ought rather worshipped be,
Than dare be loved by men of mean degree.

XVII

(65)

THE doubt which ye misdeem, fair Love, is vain,
That fondly fear to lose your liberty;
When losing one, two liberties ye gain,
And make him bond that bondage erst did fly.
Sweet be the bands the which true love doth tie
Without constraint or dread of any ill:
The gentle bird feels no captivity
Within her cage, but sings, and feeds her fill;—
There pride dare not approach, nor discord spill
The league 'twixt them that loyal love hath bound,
But simple truth and mutual good-will
Seeks with sweet peace to salve each other's wound;
There Faith doth fearless dwell in brazen tower,
And spotless Pleasure builds her sacred bower.

XVIII

(67)

EDMUND SPENSER
1552?—1599

LIKE as a huntsman after weary chase
Seeing the game from him escaped away,
Sits down to rest him in some shady place,
With panting hounds beguilèd of their prey,—
So, after long pursuit and vain assay,
When I all weary had the chase forsook,
The gentle deer returned the self-same way,
Thinking to quench her thirst at the next brook:
There she beholding me with milder look,
Sought not to fly, but fearless still did bide;
Till I in hand her yet half trembling took,
And with her own good-will her firmly tied.
Strange thing, me seemed, to see a beast so wild
So goodly won, with her own will beguiled.

XIX

(68)

MOST glorious Lord of life! that on this day
Didst make thy triumph over death and sin,
And having harrowed hell didst bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win:
This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin;
And grant that we, for whom Thou diddest die,
Being with thy dear blood clean washed from sin,
May live for ever in felicity!
And that thy love we weighing worthily,
May likewise love Thee for the same again;
And for thy sake, that all like dear didst buy,
With love may one another entertain.
So let us love, dear Love, like as we ought:
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

XX

(70)

EDMUND SPENSER
1552?—1599

FRESH Spring, the herald of love's mighty king,
In whose coat-armour richly are displayed
All sorts of flowers the which on earth do spring,
In goodly colours gloriously arrayed;
Go to my Love where she is careless laid
Yet in her winter's bower not well awake;
Tell her the joyous time will not be stayed
Unless she do him by the forelock take;
Bid her therefore herself soon ready make
To wait on Love amongst his lovely crew;
Where every one that misseth then her make
Shall be by him amerced with penance due.
Make haste therefore, sweet Love, whilst it is prime;
For none can call again the passèd time.

XXI

(72)

OFT when my spirit doth spread her bolder wings,
In mind to mount up to the purest sky,
It down is weighed with thought of earthly things,
And clogged with burden of mortality;
Where when that sovereign beauty it doth spy,
Resembling heaven's glory in her light,
Drawn with sweet pleasure's bait it back doth fly,
And unto heaven forgets her former flight.
There my frail fancy, fed with full delight,
Doth bathe in bliss, and mantleth most at ease;
Ne thinks of other heaven but how it might
Her heart's desire with most contentment please.
Heart need not wish none other happiness
But here on earth to have such heaven's bliss.

XXII

(75)

11
EDMUND SPENSER
1552?—1599

ONE day I wrote her name upon the strand;
But came the waves and washèd it away:
Again I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tide and made my pains his prey.
Vain man! said she, that dost in vain assay
A mortal thing so to immortalize;
For I myself shall like to this decay,
And eke my name be wipèd out likewise.
Not so, quoth I; let baser things devise
To die in dust, but you shall live by fame:
My verse your virtues rare shall eternize,
And in the heavens write your glorious name,—
Where, whenas death shall all the world subdue,
Our love shall live, and later life renew.

XXIII

(79)

MEN call you fair, and you do credit it,
For that yourself ye daily such do see;
But the true fair, that is the gentle wit
And virtuous mind, is much more praised of me.
For all the rest, however fair it be,
Shall turn to nought and lose that glorious hue;
But only that is permanent and free
From frail corruption, that doth flesh ensue.
That is true beauty: that doth argue you
To be divine, and born of heavenly seed;
Derived from that fair Spirit from whom all true
And perfect beauty did at first proceed.
He only fair, and what He fair hath made;
All other fair, like flowers, untimely fade.

XXIV

(88)

EDMUND SPENSER
1552?—1599

LIKE as the culver on the bared bough
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate,
And in her songs sends many a wishful vow
For his return that seems to linger late:
So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourn to myself the absence of my Love,
And, wandering here and there all desolate,
Seek with my plaints to match that mournful dove;
Ne joy of ought that under heaven doth hove
Can comfort me, but her own joyous sight;
Whose sweet aspect both God and man can move
In her unspotted pleasance to delight.
Dark is my day whiles her fair light I miss,
And dead my life that wants such lively bliss.

XXV

A VISION UPON THE FAERY QUEEN.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
1552—1618

METHOUGHT I saw the grave where Laura lay,
Within that temple where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn; and passing by that way
To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept,
All suddenly I saw the Faery Queen:
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept;
And from thenceforth those Graces were not seen,
For they this Queen attended; in whose stead
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse.
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did pierce,
Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grief,
And cursed the access of that celestial thief.

XXVI

CONCERNING THE HONOUR OF BOOKS.

JOHN FLORIO
1553—1625

SINCE honour from the honourer proceeds,
How well do they deserve, that memorize
And leave in books for all posterities
The names of worthies and their virtuous deeds;
When all their glory else, like water-weeds
Without their element, presently dies,
And all their greatness quite forgotten lies,
And when and how they flourished no man heeds!
How poor remembrances are statues, tombs,
And other monuments that men erect
To princes, which remain in closèd rooms
Where but a few behold them, in respect
Of Books, that to the universal eye
Show how they lived; the other where they lie!

XXVII

(15)

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY
1554—1586

YOU that do search for every purling spring
Which from the ribs of old Parnassus flows,
And every flower, not sweet perhaps, which grows
Near thereabouts, into your posy wring;
Ye that do dictionary's method bring
Into your rimes, running in rattling rows;
You that poor Petrarch's long-deceasèd woes
With new-born sighs and denizened wit do sing;
You take wrong ways! Those far-fet helps be such
As do bewray a want of inward touch:
And sure at length stolen goods do come to light.
But if, both for your love and skill, your name
You seek to nurse at fullest breasts of Fame,
Stella behold, and then begin t' endite.

XXVIII

(31)

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY
1554—1586

WITH how sad steps, O Moon! thou climb'st the skies!
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What! may it be that even in heavenly place
That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy looks: thy languished grace,
To me, that feel the like, thy state descries.
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon! tell me,
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?—
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

XXIX

(39)

COME Sleep, O Sleep! the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low;
With shield of proof shield me from out the prease
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw:
Oh! make in me those civil wars to cease;
I will good tribute pay if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf of noise and blind of light,
A rosy garland and a weary head:
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.

XXX

(41)

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY
1554—1586

HAVING this day my horse, my hand, my lance
Guided so well that I obtained the prize,
Both by the judgment of the English eyes
And of some sent from that sweet enemy, France;
Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advance;
Townfolks my strength; a daintier judge applies
His praise to sleight, which from good use doth rise;
Some lucky wits impute it but to chance;
Others, because of both sides I do take
My blood from them who did excel in this,
Think Nature me a man-at-arms did make.
How far they shot awry! The true cause is,
Stella looked on; and from her heavenly face
Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race.

XXXI

(54)

BECAUSE I breathe not love to every one,
Nor do not use set colours for to wear,
Nor nourish special locks of vowèd hair,
Nor give each speech a full point of a groan,
The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the moan
Of them who in their lips Love's standard bear:
'What, he!' say they of me: 'now I dare swear
He cannot love. No, no, let him alone.'—
And think so still, if Stella know my mind!
Profess indeed I do not Cupid's art;
But you, fair maids, at length this true shall find,
That his right badge is but worn in the heart:
Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers prove;
They love indeed who quake to say they love.

XXXII

(64)

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY
1554—1586

NO more, my dear, no more these counsels try;
O give my passions leave to run their race!
Let Fortune lay on me her worst disgrace,
Let folk o'ercharged with brain against me cry;
Let clouds bedim my face, break in mine eye,
Let me no steps but of lost labour trace;
Let all the earth with scorn recount my case;
But do not will me from my love to fly.
I do not envy Aristotle's wit,
Nor do aspire to Cæsar's bleeding fame;
Nor ought do care though some above me sit;
Nor hope nor wish another course to frame,
But that which once may win thy cruel heart:
Thou art my wit, and thou my virtue art.

XXXIII

LEAVE me, O Love, which reachest but to dust,
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things;
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust:
What ever fades but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be,
Which breaks the clouds and opens forth the light
That doth both shine and give us sight to see.
Oh, take fast hold! let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth draws out to death,
And think how evil becometh him to slide
Who seeketh heaven, and comes of heavenly breath.
Then farewell, world; thy uttermost I see:
Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me.

Splendidis longum valedico nugis.

XXXIV

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY
1554—1586

SINCE Nature's works be good, and death doth serve
As Nature's work, why should we fear to die?
Since fear is vain but when it may preserve,
Why should we fear that which we cannot fly?
Fear is more pain than is the pain it fears,
Disarming human minds of native might;
While each conceit an ugly figure bears
Which were not evil, well viewed in reason's light
Our owly eyes, which dimmed with passions be,
And scarce discern the dawn of coming day,
Let them be cleared, and now begin to see
Our life is but a step in dusty way.
Then let us hold the bliss of peaceful mind;
Since this we feel, great loss we cannot find.

XXXV.

OF HIS MISTRESS:

UPON OCCASION OF HER WALKING IN A GARDEN.

HENRY CONSTABLE
1555?—1610?

MY lady's presence makes the roses red,
Because to see her lips they blush for shame:
The lily's leaves, for envy, pale became,
And her white hands in them this envy bred.
The marigold abroad her leaves doth spread,
Because the sun's and her power is the same;
The violet of purple colour came,
Dyed with the blood she made my heart to shed.
In brief, all flowers from her their virtue take:
From her sweet breath their sweet smells do proceed,
The living heat which her eye-beams do make
Warmeth the ground, and quickeneth the seed.
The rain wherewith she watereth these flowers
Falls from mine eyes, which she dissolves in showers.

XXXVI

HENRY CONSTABLE
1555?—1610?

PITY refusing my poor Love to feed,
A beggar starved for want of help he lies,
And at your mouth, the door of beauty, cries
That thence some alms of sweet grants may proceed.
But as he waiteth for some almës-deed
A cherry-tree before the door he spies—
'O dear!' quoth he, 'two cherries may suffice,
Two only life may save in this my need.'
But beggars, can they nought but cherries eat?
Pardon my Love, he is a goddess' son,
And never feedeth but on dainty meat,
Else need he not to pine as he hath done:
For only the sweet fruit of this sweet tree
Can give food to my Love, and life to me.

XXXVII

NEEDS must I leave, and yet needs must I love;
In vain my wit doth paint in verse my woe:
Disdain in thee despair in me doth show
How by my wit I do my folly prove.
All this my heart from love can never move;
Love is not in my heart, no, lady, no:
My heart is love itself; till I forego
My heart, I never can my love remove.
How shall I then leave love? I do intend
Not to crave grace, but yet to wish it still;
Not to praise thee, but beauty to commend,
And so by beauty's praise, praise thee I will.
For as my heart is love, love not in me,
So beauty thou,—beauty is not in thee.

XXXVIII

TO SAINT KATHARINE.

HENRY CONSTABLE
1555?—1610?

BECAUSE thou wast the daughter of a king,
Whose beauty did all Nature's works exceed,
And wisdom wonder to the world did breed,
A muse might rouse itself on Cupid's wing;
But, sith the graces which from nature spring
Were graced by those which from grace did proceed,
And glory have deserved, my Muse doth need
An angel's feathers when thy praise I sing.
For all in thee became angelical:
An angel's face had angels' purity,
And thou an angel's tongue didst speak withal;
Lo! why thy soul, set free by martyrdom,
Was crowned by God in angels' company,
And angels' hands thy body did entomb.

XXXIX

THOMAS LODGE
1556?—1625

FAIR art thou, Phyllis; ay, so fair, sweet maid,
As nor the sun nor I have seen more fair;
For in thy cheeks sweet roses are embayed,
And gold more pure than gold doth gild thy hair.
Sweet bees have hived their honey on thy tongue,
And Hebe spiced her nectar with thy breath.
About thy neck do all the graces throng,
And lay such baits as might entangle Death.
In such a breast what heart would not be thrall?
From such sweet arms who would not wish embraces?
At thy fair hands who wonders not at all
Wonder itself through ignorance embases.
Yet nathëless though wondrous gifts you call these,
My faith is far more wonderful than all these.

XL

GEORGE CHAPMAN
1557—1634

MUSES that sing Love's sensual empery,
And lovers kindling your enragèd fires
At Cupid's bonfires burning in the eye,
Blown with the empty breath of vain desires,—
You that prefer the painted cabinet
Before the wealthy jewels it doth store ye,
That all your joys in dying figures set,
And stain the living substance of your glory;
Abjure those joys, abhor their memory,
And let my Love the honoured subject be
Of love, and honour's complete history;
Your eyes were never yet let in to see
The majesty and riches of the mind,
But dwell in darkness; for your god is blind.

XLI

THOMAS WATSON
1560—1592

I SAW the object of my pining thought
Within a garden of sweet Nature's placing:
Wherein an arbour artificial wrought,
By workman's wondrous skill the garden gracing
Did boast his glory, glory far renowned,
For in his shady boughs my mistress slept:
And with a garland of his branches crowned,
Her dainty forehead from the sun ykept.
Imperious Love upon her eyelids tending,
Playing his wanton sports at every beck,
And into every finest limb descending,
From eyes to lips, from lips to ivory neck;
And every limb supplied, and t' every part
Had free accéss, but durst not touch her heart.

XLII

FRANCESCO'S SONNET,
CALLED HIS PARTING BLOW.

ROBERT GREENE
1561?—1592

REASON, that long in prison of my will
Hast wept thy mistress' wants and loss of time,
Thy wonted siege of honour safely climb;
To thee I yield as guilty of mine ill.
Lo, fettered in their tears, mine eyes are prest
To pay due homage to their native guide:
My wretched heart, wounded with bad betide,
To crave his peace from reason is addrest.
My thoughts ashamed, since by themselves consumed,
Have done their duty to repentant wit:
Ashamed of all, sweet guide, I sorry sit,
To see in youth how I too far presumed.
Thus he whom love and error did betray
Subscribes to thee and takes the better way.

Sero sed serio.

XLIII

WHAT meant the poets in invective verse
To sing Medea's shame, and Scylla's pride,
Calypso's charms by which so many died?
Only for this their vices they rehearse:
That curious wits which in the world converse,
May shun the dangers and enticing shows
Of such false sirens, those home-breeding foes,
That from their eyes their venom do disperse.
So soon kills not the basilisk with sight;
The viper's tooth is not so venomous;
The adder's tongue not half so dangerous,
As they that bear the shadow of delight,
Who chain blind youths in trammels of their hair,
Till waste brings woe, and sorrow hastes despair.

XLIV

SAMUEL DANIEL
1562—1619

LOOK, Delia, how w' esteem the half-blown rose,
The image of thy blush and summer's honour,
Whilst yet her tender bud doth undisclose
That full of beauty Time bestows upon her.
No sooner spreads her glory in the air,
But straight her wide-blown pomp comes to decline;
She then is scorned that late adorned the fair;
So fade the roses of those cheeks of thine.
No April can revive thy withered flowers,
Whose springing grace adorns thy glory now;
Swift speedy Time, feathered with flying hours,
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow.
Then do not thou such treasure waste in vain,
But love now whilst thou mayst be loved again.

XLV

BEAUTY, sweet Love, is like the morning dew,
Whose short refresh upon the tender green
Cheers for a time but till the sun doth shew,
And straight 'tis gone as it had never been.
Soon doth it fade that makes the fairest flourish,
Short is the glory of the blushing rose;
The hue which thou so carefully dost nourish,
Yet which at length thou must be forced to lose.
When thou, surcharged with burthen of thy years,
Shalt bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth,
And that in beauty's lease, expired, appears
The date of age, the calends of our death,—
But ah, no more!—this must not be foretold;
For women grieve to think they must be old.

XLVI

SAMUEL DANIEL
1562—1619.

CARE-CHARMER Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my languish, and restore the light;
With dark forgetting of my care return,
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth:
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of the morrow;
Never let rising Sun approve you liars,
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow:
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

XLVII

MICHAEL DRAYTON
1563—1631.

DEAR, why should you command me to my rest,
When now the night doth summon all to sleep?
Methinks this time becometh lovers best:
Night was ordained together friends to keep.
How happy are all other living things,
Which though the day disjoin by several flight,
The quiet Evening yet together brings,
And each returns unto his love at night!
O thou that art so courteous unto all,
Why shouldst thou, Night, abuse me only thus,
That every creature to his kind dost call,
And yet 'tis thou dost only sever us?
Well could I wish it would be ever day,
If when night comes, you bid me go away.

XLVIII

MICHAEL DRAYTON
1563—1631

SINCE there's no help, come let us kiss and part,—
Nay I have done, you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free;
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,—
Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recove

XLIX

JOSHUA SYLVESTER
1563—1618

WERE I as base as is the lowly plain,
And you, my Love, as high as heaven above,
Yet should the thoughts of me your humble swain
Ascend to heaven in honour of my Love.
Were I as high as heaven above the plain,
And you, my Love, as humble and as low
As are the deepest bottoms of the main,
Whereso'er you were, with you my love should go.
Were you the earth, dear Love, and I the skies,
My love should shine on you like to the sun,
And look upon you with ten thousand eyes,
Till heaven waxed blind, and till the world were done.
Whereso'er I am, below or else above you,
Whereso'er you are, my heart shall truly love you.

L

(8)

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE
1564—1616

MUSIC to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tunèd sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering,
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee: 'thou single wilt prove none.'

LI

(12)

WHEN I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silvered o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green, all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard:
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

LII

(15)

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE
1564—1616

WHEN I consider everything that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheerèd and checked even by the self-same sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory:
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And all in war with Time for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

LIII

(17)

WHO will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were filled with your most high deserts?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, 'This poet lies;
Such heavenly touches ne'er touched earthly faces.'
So should my papers, yellowed with their age,
Be scorned like old men of less truth than tongue,
And your true rights be termed a poet's rage,
And stretchèd metre of an antique song:
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice,—in it, and in my rime.

LIV

(18)

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE
1564—1616

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimmed;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

LV

(21)

SO is it not with me as with that Muse,
Stirred by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;
Making a couplement of proud compare
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
O let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my Love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fixed in heaven's air:
Let them say more that like of hearsay well,
I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

LVI

(22)

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE
1564—1616

MY glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me:
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O, therefore, Love, be of thyself so wary
As I, not for myself, but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

LVII

(25)

LET those who are in favour with their stars
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlooked for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
And in themselves their pride lies burièd,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famousèd for fight,
After a thousand victories, once foiled,
Is from the book of honour razèd quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled:
Then happy I, that love and am beloved
Where I may not remove nor be removed.

LVIII

(27)

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE
1564—1616

WEARY with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expired:
For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black Night beauteous and her old face new.
Lo! thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind
For thee and for myself no quiet find.

LIX.

(29)

WHEN in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possest,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

LX

(30)

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE
1564—1616

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancelled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

LXI

(31)

THY bosom is endearèd with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposèd dead,
And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought burièd.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear-religious love stolen from mine eye
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things removed, that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I loved I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

LXII

(32)

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE
1564—1616

IF thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceasèd lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time;
And though they be outstripped by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rime,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
Oh then vouchsafe me but this loving thought,—
'Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage;
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.'

LXIII

(33)

FULL many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine;
The region cloud hath masked him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

LXIV

(38)

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE
1564—1616

HOW can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
Oh give thyself the thanks, if ought in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rimers invocate;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

LXV

(52)

SO am I as the rich whose blessèd key
Can bring him to his sweet up-lockèd treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placèd are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide
To make some special instant special-blest,
By new unfolding his imprisoned pride.
Blessèd are you, whose worthiness gives scope
Being had, to triumph, being lacked, to hope

LXVI

(54)

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE
1564—1616

OH how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumèd tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their maskèd buds discloses:
But for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwooed, and unrespected fade—
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall vade, by verse distils your truth

LXVII

(55)

NOT marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rime;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone besmeared with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LXVIII

(57)

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE
1564—1616

BEING your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save where you are, how happy you make those.
So true a fool is love, that in your will
Though you do anything, he thinks no ill.

LXIX

(60)

LIKE as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,
Crookèd eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time, that gave, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXX

(61)

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE
1564—1616

IS it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home into my deeds to pry;
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great:
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all too near.

LXXI

(63)

AGAINST my Love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crushed and o'erworn;
When hours have drained his blood and filled his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travelled on to age's steepy night;
And all those beauties whereof now he's king
Are vanishing, or vanished out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring,—
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet Love's beauty, though my lover's life.
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them, still green.

LXXII

(64)

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE
1564—1616

WHEN I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,
That Time will come and take my Love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXXIII

(65)

SINCE brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my Love may still shine bright.

LXXIV

(66)

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE
1564—1616

TIRED with all these, for restful death I cry,—
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disablèd,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And simple truth miscalled simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,—
Save that, to die, I leave my Love alone.

LXXV

(70)

THAT thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being wooed of Time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstainèd prime.
Thou hast passed by the ambush of young days,
Either not assailed, or victor being charged;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy, evermore enlarged:
If some suspect of ill masked not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

LXXVI

(71)

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE
1564—1616

NO longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay,—
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXVII

(73)

THAT time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang:
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourished by:—
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

LXXVIII

(74)

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE
1564—1616

BUT be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee:
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead,
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXIX

(76)

WHY is my verse so barren of new pride?
So far from variation or quick change?
Why with the time do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth and where they did proceed?
O, know, sweet Love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXX

(81)

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE
1564—1616

OR I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombèd in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read,
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live—such virtue hath my pen—
Where breath most breathes,—even in the mouths of men.

LXXXI

(87)

FAREWELL! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter;
In sleep a king, but, waking, no such matter.

LXXXII

(90)

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE
1564—1616

THEN hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:
Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquered woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come; so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might;
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

LXXXIII

(91)

SOME glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force,
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:
But these particulars are not my measure;
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast:
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
All this away, and me most wretched make.

LXXXIV

(92)

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE
1564—1616

BUT do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assurèd mine,
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend;
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
Oh what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
But what's so blessèd-fair that fears no blot?
Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not.

LXXXV

(93)

SO shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceivèd husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though altered new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange;
But heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

LXXXVI

(94)

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE
1564—1616

THEY that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmovèd, cold, and to temptation slow,—
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

LXXXVII

(97)

HOW like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness every where!
And yet this time removed was summer's time;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
Like widowed wombs after their lords' decease:
Yet this abundant issue seemed to me
But hope of orphans and unfathered fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

LXXXVIII

(98)

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE
1564—1616

FROM you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue
Could make me any's summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seemed it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

LXXXIX

(99)

THE forward violet thus did I chide:
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my Love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
In my Love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemnèd for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair:
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annexed thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

XC

(102)

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE
1564—1616

MY love is strengthened, though more weak in seeming;
I love not less, though less the show appear:
That love is merchandized whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
Our love was new and then but in the spring
When I was wont to greet it with my lays,
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burthens every bough
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore like her I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

XCI

(104)

TO me, fair Friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turned
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burned,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived:
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,—
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

XCII

(105)

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE
1564—1616

LET not my love be called idolatry,
Nor my belovèd as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my Love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence ;
Therefore my verse, to constancy confined,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
'Fair, kind, and true' is all my argument,
'Fair, kind, and true' varying to other words ;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
'Fair, kind, and true,' have often lived alone,
Which threë till now never kept seat in one.

XCIII

(106)

WHEN in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rime
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights ;
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have expressed
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring ;
And for they looked but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing :
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to prais

XCIV

(107)

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE
1564—1616

NOT mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come
Can yet the lease of my true Love controul,
Supposed as forfeit to a cónfined doom.
The mortal Moon hath her eclipse endured,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage ;
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My Love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rime,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes :
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

XCV

(109)

O NEVER say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seemed my flame to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie :
That is my home of love : if I have ranged,
Like him that travels I return again,
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,—
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reigned
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stained,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good ;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose ; in it thou art my all.

XCVI

(110)

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE
1564—1616

ALAS, 'tis true I have gone here and there
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new;
Most true it is that I have looked on truth
Askance and strangely: but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays proved thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confined.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

XCVII

(111)

O FOR my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me then, and wish I were renewed;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

XCVIII

(116)

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE
1564—1616

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever-fixèd mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

XCIX

(117)

ACCUSE me thus: that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds
And given to time your own dear-purchased right;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate;
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your wakened hate;
Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

C

(128)

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE
1564—1616

HOW oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessèd wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CI

(129)

THE expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoyed no sooner but despisèd straight;
Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows; yet none knows
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell

CII

(132)

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE
1564—1616

THINE eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the gray cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers-in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
O, let it then as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty herself is black
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CIII

(138)

WHEN my Love swears that she is made of truth
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutored youth,
Unlearnèd in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:
On both sides thus is simple truth suppressed.
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flattered be.

CIV

(139)

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE
1564—1616

O CALL not me to justify the wrong
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside:
What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy might
Is more than my o'er-pressed defence can bide?
Let me excuse thee: ah! my Love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies,
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

CV

(146)

POOR Soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fooled by these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, Soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then!

CVI

(148)

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE
1564—1616

O ME! what eyes hath Love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight!
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's 'no.'
How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vexed with watching and with tears?
No marvel then, though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CVII

JOHN DAVIES OF HEREFORD
1560-5—1618

THE frosty beard, inclining all to white,
The snowy head, or head more white than snow,
The crow-foot near the eyes, brows furrowed quite,
With trenches in the cheeks, Experience show.
These are the emblems of Authority,
Which joined to those do much augment her might:
These are the signs of Reason's sovereignty,
And hieroglyphics, spelling Judgment right.
These are the trophies reared by Time's left hand
Upon the spoil of Passion and her powers:
We, by these symbols, Wisdom understand,
That us directeth, and protecteth ours:
All these in me begin to come in sight,
Yet can I hardly rule myself aright.

CVIII

BARNABE BARNES
1568-9—1609

AH, sweet Content, where is thy mild abode?
Is it with shepherds and light-hearted swains
Which sing upon the downs and pipe abroad,
Tending their flocks and cattle on the plains?
Ah, sweet Content, where dost thou safely rest?
In heaven, with angels which the praises sing
Of him that made, and rules at his behest,
The minds and hearts of every living thing?
Ah, sweet Content, where doth thine harbour hold?
Is it in churches with religious men
Which please the gods with prayers manifold,
And in their studies meditate it then?—
Whether thou dost in heaven or earth appear,
Be where thou wilt, thou will not harbour here.

CIX

UNTO my spirit lend an angel's wing,
By which it might mount to that place of rest
Where Paradise may me relieve opprest;
Lend to my tongue an angel's voice to sing
Thy praise my comfort, and for ever bring
My notes thereof from the bright east to west.
Thy mercy lend unto my soul distrest,
Thy grace unto my wits; then shall the sling
Of righteousness that monster Satan kill,
Who with despair my dear salvation dared,
And like the Philistine stood breathing still
Proud threats against my soul for heaven prepared:
At length I like an angel shall appear,
In spotless white an angel's crown to wear.

CX

JOHN DONNE
1573—1631

AS due by many titles, I resign
Myself to Thee, O God. First I was made
By Thee and for Thee; and, when I was decayed,
Thy blood bought that the which before was thine;
I am thy son, made with thyself to shine,
Thy servant whose pains Thou hast still repaid,
Thy sheep, thine image, and, till I betrayed
Myself, a temple of thy Spirit divine.
Why doth the devil, then, usurp on me?
Why doth he steal, nay, ravish that's thy right?
Except Thou rise, and for thine own work fight,
Oh! I shall soon despair, when I do see
That Thou lov'st mankind well, yet wilt not choose me,
And Satan hates me, yet is loth to lose me.

CXI

DEATH, be not proud, though some have callèd thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure: then from thee much more must flow;
And soonest our best men with thee do go—
Rest of their bones and souls' delivery!
Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell;
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And death shall be no more: Death, thou shalt die.

CXII

WILLIAM DRUMMOND
1585—1649

I KNOW that all beneath the moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brouꝫ
In Time's great periods shall return to nought;
That fairest states have fatal nights and days;
I know how all the Muse's heavenly lays,
With toil of spright which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds of few or none are sought,
And that nought lighter is than airy praise.
I know frail beauty like the purple flower,
To which one morn oft birth and death affords;
That love a jarring is of minds' accords,
Where sense and will invassal reason's power:
Know what I list, this all can not me move,
But that, O me! I both must write and love.

CXIII

NOW while the Night her sable veil hath spread,
And silently her resty coach doth roll,
Rousing with her from Tethys' azure bed
Those starry nymphs which dance about the pole;
While Cynthia, in purest cypress cled,
The Latmian shepherd in a trance descries,
And whiles looks pale from height of all the skies,
Whiles dyes her beauties in a bashful red;
While Sleep in triumph closèd hath all eyes,
And birds and beasts a silence sweet do keep,
And Proteus' monstrous people in the deep
The winds and waves hushed up to rest entice;
I wake, muse, weep, and who my heart hath slain
See still before me to augment my pain.

CXIV

WILLIAM DRUMMOND
1585—1649

SLEEP, Silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
Prince whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds with grief opprest;
Lo, by thy charming-rod all breathing things
Lie slumbering, with forgetfulness possest,
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
Thou spares, alas! who cannot be thy guest.
Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
To inward light which thou art wont to show;
With feignèd solace ease a true-felt woe;
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,—
I long to kiss the image of my death.

CXV

AH! burning thoughts, now let me take some rest,
And your tumultuous broils awhile appease;
Is't not enough, stars, fortune, love molest
Me all at once, but ye must to displease?
Let hope, though false, yet lodge within my breast;
My high attempt, though dangerous, yet praise.
What though I trace not right heaven's steepy ways?
It doth suffice my fall shall make me blest.
I do not doat on days, nor fear not death:
So that my life be brave, what though not long?
Let me renowned live from the vulgar throng,
And when ye list, Heavens! take this borrowed breath.
Men but like visions are, Time all doth claim:
He lives who dies to win a lasting name.

CXVI

WILLIAM DRUMMOND
1585—1649

IN vain I haunt the cold and silver springs,
To quench the fever burning in my veins;
In vain, love's pilgrim, mountains, dales, and plains,
I overrun; vain help long absence brings:
In vain, my friends, your counsel me constrains
To fly, and place my thoughts on other things.
Ah! like the bird that firèd hath her wings,
The more I move, the greater are my pains.
Desire, alas! Desire, a Zeuxis new,
From Indies borrowing gold, from western skies
Most bright cinoper, sets before mine eyes
In every place, her hair, sweet look, and hue;
That fly, run, rest I, all doth prove but vain:
My life lies in those looks which have me slain.

CXVII

TRUST not, sweet soul, those curlèd waves of gold
With gentle tides which on your temples flow,
Nor temples spread with flakes of virgin snow,
Nor snow of cheeks with Tyrian grain enrolled;
Trust not those shining lights which wrought my woe,
When first I did their burning rays behold,
Nor voice, whose sounds more strange effects do show
Than of the Thracian harper have been told.
Look to this dying lily, fading rose,
Dark hyacinth, of late whose blushing beams
Made all the neighbouring herbs and grass rejoice,
And think how little is 'twixt life's extremes:
The cruel tyrant that did kill those flowers
Shall once, ay me! not spare that spring of yours.

CXVIII

WILLIAM DRUMMOND
1585—1649

IF crost with all mishaps be my poor life,
If one short day I never spent in mirth,
If my spright with itself holds lasting strife,
If sorrow's death is but new sorrow's birth;
If this vain world be but a sable stage
Where slave-born man plays to the scoffing stars;
If youth be tossed with love, with weakness age,
If knowledge serve to hold our thoughts in wars;
If time can close the hundred mouths of fame,
And make what long since passed like that to be;
If virtue only be an idle name;
If I when I was born was born to die;
Why seek I to prolong these loathsome days?
The fairest rose in shortest time decays.

CXIX

DEAR wood, and you, sweet solitary place,
Where from the vulgar I estrangèd live,
Contented more with what your shades me give
Than if I had what Thetis doth embrace;
What snaky eye, grown jealous of my pace,
Now from your silent horrors would me drive,
When Sun, progressing in his glorious race
Beyond the Twins, doth near our pole arrive?
What sweet delight a quiet life affords,
And what it is to be of bondage free;
Far from the madding worldling's hoarse discords,
Sweet flowery place I first did learn of thee:
Ah! if I were mine own, your dear resorts
I would not change with princes' stately courts.

CXX

WILLIAM DRUMMOND
1585—1649

ALEXIS, here she stayed; among these pines,
Sweet hermitress, she did alone repair;
Here did she spread the treasure of her hair,
More rich than that brought from the Colchian mines;
She sat her by these muskèd eglantines—
The happy place the print seems yet to bear;
Her voice did sweeten here thy sugared lines,
To which winds, trees, beasts, birds, did lend their ear;
Me here she first perceived, and here a morn
Of bright carnations did o'erspread her face;
Here did she sigh, here first my hopes were born,
And I first got a pledge of promised grace;
But ah! what served it to be happy so
Sith passèd pleasures double but new woe?

CXXI

SWEET soul, which in the April of thy years
So to enrich the heaven mad'st poor this round,
And now with golden rays of glory crowned
Most blest abid'st above the sphere of spheres;
If heavenly laws, alas! have not thee bound
From looking to this globe that all upbears,
If ruth and pity there above be found,
O deign to lend a look unto those tears.
Do not disdain, dear ghost, this sacrifice;
And though I raise not pillars to thy praise,
Mine offerings take; let this for me suffice:
My heart a living pyramid I raise;
And whilst kings' tombs with laurels flourish green,
Thine shall with myrtles and these flowers be seen.

CXXII

WILLIAM DRUMMOND
1585—1649

MY lute, be as thou wast when thou didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds on thee their ramage did bestow.
Sith that dear voice which did thy sounds approve,
Which used in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is reft from earth to tune those spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphan wailings to the fainting ear;
Each stop a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear
Be therefore silent as in woods before:
Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widowed turtle still her loss complain.

CXXIII

SWEET Spring, thou turn'st with all thy goodly train,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flowers;
The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their showers:
Thou turn'st, sweet youth; but ah! my pleasant hours
And happy days with thee come not again:
The sad memorials only of my pain
Do with thee turn, which turn my sweets in sours.
Thou art the same which still thou wast before,
Delicious, wanton, amiable, fair;
But she, whose breath embalmed thy wholesome air,
Is gone; nor gold, nor gems her can restore.
Neglected Virtue! seasons go and come,
While thine, forgot, lie closèd in a tomb.

CXXIV

HUMAN FRAILTY.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND
1585—1649

A GOOD that never satisfies the mind,
A beauty fading like the April flowers,
A sweet with floods of gall that runs combined,
A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,
A honour that more fickle is than wind,
A glory at opinion's frown that lowers,
A treasury which bankrupt time devours,
A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind,
A vain delight our equals to command,
A style of greatness, in effect a dream,
A fabulous thought of holding sea and land,
A servile lot, decked with a pompous name:
Are the strange ends we toil for here below,
Till wisest death make us our errors know.

CXXV

NO TRUST IN TIME.

LOOK how the flower which lingeringly doth fade,
The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,
Spoiled of that juice which kept it fresh and green,
As high as it did raise, bows low the head:
Right so my life, contentments being dead,
Or in their contraries but only seen,
With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,
And blasted, scarce now shows what it hath been.
As doth the pilgrim therefore, whom the night
By darkness would imprison on his way,
Think on thy home, my soul, and think aright
Of what yet rests thee of life's wasting day;
Thy sun posts westward, passèd is thy morn,
And twice it is not given thee to be born.

CXXVI

THE BOOK OF THE WORLD.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND
1585—1649

OF this fair volume which we World do name
If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,
Of him who it corrects and did it frame,
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare:
Find out his power which wildest powers doth tame,
His providence extending everywhere,
His justice which proud rebels doth not spare,
In every page, no, period of the same.
But silly we, like foolish children, rest
Well pleased with coloured vellum, leaves of gold,
Fair dangling ribands, leaving what is best,
On the great writer's sense ne'er taking hold;
Or if by chance our minds do muse on ought,
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

CXXVII

FOR THE BAPTIST.

THE last and greatest herald of Heaven's King,
Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts wild,
Among that savage brood the woods forth bring,
Which he than man more harmless found and mild.
His food was blossoms, and what young doth spring,
With honey that from virgin hives distilled;
Parched body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing
Made him appear, long since from earth exiled.
There burst he forth: All ye whose hopes rely
On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn,—
Repent, repent, and from old errors turn!—
Who listened to his voice, obeyed his cry?
Only the echoes, which he made relent,
Rung from their marble caves, Repent! Repent!

CXXVIII

THE PRAISE OF A SOLITARY LIFE.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND
1585—1649

THRICE happy he, who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world doth live his own;
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that Eternal Love.
O how more sweet is birds' harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widowed dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!
O how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalmed which new-born flowers unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams to poison drunk in gold!
The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights;
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

CXXIX

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET bird, that sing'st away the early hours,
Of winters past or coming void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers;
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick which by thy songs,
Attired in sweetness, sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven!
Sweet artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

CXXX

CONTENT AND RESOLUTE.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND
1585—1649

AS when it happeneth that some lovely town
Unto a barbarous besieger falls,
Who there by sword and flame himself instals,
And, cruel, it in tears and blood doth drown;
Her beauty spoiled, her citizens made thralls,
His spite yet so cannot her all throw down
But that some statue, arch, fane of renown
Yet lurks unmaimed within her weeping walls:
So, after all the spoil, disgrace, and wrack,
That time, the world, and death, could bring combined,
Amidst that mass of ruins they did make,
Safe and all scarless yet remains my mind.
From this so high transcending rapture springs,
That I, all else defaced, not envy kings.

CXXXI

DOTH then the world go thus, doth all thus move?
Is this the justice which on earth we find?
Is this that firm decree which all doth bind?
Are these your influences, Powers above?
Those souls which vice's moody mists most blind,
Blind Fortune, blindly, most their friend doth prove;
And they who thee, poor idol Virtue! love,
Fly like a feather tossed by storm and wind.
Ah! if a Providence doth sway this All,
Why should best minds groan under most distress?
Or why should pride humility make thrall,
And injuries the innocent oppress?
Heavens! hinder, stop this fate; or grant a time
When good may have, as well as bad, their prime.

CXXXII

BEFORE A POEM OF IRENE.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND
1585—1649

MOURN not, fair Greece, the ruin of thy kings,
Thy temples razed, thy forts with flames devoured,
Thy champions slain, thy virgins pure deflowered,
Nor all those griefs which stern Bellona brings:
But mourn, fair Greece, mourn that that sacred band
Which made thee once so famous by their songs,
Forced by outrageous fate, have left thy land,
And left thee scarce a voice to plain thy wrongs!
Mourn that those climates which to thee appear
Beyond both Phœbus and his sister's ways,
To save thy deeds from death must lend thee lays,
And such as from Musæus thou didst hear;
For now Irene hath attained such fame,
That Hero's ghost doth weep to hear her name.

CXXXIII

WILLIAM BROWNE
1588?—1643?

FAIREST, when by the rules of palmistry
You took my hand to try if you could guess,
By lines therein, if any wight there be
Ordained to make me know some happiness,
I wished that those charácters could explain
Whom I will never wrong with hope to win;
Or that by them a copy might be seen
By you, O Love, what thoughts I have within.
But since the hand of Nature did not set
(As providently loth to have it known)
The means to find that hidden alphabet,
Mine eyes shall be th' interpreters alone.
By them conceive my thoughts and tell me, fair,
If now you see her that doth love me there!

CXXXIV

WILLIAM BROWNE
1588?—1643?

A ROSE, as fair as ever saw the North,
Grew in a little garden all alone:
A sweeter flower did Nature ne'er put forth,
Nor fairer garden yet was never known.
The maidens danced about it morn and noon,
And learnèd bards of it their ditties made;
The nimble fairies, by the pale-faced moon,
Watered the root, and kissed her pretty shade.
But, welladay! the gardener careless grew,
The maids and fairies both were kept away,
And in a drought the caterpillars threw
Themselves upon the bud and every spray.
God shield the stock! If heaven send no supplies,
The fairest blossom of the garden dies.

CXXXV

DOWN in a valley, by a forest's side,
Near where the crystal Thames rolls on her waves,
I saw a mushroom stand in haughty pride,
As if the lilies grew to be his slaves.
The gentle daisy, with her silver crown,
Worn in the breast of many a shepherd's lass,
The humble violet, that lowly down
Salutes the gay nymphs as they trimly pass,—
These, with a many more, methought complained
That Nature should those needless things produce,
Which not alone the sun from others gained,
But turn it wholly to their proper use.
I could not choose but grieve that Nature made
So glorious flowers to live in such a shade.

CXXXVI

SIN.

GEORGE HERBERT
1593—1633

LORD, with what care hast Thou begirt us round!
Parents first season us; then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws; they send us bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers,
Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of surprises;
Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,
The sound of glory ringing in our ears;
Without, our shame; within, our consciences;
Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears.
Yet all these fences and their whole array
One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

CXXXVII

LOVE'S ANNIVERSARY.

TO THE SUN.

WILLIAM HABINGTON
1605—1645

THOU art returned, great light, to that blest hour
In which I first by marriage, sacred power,
Joined with Castara hearts: and as the same
Thy lustre is, as then, so is our flame;
Which had increased, but that by love's decree
'Twas such at first it ne'er could greater be.
But tell me, glorious lamp, in thy survey
Of things below thee, what did not decay
By age to weakness? I since that have seen
The rose bud forth and fade, the tree grow green
And wither, and the beauty of the field
With winter wrinkled. Even thyself dost yield
Something to time, and to thy grave fall nigher;—
But virtuous love is one sweet endless fire.

CXXXVIII

JOHN MILTON
1608—1674

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love. O, if Jove's will
Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

CXXXIX

HOW soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth
That I to manhood am arrived so near;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even,
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great task-Master's eye.

CXL

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED
TO THE CITY.

JOHN MILTON
1608—1674

CAPTAIN, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these;
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground; and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

CXLI

LADY, that in the prime of earliest youth
Wisely hast shunned the broad way and the green,
And with those few art eminently seen
That labour up the hill of heavenly truth,
The better part with Mary and with Ruth
Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,
And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
Thy care is fixed, and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
Thou, when the Bridegroom with his feastful friends
Passes to bliss at the mid-hour of night,
Hast gained thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

CXLII.

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

JOHN MILTON
1608—1674

DAUGHTER to that good Earl, once President
Of England's Council and her Treasury,
Who lived in both, unstained with gold or fee,
And left them both, more in himself content,
Till the sad breaking of that Parliament
Broke him, as that dishonest victory
At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,
Killed with report that old man eloquent,—
Though later born than to have known the days
Wherein your father flourished, yet by you,
Madam, methinks I see him living yet;
So well your words his noble virtues praise,
That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to possess them, honoured Margaret.

CXLIII

TO MR. H. LAWES, ON HIS AIRS.

HARRY, whose tuneful and well-measured song
First taught our English music how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With Midas ears, committing short and long,
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
With praise enough for Envy to look wan;
To after-age thou shalt be writ the man
That with smooth air couldst humour best our tongue.
Thou honour'st Verse, and Verse must lend her wing
To honour thee, the priest of Phœbus' quire,
That tun'st their happiest lines in hymn or story.
Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
Than his Casella, whom he wooed to sing,
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

CXLIV

ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF

MRS. CATHERINE THOMSON,
MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND, DECEASED 16 DECEMBER, 1646.

JOHN MILTON
1608—1674

WHEN Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripened thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthy load
Of death, called life, which us from life doth sever.
Thy works and alms and all thy good endeavour
Stayed not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Followed thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
Love led them on, and Faith, who knew them best,
Thy handmaids, clad them o'er with purple beams
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes
Before the Judge; who thenceforth bid thee rest,
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

CXLV

ON THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX,

AT THE SIEGE OF COLCHESTER.

FAIRFAX, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
And all her jealous monarchs with amaze,
And rumours loud that daunt remotest kings,
Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings
Victory home, though new rebellions raise
Their Hydra-heads, and the false North displays
Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.
O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand!
For what can war but endless war still breed,
Till truth and right from violence be freed,
And public faith cleared from the shameful brand
Of public fraud? In vain doth Valour bleed
While Avarice and Rapine share the land.

CXLVI

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL, MAY, 1652:
ON THE PROPOSALS OF CERTAIN MINISTERS AT THE COMMITTEE FOR PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

JOHN MILTON
1608—1674

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crownèd Fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued;
While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath: yet much remains
To conquer still; Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than War: new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains:—
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

CXLVII

TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.

VANE, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
Than whom a better senator ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms, repelled
The fierce Epirot and the African bold,
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow states hard to be spelled;
Then to advise how War may best, upheld,
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
In all her equipage; besides to know
Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,
What severs each, thou hast learned, which few have done:
The bounds of either sword to thee we owe:
Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

CXLVIII

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

JOHN MILTON
1608—1674

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who having learnt thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

CXLIX

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He, returning, chide;
'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?'
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: 'God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly. Thousands, at his bidding, speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;—
They also serve who only stand and wait.'

CL

JOHN MILTON
1608—1674

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,
Now that the fields are dank and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
From the hard season gaining? Time will run
On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
The lily and rose, that neither sowed nor spun.
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste, with wine? whence we may rise
To hear the lute well touched, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air.
He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

CLI

CYRIACK, whose grandsire on the royal bench
Of British Themis, with no mean applause,
Pronounced, and in his volumes taught, our laws,
Which others at their bar so often wrench,
To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth that after no repenting draws;
Let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause,
And what the Swede intends, and what the French.
To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

CLII

JOHN MILTON
1608—1674

CYRIACK, this three-years-day these eyes, though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jo
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In Liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,
Content though blind, had I no better guide.

CLIII

METHOUGHT I saw my late espousèd saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from Death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom washed from spot of child-bed taint
Purification in the Old Law did save,
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veiled; yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

End of Book First

A

Treasury of English Sonnets

Book Second

CLIV

TO RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE.

THOMAS EDWARDS
1699—1757

CAMBRIDGE, with whom, my pilot and my guide,
Pleased I have traversed thy Sabrina's flood,
Both where she foams impetuous, soiled with mud,
And where she peaceful rolls her golden tide;
Never, O never let ambition's pride,
(Too oft pretexèd with our country's good,)
And tinselled pomp, despised when understood,
Or thirst of wealth thee from her banks divide!
Reflect how calmly, like her infant wave,
Flows the clear current of a private life;
See the wide public stream, by tempests tost,
Of every changing wind the sport or slave,
Soiled with corruption, vexed with party strife,
Covered with wrecks of peace and honour lost.

CLV

TO WILLIAMSON.

BENJAMIN STILLINGFLEET
1702—1771

WHEN I behold thee, blameless Williamson,
Wrecked like an infant on a savage shore,
While others round on borrowed pinions soar,
My busy fancy calls thy thread misspun;
Till Faith instructs me the deceit to shun,
While thus she speaks: 'Those wings that from the store
Of virtue were not lent, howe'er they bore
In this gross air, will melt when near the sun.
The truly ambitious wait for Nature's time,
Content by certain though by slow degrees
To mount above the reach of vulgar flight;
Nor is that man confined to this low clime
Who but the extremest skirts of glory sees,
And hears celestial echoes with delight.'

CLVI

ON THE DEATH OF MR. RICHARD WEST.

THOMAS GRAY
1716—1771

IN vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire;
The birds in vain their amorous descant join,
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire:
These ears, alas! for other notes repine,
A different object do these eyes require;
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine,
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men;
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear,
To warm their little loves the birds complain:
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain.

CLVII

ANNIVERSARY.

FEB. 23, 1795.

WILLIAM MASON
1725—1797

A PLAINTIVE sonnet flowed from Milton's pen
When Time had stolen his three-and-twentieth year:
Say, shall not I then shed one tuneful tear,
Robbed by the thief of three-score years and ten?
No! for the foes of all life-lengthened men,
Trouble and toil, approach not yet too near;
Reason, meanwhile, and health, and memory dear
Hold unimpaired their weak yet wonted reign:
Still round my sheltered lawn I pleased can stray;
Still trace my sylvan blessings to their spring:
BEING OF BEINGS! yes, that silent lay
Which musing Gratitude delights to sing,
Still to thy sapphire throne shall Faith convey,
And Hope, the cherub of unwearied wing.

CLVIII

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING WILTON-HOUSE.

THOMAS WARTON
1728—1790

FROM Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic Art
Decks with a magic hand the dazzling bowers,
Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,
And breathing forms from the rude marble start,
How to life's humbler scene can I depart!
My breast all glowing from those gorgeous towers,
In my low cell how cheat the sullen hours!
Vain the complaint; for Fancy can impart
(To Fate superior, and to Fortune's doom)
Whate'er adorns the stately-storied hall:
She, 'mid the dungeon's solitary gloom,
Can dress the Graces in their Attic pall;
Bid the green landscape's vernal beauty bloom,
And in bright trophies clothe the twilight wall.

CLIX

WRITTEN AT WINSLADE IN HAMPSHIRE.

THOMAS WARTON
1728—1790

WINSLADE, thy beech-capped hills, with waving grain
Mantled, thy chequered views of wood and lawn,
Whilom could charm, or when the gradual dawn
'Gan the gray mist with orient purple stain,
Or evening glimmered o'er the folded train:
The fairest landscapes whence my Muse has drawn,
Too free with servile courtly phrase to fawn,
Too weak to try the buskin's stately strain.
Yet now no more thy slopes of beech and corn,
Nor views invite, since he far distant strays
With whom I traced their sweets at eve and morn,
From Albion far, to cull Hesperian bays.
In this alone they please, howe'er forlorn,
That still they can recall those happier days.

CLX

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF
DUGDALE'S MONASTICON.

DEEM not devoid of elegance the sage,
By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguiled,
Of painful pedantry the poring child,
Who turns of these proud domes the historic page,
Now sunk by Time and Henry's fiercer rage.
Think'st thou the warbling Muses never smiled
On his lone hours? Ingenuous views engage
His thoughts, on themes, unclassic falsely styled,
Intent. While cloistered Piety displays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictured stores.
Nor rough nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar Antiquity, but strewn with flowers.

CLXI

ON KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE,
AT WINCHESTER.

THOMAS WARTON
1728—1790

WHERE Venta's Norman castle still uprears
Its raftered hall, that o'er the grassy foss
And scattered flinty fragments clad in moss,
On yonder steep in naked state appears;
High-hung remains, the pride of warlike years,
Old Arthur's Board: on the capacious round
Some British pen has sketched the names renowned,
In marks obscure, of his immortal peers.
Though joined by magic skill, with many a rime,
The Druid frame, unhonoured, falls a prey
To the slow vengeance of the wizard Time,
And fade the British characters away;
Yet Spenser's page, that chaunts in verse sublime
Those chiefs, shall live, unconscious of decay.

CLXII

TO THE RIVER LODON.

AH! what a weary race my feet have run,
Since first I trod thy banks with alders cro
And thought my way was all through fairy ground,
Beneath thy azure sky and golden sun;
Where first my Muse to lisp her notes begun!
While pensive Memory traces back the round
Which fills the varied interval between;
Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the scene.
Sweet native stream! those skies and suns so pure
No more return, to cheer my evening road!
Yet still one joy remains,—that not obscure,
Nor useless, all my vacant days have flowed,
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature;
Nor with the Muse's laurel unbestowed.

CLXIII

TO MRS. UNWIN.

WILLIAM COWPER
1731—1800

MARY! I want a lyre with other strings,
Such aid from heaven as some have feigned they drew,
An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new
And undebased by praise of meaner things;
That, ere through age or woe I shed my wings,
I may record thy worth with honour due,
In verse as musical as thou art true,
And that immortalizes whom it sings.
But thou hast little need. There is a Book
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,
A chronicle of actions just and bright;—
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine;
And since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

CLXIV

DECEMBER MORNING.

ANNA SEWARD
1747—1809

I LOVE to rise ere gleams the tardy light,
Winter's pale dawn; and as warm fires illume,
And cheerful tapers shine around the room,
Through misty windows bend my musing sight,
Where, round the dusky lawn, the mansions white,
With shutters closed, peer faintly through the gloom
That slow recedes; while yon grey spires assume,
Rising from their dark pile, an added height
By indistinctness given.—Then to decree
The grateful thoughts to God, ere they unfold
To friendship or the Muse, or seek with glee
Wisdom's rich page. O hours more worth than gold,
By whose blest use we lengthen life, and, free
From drear decays of age, outlive the old!

CLXV

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF SPRING.

CHARLOTTE SMITH
1749—1806

THE garlands fade that Spring so lately wove,
Each simple flower, which she had nursed in dew,
Anemonies, that spangled every grove,
The primrose wan, and harebell mildly blue.
No more shall violets linger in the dell,
Or purple orchis variegate the plain,
Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,
And dress with humid hands her wreaths again.
Ah, poor humanity! so frail, so fair
Are the fond visions of thy early day,
Till tyrant passion and corrosive care,
Bid all thy fairy colours fade away.
Another May new buds and flowers shall bring:
Ah! why has happiness no second Spring?

CLXVI

SHOULD the lone wanderer, fainting on his way,
Rest for a moment of the sultry hours,
And though his path through thorns and roughness lay,
Pluck the wild rose or woodbine's gadding flowers,
Weaving gay wreaths beneath some sheltering tree,
The sense of sorrow he awhile may lose:
So have I sought thy flowers, fair Poesy!
So charmed my way with friendship and the Muse.
But darker now grows life's unhappy day,
Dark with new clouds of evil yet to come;
Her pencil sickening Fancy throws away,
And weary Hope reclines upon the tomb,
And points my wishes to that tranquil shore,
Where the pale spectre Care pursues no more.

CLXVII

TO MY BOOKS ON PARTING WITH THEM.

WILLIAM ROSCOE
1753—1831

AS one who, destined from his friends to part,
Regrets his loss, yet hopes again erewhile
To share their converse and enjoy their smile,
And tempers as he may affliction's dart,—
Thus, loved associates! chiefs of elder Art!
Teachers of wisdom! who could once beguile
My tedious hours, and lighten every toil,
I now resign you: nor with fainting heart;
For pass a few short years, or days, or hours,
And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,
And all your sacred fellowship restore;
When, freed from earth, unlimited its powers,
Mind shall with mind direct communion hold,
And kindred spirits meet to part no more.

CLXVIII

TO HOPE.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS
1762—1828

O EVER skilled to wear the form we love!
To bid the shapes of fear and grief depart;
Come, gentle Hope! with one gay smile remove
The lasting sadness of an aching heart.
Thy voice, benign enchantress! let me hear;
Say that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom,—
That fancy's radiance, friendship's precious tear,
Shall soften, or shall chase, misfortune's gloom.
But come not glowing in the dazzling ray
Which once with dear illusions charmed my eye;
O, strew no more, sweet flatterer! on my way
The flowers I fondly thought too bright to die:
Visions less fair will soothe my pensive breast,
That asks not happiness, but longs for rest.

CLXIX

ON ECHO AND SILENCE.

Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges
1762—1837.

IN eddying course when leaves began to fly,
And Autumn in her lap the store to strew,
As 'mid wild scenes I chanced the Muse to woo,
Through glens untrod and woods that frowned on high,
Two sleeping nymphs with wonder mute I spy!—
And lo, she's gone!—in robe of dark green hue,
'Twas Echo from her sister Silence flew:
For quick the hunter's horn resounded to the sky!
In shade affrighted Silence melts away.
Not so her sister!—hark, for onward still
With far-heard step she takes her listening way,
Bounding from rock to rock, and hill to hill!
Ah, mark the merry maid in mockful play
With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest fill.

CLXX

William Lisle Bowles
1762—1850

O TIME! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence,
Lulling to sad repose the weary sense,
The faint pang stealest unperceived away;
On thee I rest my only hope at last,
And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile;—
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunbeam, of the transient shower
Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while:—
Yet ah! how much must that poor heart endure,
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

CLXXI

OSTEND:

ON HEARING THE BELLS AT SEA.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES
1762—1850

HOW sweet the tuneful bells' responsive peal!
As when at opening dawn the fragrant breeze
Touches the trembling sense of pale disease,
So piercing to my heart their force I feel.
And hark! with lessening cadence now they fall,
And now along the white and level tide
They fling their melancholy music wide;
Bidding me many a tender thought recall
Of summer days, and those delightful years
When by my native streams, in life's fair prime,
The mournful magic of their mingling chime
First waked my wondering childhood into tears!
But seeming now, when all those days are o'er,
The sounds of joy once heard and heard no more.

CLXXII

NOVEMBER, 1793.

THERE is strange music in the stirring wind,
When lowers the autumnal eve, and all alone
To the dark wood's cold covert thou art gone,
Whose ancient trees on the rough slope reclined
Rock, and at times scatter their tresses sere.
If in such shades, beneath their murmuring,
Thou late hast passed the happier hours of spring,
With sadness thou wilt mark the fading year;
Chiefly if one, with whom such sweets at morn
Or evening thou hast shared, far off shall stray.
O Spring, return! return, auspicious May!
But sad will be thy coming, and forlorn,
If she return not with thy cheering ray,
Who from these shades is gone, gone far away.

CLXXIII

TO VALCLUSA.

THOMAS RUSSELL
1762—1788

WHAT though, Valclusa, the fond bard be fled
That wooed his fair in thy sequestered bowers,
Long loved her living, long bemoaned her dead,
And hung her visionary shrine with flowers?
What though no more he teach thy shades to mourn
The hapless chances that to love belong,
As erst, when drooping o'er her turf forlorn,
He charmed wild Echo with his plaintive song?
Yet still, enamoured of the tender tale,
Pale Passion haunts thy grove's romantic gloom,
Yet still soft music breathes in every gale,
Still undecayed the fairy-garlands bloom,
Still heavenly incense fills each fragrant vale,
Still Petrarch's Genius weeps o'er Laura's tomb.

CLXXIV

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN AT LEMNOS.

ON this lone isle, whose rugged rocks affright
The cautious pilot, ten revolving years
Great Pæan's son, unwonted erst to tears,
Wept o'er his wound: alike each rolling light
Of heaven he watched, and blamed its lingering flight;
By day the sea-mew screaming round his cave
Drove slumber from his eyes; the chiding wave
And savage howlings chased his dreams by night.
Hope still was his: in each low breeze that sighed
Through his rude grot he heard a coming oar,
In each white cloud a coming sail he spied;
Nor seldom listened to the fancied roar
Of Oeta's torrents, or the hoarser tide
That parts famed Trachis from the Euboic shore.

CLXXV

PERSONAL TALK.

I

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I AM not One who much or oft delight
To season my fireside with personal talk,—
Of friends, who live within an easy walk,
Or neighbours, daily, weekly, in my sight:
And, for my chance-acquaintance, ladies bright,
Sons, mothers, maidens withering on the stalk,
These all wear out of me, like Forms with chalk
Painted on rich men's floors for one feast-night.
Better than such discourse doth silence long,
Long, barren silence, square with my desire;
To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,
In the loved presence of my cottage-fire,
And listen to the flapping of the flame,
Or kettle whispering its faint undersong.

CLXXVI

'YET life,' you say, 'is life; we have seen and see,
And with a living pleasure we describe;
And fits of sprightly malice do but bribe
The languid mind into activity.
Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth and glee
Are fostered by the comment and the gibe.'
Even be it so: yet still among your tribe,
Our daily world's true Worldlings, rank not me!
Children are blest, and powerful; their world lies
More justly balanced; partly at their feet,
And part far from them:—sweetest melodies
Are those that are by distance made more sweet;
Whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes,
He is a Slave; the meanest we can meet!

CLXXVII

3

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
1770—1850

WINGS have we,—and as far as we can go
We may find pleasure: wilderness and wood,
Blank ocean and mere sky, support that mood
Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.
Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good:
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
There find I personal themes, a plenteous store,
Matter wherein right voluble I am,
To which I listen with a ready ear;
Two shall be named, pre-eminently dear,—
The gentle Lady married to the Moor;
And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb.

CLXXVIII

NOR can I not believe but that hereby
Great gains are mine; for thus I live remote
From evil-speaking; rancour, never sought,
Comes to me not; malignant truth, or lie.
Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I
Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thought:
And thus from day to day my little boat
Rocks in its harbour, lodging peaceably.
Blessings be with them—and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares—
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!
Oh! might my name be numbered among theirs,
Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

CLXXIX

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
1770—1850

NUNS fret not at their convent's narrow room;
And hermits are contented with their cells;
And students with their pensive citadels:
Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,
Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for bloom,
High as the highest Peak of Furness-fells,
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells:
In truth, the prison unto which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is: and hence for me,
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground;
Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs must be)
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

CLXXX

ADMONITION.

YES, there is holy pleasure in thine eye!—
The lovely Cottage in the guardian nook
Hath stirred thee deeply; with its own dear brook,
Its own small pasture, almost its own sky!
But covet not the Abode;—forbear to sigh,
As many do, repining while they look;
Intruders—who would tear from Nature's book
This precious leaf, with harsh impiety.
Think what the Home must be if it were thine,
Even thine, though few thy wants!—Roof, window, door,
The very flowers are sacred to the Poor,
The roses to the porch which they entwine:
Yea, all, that now enchants thee, from the day
On which it should be touched, would melt away!

CLXXXI

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
1770—1850

THERE is a little unpretending Rill
Of limpid water, humbler far than aught
That ever among Men or Naiads sought
Notice or name!—It quivers down the hill,
Furrowing its shallow way with dubious will;
Yet to my mind this scanty Stream is brought
Oftener than Ganges or the Nile; a thought
Of private recollection sweet and still!
Months perish with their moons; year treads on year;
But, faithful Emma! thou with we canst say
That, while ten thousand pleasures disappear,
And flies their memory fast almost as they,
The immortal Spirit of one happy day
Lingers beside that Rill, in vision clear.

CLXXXII

UPON THE SIGHT OF A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE,
PAINTED BY SIR G. H. BEAUMONT, BART.

PRAISED be the Art whose subtle power could stay
Yon cloud, and fix it in that glorious shape;
Nor would permit the thin smoke to escape,
Nor those bright sunbeams to forsake the day;
Which stopped that band of travellers on their way,
Ere they were lost within the shady wood;
And showed the Bark upon the glassy flood
For ever anchored in her sheltering bay.
Soul-soothing Art! whom Morning, Noon-tide, Even,
Do serve with all their changeful pageantry;
Thou, with ambition modest yet sublime,
Here, for the sight of mortal man, hast given
To one brief moment caught from fleeting time
The appropriate calm of blest eternity.

CLXXXIII

TO SLEEP.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
1770—1850

FOND words have oft been spoken to thee, Sleep!
And thou hast had thy store of tenderest names;
The very sweetest Fancy culls or frames,
When thankfulness of heart is strong and deep!
Dear Bosom-child we call thee, that dost steep
In rich reward all suffering; Balm that tames
All anguish; Saint that evil thoughts and aims
Takest away, and into souls dost creep,
Like to a breeze from heaven. Shall I alone,
I surely not a man ungently made,
Call thee worst Tyrant by which Flesh is crost?
Perverse, self-willed to own and to disown,
Mere slave of them who never for thee prayed,
Still last to come where thou art wanted most!

CLXXXIV

TO SLEEP.

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky;—
I've thought of all by turns, and yet do lie
Sleepless; and soon the small birds' melodies
Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees;
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.
Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,
And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth:
So do not let me wear to-night away:
Without Thee what is all the morning's wealth?
Come, blessèd barrier between day and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!

CLXXXV

WRITTEN UPON A BLANK LEAF IN "THE COMPLETE ANGLER."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
1770—1850

WHILE flowing rivers yield a blameless sport,
Shall live the name of Walton: Sage benign!
Whose pen, the mysteries of the rod and line
Unfolding, did not fruitlessly exhort
To reverend watching of each still report
That Nature utters from her rural shrine.
Meek, nobly versed in simple discipline—
He found the longest summer day too short,
To his loved pastime given by sedgy Lee,
Or down the tempting maze of Shawford brook—
Fairer than life itself, in this sweet Book,
The cowslip-bank, and shady willow-tree;
And the fresh meads—where flowed, from every nook
Of his full bosom, gladsome Piety!

CLXXXVI

GRIEF, thou hast lost an ever ready friend
Now that the cottage Spinning-wheel is mute;
And Care—a comforter that best could suit
Her froward mood, and softliest reprehend;
And Love—a charmer's voice, that used to lend,
More efficaciously than aught that flows
From harp or lute, kind influence to compose
The throbbing pulse,—else troubled without end:
Even Joy could tell, Joy craving truce and rest
From her own overflow, what power sedate
On those revolving motions did await
Assiduously—to soothe her aching breast;
And, to a point of just relief, abate
The mantling triumphs of a day too blest.

CLXXXVII

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
1770—1850

SURPRISED by joy—impatient as the Wind
I turned to share the transport—Oh! with whom
But Thee, deep-buried in the silent tomb,
That spot which no vicissitude can find?
Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my mind—
But how could I forget thee? Through what power,
Even for the least division of an hour,
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
To my most grievous loss!—That thought's return
Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more;
That neither present time, nor years unborn
Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

CLXXXVIII

IT is a beauteous Evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven is on the Sea:
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

CLXXXIX

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
1770—1850

THE world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

CXC

A VOLANT Tribe of Bards on earth are found,
Who, while the flattering Zephyrs round them play,
On 'coignes of vantage' hang their nests of clay;
How quickly, from that aery hold unbound,
Dust for oblivion! To the solid ground
Of nature trusts the Mind that builds for aye;
Convinced that there, there only, she can lay
Secure foundations. As the year runs round,
Apart she toils within the chosen ring;
While the stars shine, or while day's purple eye
Is gently closing with the flowers of spring;
Where even the motion of an Angel's wing
Would interrupt the intense tranquillity
Of silent hills, and more than silent sky.

CXCI

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
1770—1850

SCORN not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honours: with this key
Shakspeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
With it Camöens soothed an exile's grief;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow; a glow-worm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land
To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

CXCII

TO B. R. HAYDON.

HIGH is our calling, Friend!—Creative Art
(Whether the instrument of words she use,
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues,)
Demands the service of a mind and heart,
Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest part,
Heroically fashioned—to infuse
Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse,
While the whole world seems adverse to desert.
And oh! when Nature sinks, as oft she may,
Through long-lived pressure of obscure distress,
Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
And in the soul admit of no decay,
Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness—
Great is the glory, for the strife is hard!

CXCIII

SEPTEMBER, 1815.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
1770—1850

WHILE not a leaf seems faded; while the fields,
With ripening harvest prodigally fair,
In brightest sunshine bask; this nipping air,
Sent from some distant clime where Winter wields
His icy scimitar, a foretaste yields
Of bitter change, and bids the flowers beware;
And whispers to the silent birds, 'Prepare
Against the threatening foe your trustiest shields.'
For me, who under kindlier laws belong
To Nature's tuneful quire, this rustling dry
Through leaves yet green, and yon crystálline sky,
Announce a season potent to renew,
'Mid frost and snow, the instinctive joys of song,
And nobler cares than listless summer knew.

CXCIV

'THERE is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only Poets know:'—'twas rightly said;
Whom could the Muses else allure to tread
Their smoothest paths, to wear their lightest chains?
When happiest Fancy has inspired the strains,
How oft the malice of one luckless word
Pursues the Enthusiast to the social board,
Haunts him belated on the silent plains!
Yet he repines not, if his thought stand clear,
At last, of hindrance and obscurity,
Fresh as the star that crowns the brow of morn;
Bright, speckless, as a softly-moulded tear
The moment it has left the virgin's eye,
Or rain-drop lingering on the pointed thorn.

CXCV

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
1770—1850

BROOK! whose society the Poet seeks,
Intent his wasted spirits to renew;
And whom the curious Painter doth pursue
Through rocky passes, among flowery creeks,
And tracks thee dancing down thy water-breaks;
If wish were mine some type of thee to view,
Thee, and not thee thyself, I would not do
Like Grecian Artists, give thee human cheeks,
Channels for tears; no Naiad should'st thou be,—
Have neither limbs, feet, feathers, joints nor hairs:
It seems the Eternal Soul is clothed in thee
With purer robes than those of flesh and blood,
And hath bestowed on thee a safer good;
Unwearied joy, and life without its cares.

CXCVI

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,
SEPTEMBER 3, 1802.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

CXCVII

A PARSONAGE IN OXFORDSHIRE.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
1770—1850

WHERE holy ground begins, unhallowed ends,
Is marked by no distinguishable line;
The turf unites, the pathways intertwine;
And, wheresoe'er the stealing footstep tends,
Garden, and that Domain where kindred, friends,
And neighbours rest together, here confound
Their several features, mingled like the sound
Of many waters, or as evening blends
With shady night. Soft airs from shrub and flower
Waft fragrant greetings to each silent grave;
And while those lofty poplars gently wave
Their tops, between them comes and goes a sky
Bright as the glimpses of eternity
To saints accorded in their mortal hour.

CXCVIII

TO LADY FITZGERALD,
IN HER SEVENTIETH YEAR.

SUCH age how beautiful! O Lady bright,
Whose mortal lineaments seem all refined
By favouring Nature and a saintly Mind
To something purer and more exquisite
Than flesh and blood; whene'er thou meet'st my sight,
When I behold thy blanched unwithered cheek,
Thy temples fringed with locks of gleaming white,
And head that droops because the soul is meek,
Thee with the welcome Snowdrop I compare;
That child of winter, prompting thoughts that climb
From desolation toward the genial prime;
Or with the Moon conquering earth's misty air,
And filling more and more with crystal light
As pensive Evening deepens into night.

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CXCIX

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
1770—1850

WHY art thou silent! Is thy love a plant
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant—
Bound to thy service with unceasing care,
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
For nought but what thy happiness could spare.
Speak!—though this soft warm heart, once free to hold
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold
Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with snow
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

CC

COMPOSED ON A MAY MORNING, 1838.

LIFE with yon Lambs, like day, is just begun,
Yet Nature seems to them a heavenly guide.
Does joy approach? they meet the coming tide;
And sullenness avoid, as now they shun
Pale twilight's lingering glooms,—and in the sun
Couch near their dams, with quiet satisfied;
Or gambol—each with his shadow at his side,
Varying its shape wherever he may run.
As they from turf yet hoar with sleepy dew
All turn, and court the shining and the green,
Where herbs look up, and opening flowers are seen,
Why to God's goodness cannot We be true,
And so, His gifts and promises between,
Feed to the last on pleasures ever new?

CCI

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
1770—1850

LO! where she stands fixed in a saint-like trance,
One upward hand, as if she needed rest
From rapture, lying softly on her breast!
Nor wants her eyeball an ethereal glance;
But not the less—nay more—that countenance,
While thus illumined, tells of painful strife
For a sick heart made weary of this life
By love, long crossed with adverse circumstance.—
Would She were now as when she hoped to pass
At God's appointed hour to them who tread
Heaven's sapphire pavement, yet breathed well content,
Well pleased her foot should print earth's common grass,
Lived thankful for day's light, for daily bread,
For health, and time in obvious duty spent.

CCII

WANSFELL! this Household has a favoured lot,
Living with liberty on thee to gaze,
To watch while Morn first crowns thee with her rays,
Or when along thy breast serenely float
Evening's angelic clouds. Yet ne'er a note
Hath sounded (shame upon the Bard!) thy praise
For all that thou, as if from heaven, hast brought
Of glory lavished on our quiet days.
Bountiful Son of Earth! when we are gone
From every object dear to mortal sight,
As soon we shall be, may these words attest
How oft, to elevate our spirits, shone
Thy visionary majesties of light,
How in thy pensive glooms our hearts found rest.

CCIII

COMPOSED AT NEIDPATH CASTLE.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
1770—1850

DEGENERATE Douglas! oh, the unworthy Lord!
Whom mere despite of heart could so far please,
And love of havoc, (for with such disease
Fame taxes him,) that he could send forth word
To level with the dust a noble horde,
A brotherhood of venerable Trees,
Leaving an ancient dome, and towers like these,
Beggared and outraged!—Many hearts deplored
The fate of those old Trees; and oft with pain
The traveller, at this day, will stop and gaze
On wrongs, which Nature scarcely seems to heed:
For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks, and bays,
And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,
And the green silent pastures, yet remain.

CCIV

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE, NEAR CALAIS.
AUGUST, 1802.

FAIR Star of evening, Splendour of the west,
Star of my Country!—on the horizon's brink
Thou hangest, stooping, as might seem, to sink
On England's bosom; yet well pleased to rest
Meanwhile, and be to her a glorious crest
Conspicuous to the Nations. Thou, I think,
Should'st be my Country's emblem; and should'st wink
Bright Star! with laughter on her banners, drest
In thy fresh beauty. There! that dusky spot
Beneath thee, that is England; there she lies.
Blessings be on you both! one hope, one lot,
One life, one glory!—I, with many a fear
For my dear Country, many heartfelt sighs,
Among men who do not love her, linger here.

CCV

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
1770—1850

ONCE did She hold the gorgeous east in fee,
And was the safeguard of the west: the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.
She was a maiden City, bright and free;
No guile seduced, no force could violate;
And when she took unto herself a Mate,
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.
And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
When her long life hath reached its final day:
Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
Of that which once was great is passed away.

CCVI

TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of men!
Whether the whistling Rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den;—
O miserable Chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

CCVII

SEPTEMBER, 1802. NEAR DOVER.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
1770—1850

INLAND, within a hollow vale, I stood;
And saw, while sea was calm and air was clear,
The coast of France—the coast of France how near!
Drawn almost into frightful neighbourhood.
I shrunk; for verily the barrier flood
Was like a lake, or river bright and fair,
A span of waters; yet what power is there
What mightiness for evil and for good!
Even so doth God protect us if we be
Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and waters roll,
Strength to the brave, and Power, and Deity;
Yet in themselves are nothing! One decree
Spake laws to *them*, and said that by the soul
Only, the Nations shall be great and free.

CCVIII

THOUGHT OF A BRITON.

ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND.

TWO Voices are there; one is of the Sea,
One of the Mountains; each a mighty Voice:
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!
There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him; but hast vainly striven:
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft:
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left;
For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be
That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful Voice be heard by thee!

CCIX

WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1802.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
1770—1850

O FRIEND! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,
To think that now our life is only drest
For show; mean handiwork of craftsman, cook,
Or groom!—We must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:
The wealthiest man among us is the best:
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry; and these we adore:
Plain living and high thinking are no more:
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

CCX

LONDON, 1802.

MILTON! thou should'st be living at this hour
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

CCXI

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
1770—1850

IT is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, 'with pomp of waters, unwithstood,'
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands
Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakspeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.—In every thing we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

CCXII

WHEN I have borne in memory what has tamed
Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart
When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed
I had, my Country!—am I to be blamed?
Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art,
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
For dearly must we prize thee; we who find
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men;
And I by my affection was beguiled:
What wonder if a Poet now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind,
Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

CCXIII

NOVEMBER, 1806.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
1770—1850

ANOTHER year!—another deadly blow!
Another mighty Empire overthrown!
And We are left, or shall be left, alone;
The last that dare to struggle with the Foe.
'Tis well! from this day forward we shall know
That in ourselves our safety must be sought;
That by our own right hands it must be wrought;
That we must stand unpropped, or be laid low.
O dastard whom such foretaste doth not cheer!
We shall exult, if they who rule the land
Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile band,
Who are to judge of danger which they fear,
And honour which they do not understand.

CCXIV

BRAVE Schill! by death delivered, take thy flight
From Prussia's timid region. Go, and rest
With heroes, 'mid the islands of the Blest,
Or in the fields of empyrean light.
A meteor wert thou crossing a dark night:
Yet shall thy name, conspicuous and sublime,
Stand in the spacious firmament of time,
Fixed as a star: such glory is thy right.
Alas! it may not be: for earthly fame
Is Fortune's frail dependant; yet there lives
A Judge, who, as man claims by merit, gives;
To whose all-pondering mind a noble aim,
Faithfully kept, is as a noble deed;
In whose pure sight all virtue doth succeed.

CCXV

SKY-PROSPECT

FROM THE PLAIN OF FRANCE.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
1770—1850

LO! in the burning west, the craggy nape
Of a proud Ararat! and, thereupon,
The Ark, her melancholy voyage done!
Yon rampant cloud mimics a lion's shape;
There, combats a huge crocodile—agape
A golden spear to swallow! and that brown
And massy grove, so near yon blazing town,
Stirs and recedes—destruction to escape!
Yet all is harmless—as the Elysian shades
Where Spirits dwell in undisturbed repose—
Silently disappears, or quickly fades:
Meek Nature's evening comment on the shows
That for oblivion take their daily birth
From all the fuming vanities of Earth!

CCXVI

NEAR Anio's stream, I spied a gentle Dove,
Perched on an olive branch, and heard her cooing
'Mid new-born blossoms that soft airs were wooing,
While all things present told of joy and love.
But restless Fancy left that olive grove
To hail the exploratory Bird renewing
Hope for the few, who, at the world's undoing,
On the great flood were spared to live and move.
O bounteous Heaven! signs true as dove and bough
Brought to the Ark are coming evermore,
Given though we seek them not, but, while we plough
This sea of life without a visible shore,
Do neither promise ask nor grace implore
In what alone is ours, the living Now.

CCXVII

THE RIVER DUDDON.

I

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
1770—1850

CHILD of the clouds! remote from every taint
Of sordid industry thy lot is cast;
Thine are the honours of the lofty waste;
Not seldom, when with heat the valleys faint,
Thy handmaid Frost with spangled tissue quaint
Thy cradle decks;—to chant thy birth thou hast
No meaner Poet than the whistling Blast,
And Desolation is thy Patron-saint!
She guards thee, ruthless Power! who would not spare
Those mighty forests, once the bison's screen,
Where stalked the huge deer to his shaggy lair
Through paths and alleys roofed with darkest green,
Thousands of years before the silent air
Was pierced by whizzing shaft of hunter keen!

CCXVIII

SOLE listener, Duddon! to the breeze that played
With thy clear voice, I caught the fitful sound
Wafted o'er sullen moss and craggy mound—
Unfruitful solitudes, that seemed to upbraid
The sun in heaven!—but now, to form a shade
For Thee, green alders have together wound
Their foliage; ashes flung their arms around;
And birch-trees risen in silver colonnade.
And thou hast also tempted here to rise,
'Mid sheltering pines, this Cottage rude and grey;
Whose ruddy children, by the mother's eyes
Carelessly watched, sport through the summer day,
Thy pleased associates:—light as endless May
On infant bosoms lonely Nature lies.

CCXIX

THE RIVER DUDDON.

3

FLOWERS.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
1770—1850

ERE yet our course was graced with social trees
It lacked not old remains of hawthorn bowers,
Where small birds warbled to their paramours;
And, earlier still, was heard the hum of bees;
I saw them ply their harmless robberies,
And caught the fragrance which the sundry flowers,
Fed by the stream with soft perpetual showers,
Plenteously yielded to the vagrant breeze.
There bloomed the strawberry of the wilderness;
The trembling eyebright showed her sapphire blue,
The thyme her purple, like the blush of Even;
And if the breath of some to no caress
Invited, forth they peeped so fair to view,
All kinds alike seemed favourites of Heaven.

CCXX

WHAT aspect bore the Man who roved or fled,
First of his tribe, to this dark dell—who first
In this pellucid Current slaked his thirst?
What hopes came with him? what designs were spread
Along his path? His unprotected bed
What dreams encompassed? Was the intruder nursed
In hideous usages, and rites accursed,
That thinned the living and disturbed the dead?
No voice replies;—both air and earth are mute;
And Thou, blue Streamlet, murmuring yield'st no more
Than a soft record, that, whatever fruit
Of ignorance thou might'st witness heretofore,
Thy function was to heal and to restore,
To soothe and cleanse, not madden and pollute!

CCXXI

5

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
1770—1850

O MOUNTAIN Stream! the Shepherd and his Cot
Are privileged Inmates of deep solitude;
Nor would the nicest Anchorite exclude
A field or two of brighter green, or plot
Of tillage-ground, that seemeth like a spot
Of stationary sunshine:—thou hast viewed
These only, Duddon! with their paths renewed
By fits and starts, yet this contents thee not.
Thee hath some awful Spirit impelled to leave,
Utterly to desert, the haunts of men,
Though simple thy companions were and few;
And through this wilderness a passage cleave,
Attended but by thy own voice, save when
The clouds and fowls of the air thy way pursue!

CCXXII

6

SEATHWAITE CHAPEL.

SACRED Religion! 'mother of form and fear,'
Dread arbitress of mutable respect,
New rites ordaining when the old are wrecked,
Or cease to please the fickle worshipper;
Mother of Love! (that name best suits thee here)
Mother of Love! for this deep vale, protect
Truth's holy lamp, pure source of bright effect,
Gifted to purge the vapoury atmosphere
That seeks to stifle it;—as in those days
When this low Pile a Gospel Teacher knew,
Whose good works formed an endless retinue:
A Pastor such as Chaucer's verse pourtrays,
Such as the heaven-taught skill of Herbert drew;
And tender Goldsmith crowned with deathless praise!

CCXXIII

THE RIVER DUDDON.

7

AFTER-THOUGHT.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
1770—1850

I THOUGHT of Thee, my partner and my guide,
As being past away.—Vain sympathies!
For backward, Duddon! as I cast my eyes,
I see what was, and is, and will abide;
Still glides the Stream, and shall for ever glide;
The Form remains, the Function never dies;
While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
We Men, who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish;—be it so!
Enough, if something from our hands have power
To live, and act, and serve the future hour;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know.

CCXXIV

ON THE DEPARTURE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

FROM ABBOTSFORD, FOR NAPLES.

A TROUBLE, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height:
Spirits of Power, assembled there, complain
For kindred Power departing from their sight;
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
Saddens his voice again, and yet again.
Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners! for the might
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
Blessings and prayers, in nobler retinue
Than sceptered king or laurelled conqueror knows,
Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
Wafting your Charge to soft Parthenope!

CCXXV

THE TROSSACHS.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
1770—1850

THERE'S not a nook within this solemn Pass,
But were an apt confessional for One
Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,
That Life is but a tale of morning grass
Withered at eve. From scenes of art which chase
That thought away, turn, and with watchful eyes
Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,
Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than glass
Untouched, unbreathed upon. Thrice happy quest,
If from a golden perch of aspen spray
(October's workmanship to rival May)
The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast
That moral sweeten by a heaven-taught lay,
Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest!

CCXXVI

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.
(FROM THE ROMAN STATION AT OLD PENRITH.)

HOW profitless the relics that we cull,
Troubling the last holds of ambitious Rome,
Unless they chasten fancies that presume
Too high, or idle agitations lull!
Of the world's flatteries if the brain be full,
To have no seat for thought were better doom,
Like this old helmet, or the eyeless skull
Of him who gloried in its nodding plume.
Heaven out of view, our wishes what are they?
Our fond regrets tenacious in their grasp?
The Sage's theory? the Poet's lay?—
Mere Fibulæ without a robe to clasp;
Obsolete lamps, whose light no time recalls;
Urns without ashes, tearless lacrymals!

CCXXVII

DISSOLUTION OF THE MONASTERIES.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
1770—1850

THREATS come which no submission may assuage,
No sacrifice avert, no power dispute;
The tapers shall be quenched, the belfries mute,
And, 'mid their choirs unroofed by selfish rage,
The warbling wren shall find a leafy cage;
The gadding bramble hang her purple fruit;
And the green lizard and the gilded newt
Lead unmolested lives, and die of age.
The owl of evening and the woodland fox
For their abode the shrines of Waltham choose:
Proud Glastonbury can no more refuse
To stoop her head before these desperate shocks—
She whose high pomp displaced, as story tells,
Arimathean Joseph's wattled cells.

CCXXVIII

THE VIRGIN.

MOTHER! whose virgin bosom was uncrost
With the least shade of thought to sin allied;
Woman! above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast;
Purer than foam on central ocean tost;
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast;
Thy Image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,
Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend,
As to a visible Power, in which did blend
All that was mixed and reconciled in Thee
Of mother's love with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with terrene!

CCXXIX

WALTON'S BOOK OF LIVES.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
1770—1850

THERE are no colours in the fairest sky
So fair as these. The feather, whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropped from an Angel's wing. With moistened eye
We read of faith and purest charity
In Statesman, Priest, and humble Citizen:
O could we copy their mild virtues, then
What joy to live, what blessedness to die!
Methinks their very names shine still and bright;
Apart—like glow-worms on a summer night;
Or lonely tapers when from far they fling
A guiding ray; or seen—like stars on high,
Satellites burning in a lucid ring
Around meek Walton's heavenly memory.

CCXXX

MUTABILITY.

FROM low to high doth dissolution climb,
And sink from high to low, along a scale
Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail;
A musical but melancholy chime,
Which they can hear who meddle not with crime,
Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.
Truth fails not; but her outward forms that bear
The longest date do melt like frosty rime,
That in the morning whitened hill and plain
And is no more; drop like the tower sublime
Of yesterday, which royally did wear
His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain
Some casual shout that broke the silent air,
Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

CCXXXI

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL,

CAMBRIDGE.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
1770—1850

TAX not the royal Saint with vain expense,
With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned—
Albeit labouring for a scanty band
Of white-robed Scholars only—this immense
And glorious Work of fine intelligence!
Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more;
So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

CCXXXII

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

(LANDING AT THE MOUTH OF THE DERWENT, WORKINGTON.)

DEAR to the Loves, and to the Graces vowed,
The Queen drew back the wimple that she wore;
And to the throng, that on the Cumbrian shore
Her landing hailed, how touchingly she bowed!
And like a Star (that, from a heavy cloud
Of pine-tree foliage poised in air, forth darts,
When a soft summer gale at evening parts
The gloom that did its loveliness enshroud)
She smiled; but Time, the old Saturnian seer,
Sighed on the wing as her foot pressed the strand,
With step prolusive to a long array
Of woes and degradations hand in hand—
Weeping captivity, and shuddering fear
Stilled by the ensanguined block of Fotheringay!

CCXXXIII

CAVE OF STAFFA.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
1770—1850

THANKS for the lessons of this Spot—fit school
For the presumptuous thoughts that would assign
Mechanic laws to agency divine;
And, measuring heaven by earth, would overrule
Infinite Power. The pillared vestibule,
Expanding yet precise, the roof embowed,
Might seem designed to humble man, when proud
Of his best workmanship by plan and tool.
Down-bearing with his whole Atlantic weight
Of tide and tempest on the Structure's base,
And flashing to that Structure's topmost height,
Ocean has proved its strength, and of its grace
In calms is conscious, finding for his freight
Of softest music some responsive place.

CCXXXIV

FLOWERS ON THE TOP OF THE PILLARS
AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE.

HOPE smiled when your nativity was cast,
Children of Summer! Ye fresh Flowers that brave
What Summer here escapes not, the fierce wave,
And whole artillery of the western blast,
Battering the Temple's front, its long-drawn nave
Smiting, as if each moment were their last.
But ye, bright Flowers, on frieze and architrave
Survive, and once again the Pile stands fast:
Calm as the Universe, from specular towers
Of heaven contemplated by Spirits pure
With mute astonishment, it stands sustained
Through every part in symmetry, to endure,
Unhurt, the assault of Time with all his hours,
As the supreme Artificer ordained.

CCXXXV

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
1770—1850

MOST sweet it is with unuplifted eyes
To pace the ground, if path be there or none,
While a fair region round the traveller lies
Which he forbears again to look upon;
Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,
The work of Fancy, or some happy tone
Of meditation, slipping in between
The beauty coming and the beauty gone.
If Thought and Love desert us, from that day
Let us break off all commerce with the Muse:
With Thought and Love companions of our way,
Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,
The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her dews
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

CCXXXVI

TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROBBERS."

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE
1772—1834

SCHILLER! that hour I would have wished to die,
If through the shuddering midnight I had sent,
From the dark dungeon of the tower time-rent,
That fearful voice, a famished father's cry;
Lest in some after moment aught more mean
Might stamp me mortal. A triumphant shout
Black Horror screamed, and all her goblin rout
Diminished shrunk from the more withering scene.
Ah! bard tremendous in sublimity!
Could I behold thee in thy loftier mood,
Wandering at eve with finely frenzied eye
Beneath some vast old tempest-swinging wood,
Awhile with mute awe gazing I would brood,
Then weep aloud in a wild ecstasy!

CCXXXVII

TO THE RIVER OTTER.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE
1772—1834

DEAR native brook! wild streamlet of the West!
How many various-fated years have passed,
What happy, and what mournful hours, since last
I skimmed the smooth thin stone along thy breast,
Numbering its light leaps! Yet so deep imprest
Sink the sweet scenes of childhood, that mine eyes
I never shut amid the sunny ray,
But straight with all their tints thy waters rise,
Thy crossing plank, thy marge with willows gray,
And bedded sand that, veined with various dyes,
Gleamed through thy bright transparence. On my way,
Visions of childhood! oft have ye beguiled
Lone manhood's cares, yet waking fondest sighs:
Ah! that once more I were a careless child.

CCXXXVIII

FANCY IN NUBIBUS.

OR THE POET IN THE CLOUDS.

O IT is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
Or let the easily-persuaded eyes
Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould
Of a friend's fancy; or, with head bent low
And cheek aslant, see rivers flow of gold
'Twixt crimson banks; and then, a traveller, go
From mount to mount through Cloudland, gorgeous land!
Or listening to the tide, with closèd sight,
Be that blind bard who, on the Chian strand
By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssee
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

CCXXXIX.

TO NATURE.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE
1772—1834

IT may indeed be phantasy when I
Essay to draw from all created things
Deep, heartfelt, inward joy that closely clings;
And trace in leaves and flowers that round me lie
Lessons of love and earnest piety.
So let it be; and if the wide world rings
In mock of this belief, to me it brings
Nor fear, nor grief, nor vain perplexity.
So will I build my altar in the fields,
And the blue sky my fretted dome shall be,
And the sweet fragrance that the wild flower yields
Shall be the incense I will yield to Thee,
Thee only God! and Thou shalt not despise
Even me, the priest of this poor sacrifice.

CCXL

TO TIME.

MARY TIGHE
1773—1810

YES, gentle Time, thy gradual, healing hand
Hath stolen from Sorrow's grasp the envenomed dart;
Submitting to thy skill, my passive heart
Feels that no grief can thy soft power withstand;
And though my aching breast still heaves the sigh,
Though oft the tear swells silent in mine eye;
Yet the keen pang, the agony is gone;
Sorrow and I shall part; and these faint throes
Are but the remnant of severer woes:
As when the furious tempest is o'erblown,
And when the sky has wept its violence,
The opening heavens will oft let fall a shower,
The poor o'erchargèd boughs still drops dispense,
And still the loaded streams in torrents pour.

CCXLI

ROBERT SOUTHEY
1774—1843

A WRINKLED, crabbèd man they picture thee,
Old Winter, with a rugged beard as grey
As the long moss upon the apple-tree;
Blue-lipt, an ice-drop at thy sharp blue nose,
Close muffled up, and on thy dreary way
Plodding alone through sleet and drifting snows.
They should have drawn thee by the high-heapt hearth,
Old Winter! seated in thy great armed chair,
Watching the children at their Christmas mirth;
Or circled by them as thy lips declare
Some merry jest, or tale of murder dire,
Or troubled spirit that disturbs the night,
Pausing at times to rouse the mouldering fire,
Or taste the old October brown and bright.

CCXLII

TO A FRIEND.

CHARLES LAMB
1775—1834

FRIEND of my earliest years and childish days,
My joys, my sorrows, thou with me hast shared,
Companion dear, and we alike have fared
(Poor pilgrims we) through life's unequal ways;
It were unwisely done, should we refuse
To cheer our path as featly as we may,
Our lonely path to cheer, as travellers use,
With merry song, quaint tale, or roundelay;
And we will sometimes talk past troubles o'er,
Of mercies shewn, and all our sickness healed,
And in his judgments God remembering love;
And we will learn to praise God evermore
For those glad tidings of great joy revealed
By that sooth Messenger sent from above.

CCXLIII

WORK.

CHARLES LAMB
1775—1834

WHO first invented Work, and bound the free
And holyday-rejoicing spirit down
To the ever-haunting importunity
Of business in the green fields, and the town—
To plough, loom, anvil, spade—and oh! most sa
To that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood?
Who but the Being unblest, alien from good,
Sabbathless Satan! he who his unglad
Task ever plies 'mid rotatory burnings,
That round and round incalculably reel—
For wrath divine hath made him like a wheel—
In that red realm from which are no returnings:
Where toiling, and turmoiling, ever and aye
He, and his thoughts, keep pensive working-day.

CCXLIV

LEISURE.

THEY talk of Time, and of Time's galling yoke,
That like a millstone on man's mind doth press,
Which only works and business can redress:
Of divine Leisure such foul lies are spoke,
Wounding her fair gifts with calumnious stroke;
But might I, fed with silent meditation,
Assoilèd live from that fiend Occupation—
Improbus Labor, which my spirits hath broke—
I'd drink of Time's rich cup, and never surfeit;
Fling in more days than went to make the gem
That crowned the white top of Methusalem;
Yea on my weak neck take, and never forfeit,
Like Atlas bearing up the dainty sky,
The heaven-sweet burthen of eternity.

Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.

CCXLV

CHARLES LAMB
1775—1834

O LIFT with reverent hand that tarnished flower,
That shrines beneath her modest canopy
Memorials dear to Romish piety;
Dim specks, rude shapes, of Saints! in fervent hour
The work perchance of some meek devotee
Who, poor in worldly treasures to set forth
The sanctities she worshipped to their worth,
In this imperfect tracery might see
Hints, that all Heaven did to her sense reveal.
Cheap gifts best fit poor givers. We are told
Of the lone mite, the cup of water cold,
That in their way approved the offerer's zeal.
True love shows costliest where the means are scant;
And, in their reckoning, they *abound* who *want.*

CCXLVI

NIGHT AND DEATH.

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE
1775—1841

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! Creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

CCXLVII

HORACE SMITH
1779—1849

ETERNAL and Omnipotent Unseen!
Who bad'st the world, with all its lives complete,
Start from the void and thrill beneath thy feet,
Thee I adore with reverence serene;
Here, in the fields, thine own cathedral meet,
Built by thyself, star-roofed, and hung with green,
Wherein all breathing things in concord sweet,
Organed by winds, perpetual hymns repeat.
Here hast thou spread that book to every eye,
Whose tongue and truth all, all may read and prove,
On whose three blessèd leaves, Earth, Ocean, Sky,
Thine own right hand hath stamped might, justice, love:
Grand Trinity, which binds in due degree
God, man, and brute, in social unity.

CCXLVIII

LORD THURLOW
1781—1829

WHEN in the woods I wander all alone,
The woods that are my solace and delight,
Which I more covet than a prince's throne,
My toil by day and canopy by night;
(Light heart, light foot, light food, and slumber light,
These lights shall light us to old age's gate,
While monarchs, whom rebellious dreams affright,
Heavy with fear, death's fearful summons wait;)
Whilst here I wander, pleased to be alone,
Weighing in thought the world's no-happiness,
I cannot choose but wonder at its moan,
Since so plain joys the woody life can bless:
Then live who may where honied words prevail,
I with the deer, and with the nightingale!

CCXLIX

THE HARVEST MOON.

LORD THURLOW
1781—1829

THE crimson Moon, uprising from the sea,
With large delight, foretells the harvest near:
Ye shepherds, now prepare your melody
To greet the soft appearance of her sphere;
And, like a page enamoured of her train,
The star of evening glimmers in the west:
Then raise, ye shepherds, your observant strain
That so of the Great Shepherd here are blest.
Our fields are full with the time-ripened grain,
Our vineyards with the purple clusters swell;
Her golden splendour glimmers on the main,
And vales and mountains her bright glory tell:
Then sing, ye shepherds, for the time is come
When we must bring the enrichèd harvest home.

CCL

TO A BIRD THAT HAUNTED THE WATERS
OF LAKEN, IN THE WINTER.

O MELANCHOLY bird!—a winter's day
Thou standest by the margin of the pool,
And, taught by God, dost thy whole being school
To patience, which all evil can allay;
God has appointed thee the fish thy prey;
And given thyself a lesson to the fool
Unthrifty, to submit to moral rule,
And his unthinking course by thee to weigh.
There need not schools, nor the professor's chair,
Though these be good, true wisdom to impart;
He who has not enough for these to spare
Of time or gold, may yet amend his heart,
And teach his soul by brooks and rivers fair:
Nature is always wise in every part.

CCLI

SPRING.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT
1781—1849

AGAIN the violet of our early days
Drinks beauteous azure from the golden sun,
And kindles into fragrance at his blaze;
The streams, rejoiced that winter's work is done,
Talk of to-morrow's cowslips as they run.
Wild apple! thou art bursting into bloom;
Thy leaves are coming, snowy-blossomed thorn!
Wake, buried lily! spirit, quit thy tomb;
And thou, shade-loving hyacinth, be born!
Then haste, sweet rose! sweet woodbine, hymn the morn,
Whose dew-drops shall illume with pearly light
Each grassy blade that thick embattled stands
From sea to sea; while daisies infinite
Uplift in praise their little glowing hands,
O'er every hill that under heaven expands

CCLII

FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

ABBEY! for ever smiling pensively,
How like a thing of Nature dost thou rise
Amid her loveliest works! as if the skies,
Clouded with grief, were arched thy roof to be,
And the tall trees were copied all from thee!
Mourning thy fortunes—while the waters dim
Flow like the memory of thy evening hymn,
Beautiful in their sorrowing sympathy;
As if they with a weeping sister wept,
Winds name thy name! But thou, though sad, art calm,
And Time with thee his plighted troth hath kept;
For harebells deck thy brow, and, at thy feet,
Where sleep the proud, the bee and redbreast meet,
Mixing thy sighs with Nature's lonely psalm.

CCLIII

TO THE HARVEST MOON.

WILLIAM STANLEY ROSCOE
1782—1843

AGAIN thou reignest in thy golden hall,
Rejoicing in thy sway, fair queen of night!
The ruddy reapers hail thee with delight:
Theirs is the harvest, theirs the joyous call
For tasks well ended ere the season's fall.
Sweet orb, thou smilest from thy starry height;
But whilst on them thy beams are shedding bright,
To me thou com'st o'ershadowed with a pall:
To me alone the year hath fruitless flown;
Earth hath fulfilled her trust through all her lands,
The good man gathereth now where he had sown,
And the Great Master in his vineyard stands;
But I, as if my task were all unknown,
Come to his gates, alas! with empty hands.

CCLIV

TO THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET.

LEIGH HUNT
1784—1859

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass;
Oh sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both though small are strong
At your clear hearts; and both were sent on earth
To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song:
In doors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

CCLV

HENRY KIRKE WHITE
1785—1806

WHAT art thou, MIGHTY ONE, and where thy seat?
Thou broodest on the calm that cheers the lands,
And thou dost bear within thine awful hands
The rolling thunders and the lightnings fleet;
Stern on thy dark-wrought car of cloud and wind
Thou guid'st the northern storm at night's dead noon,
Or on the red wing of the fierce monsoon
Disturb'st the sleeping giant of the Ind.
In the drear silence of the polar span
Dost thou repose? or in the solitude
Of sultry tracts, where the lone caravan
Hears nightly howl the tiger's hungry brood?
Vain thought, the confines of his throne to trace
Who glows through all the fields of boundless space!

CCLVI

AS thus oppressed with many a heavy care,
(Though young yet sorrowful,) I turn my feet
To the dark woodland, longing much to greet
The form of Peace, if chance she sojourn there;
Deep thought and dismal, verging to despair,
Fills my sad breast, and tired with this vain coil,
I shrink dismayed before life's upland toil.
And as amid the leaves the evening air
Whispers still melody,—I think ere long,
When I no more can hear, these woods will speak;
And then a sad smile plays upon my cheek,
And mournful phantasies upon me throng,
And I do ponder with most strange delight
On the calm slumbers of the dead man's night.

CCLVII

CHARLES STRONG
1785—1864

IS this the spot where Rome's eternal foe
Into his snares the mighty legions drew,
Whence from the carnage, spiritless and few,
A remnant scarcely reached her gates of woe?
Is this the stream, thus gliding soft and slow,
That, from the gushing wounds of thousands, grew
So fierce a flood, that waves of crimson hue
Rushed on the bosom of the lake below?
The mountains that gave back the battle-cry
Are silent now; perchance yon hillocks green
Mark where the bones of those old warriors lie.
Heaven never gladdened a more peaceful scene;
Never left softer breeze a fairer sky
To sport upon thy waters, Thrasymene!

CCLVIII

THE EVENING-CLOUD.

JOHN WILSON
1785—1854

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun;
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
Long had I watched the glory moving on,
O'er the still radiance of the lake below;
Tranquil its spirit seemed and floated slow;
Even in its very motion there was rest;
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous West.
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given;
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of Heaven;
Where to the eye of Faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

CCLIX

SIR AUBREY DE VERE
1788—1846

THERE is no remedy for time misspent;
No healing for the waste of idleness,
Whose very languor is a punishment
Heavier than active souls can feel or guess.
O hours of indolence and discontent,
Not now to be redeemed! ye sting not less
Because I know this span of life was lent
For lofty duties, not for selfishness.
Not to be whiled away in aimless dreams,
But to improve ourselves, and serve mankind,
Life and its choicest faculties were given.
Man should be ever better than he seems;
And shape his acts, and discipline his mind,
To walk adorning earth, with hope of heaven.

CCLX

THE PASSION-FLOWER.

ART thou a type of beauty, or of power,
Of sweet enjoyment, or disastrous sin?
For each thy name denoteth, Passion-flower!
O no! thy pure corolla's depth within
We trace a holier symbol; yea, a sign
'Twixt God and man; a record of that hour
When the expiatory act divine
Cancelled that curse which was our mortal dower.
It is the Cross! Never hath Psalmist's tongue
Fitlier of hope to human frailty sung
Than this mute teacher in a floret's breast—
A star of guidance the wild woods among,
A page with more than lettered lore imprest,
A beacon to the havens of the blest.

CCLXI

CASTLECONNEL.

Sir Aubrey De Vere
1788—1846

BROAD, but not deep, along his rock-chafed bed,
In many a sparkling eddy winds the flood,
Clasped by a margin of green underwood:
A castled crag, with ivy garlanded,
Sheer o'er the torrent frowns: above the mead
De Burgho's towers, crumbling o'er many a rood,
Stand gauntly out in airy solitude,
Backed by yon furrowed mountain's tinted head.
Sounds of far people, mingling with the fall
Of waters, and the busy hum of bees,
And larks in air, and throstles in the trees,
Thrill the moist air with murmurs musical;
While cottage smoke goes drifting on the breeze,
And sunny clouds are floating over all.

CCLXII

THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

ROYAL and saintly Cashel! I would gaze
Upon the wreck of thy departed powers
Not in the dewy light of matin hours,
Nor the meridian pomp of summer's blaze,
But at the close of dim autumnal days,
When the sun's parting glance, through slanting showers,
Sheds o'er thy rock-throned battlements and towers
Such awful gleams as brighten o'er Decay's
Prophetic cheek. At such a time, methinks,
There breathes from thy lone courts and voiceless aisles
A melancholy moral; such as sinks
On the lone traveller's heart, amid the piles
Of vast Persepolis on her mountain-stand,
Or Thebes half-buried in the desert sand.

CCLXIII

ON CHILLON.

LORD BYRON
1788—1824

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art—
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned,
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

CCLXIV

ROBERT ROSCOE
1789—1850

MORTAL! at last what will it thee bestead
To stand aloft in Fame's proud vestibule,
When thou hast buffeted the long misrule
Of chance and trouble, and abroad hast spread
Thine earthly glory? Hath it profited
That to the brave of old a laurel weed
The hand of Fame held forth, and did areed
The myrtle leaves to wreath the Poet's head?
Within the grave's dark cell how soon consume
Those myrtle leaves and wreaths of vanity,
When death's cold breath has sucked their rich perfume!
But in the blessèd climate of the sky
Thou mayst attain those flowers that ever bloom,
And pour their fragrance through eternity.

CCLXV

ROBERT ROSCOE
1789—1850

O BLESSÈD be the tear that sadly rolled
For me, my mother! down thy sacred cheek;
That with a silent fervour did bespeak
A fonder tale than language ever told;
And poured such balm upon my spirit, weak
And wounded, in a world so harsh and cold,
As that wherewith an angel would uphold
Those that astray heaven's holy guidance seek.
And though it passed away, and, soon as shed,
Seemed ever lost to vanish from thine eye,
Yet only to the dearest store it fled
Of my remembrance, where it now doth lie,
Like a thrice precious relic of the dead,
The chiefest jewel of its treasury.

CCLXVI

THOMAS DOUBLEDAY
1790—1870

I WILL not praise the often-flattered rose,
Or, virgin-like, with blushing charms half seen,
Or when, in dazzling splendour, like a queen,
All her magnificence of state she shows;
No, nor that nun-like lily which but blows
Beneath the valley's cool and shady screen;
Nor yet the sun-flower, that with warrior mien
Still eyes the orb of glory where it glows;
But thou, neglected Wall-flower! to my breast
And Muse art dearest, wildest, sweetest flower!
To whom alone the privilege is given
Proudly to root thyself above the rest,
As Genius does, and from thy rocky tower
Lend fragrance to the purest breath of heaven.

CCLXVII

THE SEA CAVE.

THOMAS DOUBLEDAY
1790—1870

HARDLY we breathe, although the air be free:
How massively doth awful Nature pile
The living rock, like some cathedral aisle,
Sacred to silence and the solemn sea.
How that clear pool lies sleeping tranquilly,
And under its glassed surface seems to smile,
With many hues, a mimic grove the while
Of foliage submarine—shrub, flower, and tree.
Beautiful scene! and fitted to allure
The printless footsteps of some sea-born maid,
Who here, with her green tresses disarrayed,
'Mid the clear bath, unfearing and secure,
May sport at noontide in the caverned shade.
Cold as the shadow, as the waters pure.

CCLXVIII

A U T U M N.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER
1790—1874

THERE is a fearful spirit busy now:
Already have the elements unfurled
Their banners: the great sea-wave is upcurled:
The cloud comes: the fierce winds begin to blow
About, and blindly on their errands go,
And quickly will the pale red leaves be hurled
From their dry boughs, and all the forest world,
Stripped of its pride, be like a desert show.
I love that moaning music which I hear
In the bleak gusts of Autumn, for the soul
Seems gathering tidings from another sphere;
And, in sublime mysterious sympathy,
Man's bounding spirit ebbs and swells more high,
Accordant to the billow's loftier roll.

CCLXIX

IMAGINATION.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER
1790—1874

OH, for that wingèd steed, Bellerophon!
That Pallas gave thee in her infinite grace
And love for innocence, when thou didst face
The treble-shaped Chimæra. But he is gone
That struck the sparkling stream from Helicon;
And never hath one risen in his place,
Stamped with the features of that mighty race.
Yet wherefore grieve I—seeing how easily
The plumèd spirit may its journey take
Through yon blue regions of the middle air,
And note all things below that own a grace:
Mountain, and cataract, and silent lake;
And wander in the fields of poesy,
Where avarice never comes, and seldom care!

CCLXX

TO THE SKY-LARK.

O EARLIEST singer! O care-charming bird!
Married to morning, by a sweeter hymn
Than priest e'er chanted from his cloister dim
At midnight,—or veiled virgin's holier word
At sunrise or the paler evening heard;
To which of all Heaven's young and lovely Hours,
Who wreathe soft light in hyacinthine bowers,
Beautiful spirit, is thy suit preferred?
Unlike the creatures of this low dull earth.
Still dost thou woo, although thy suit be won
And thus thy mistress bright is pleasèd ever:
Oh! lose not thou this mark of finer birth;
So mayst thou yet live on, from sun to sun,
Thy joy unchecked, thy sweet song silent never!

CCLXXI

THE SEA—IN CALM.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER
1790—1874

LOOK what immortal floods the sunset pours
Upon us!—Mark how still (as though in dreams
Bound) the once wild and terrible Ocean seems!
How silent are the winds! No billow roars;
But all is tranquil as Elysian shores.
The silver margin which aye runneth round
The moon-enchanted sea hath here no sound:
Even Echo speaks not on these radiant moors.
What! is the giant of the ocean dead,
Whose strength was all unmatched beneath the sun?
No: he reposes. Now his toils are done,
More quiet than the babbling brooks is he.
So mightiest powers by deepest calms are fed,
And sleep, how oft, in things that gentlest be!

CCLXXII

OZYMANDI....

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
1792—1822

I MET a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

CCLXXIII

TO THE WEST WIND.

I

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
1792—1822

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill:
Wild Spirit, which art moving every where;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, O hear!

CCLXXIV

THOU on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,
Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge
Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might
Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst: O hear!

CCLXXV

TO THE WEST WIND.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
1792—1822

THOU who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystálline streams,
Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,
All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know
Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: O hear!

CCLXXVI

IF I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be
The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seemed a vision, I would ne'er have striven
As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!
A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

CCLXXVII

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
1792—1822

MAKE me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,
Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth
The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

CCLXXVIII

POLITICAL GREATNESS.

NOR happiness, nor majesty, nor fame,
Nor peace, nor strength, nor skill in arms or arts,
Shepherd those herds whom tyranny makes tame;
Verse echoes not one beating of their hearts,
History is but the shadow of their shame,
Art veils her glass, or from the pageant starts,
As to oblivion their blind millions fleet,
Staining that Heaven with obscene imagery
Of their own likeness. What are numbers knit
By force or custom? Man who man would be,
Must rule the empire of himself; in it
Must be supreme, establishing his throne
On vanquished will, quelling the anarchy
Of hopes and fears, being himself alone.

CCLXXIX

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
1792—1822

YE hasten to the dead! What seek ye there,
Ye restless thoughts and busy purposes
Of the idle brain, which the world's livery wear?
O thou quick heart which pantest to possess
All that anticipation feigneth fair!
Thou vainly curious mind, which wouldest guess
Whence thou didst come, and whither thou mayst go,
And that which never yet was known wouldst know—
Oh, whither hasten ye, that thus ye press
With such swift feet life's green and pleasant path,
Seeking alike from happiness and woe
A refuge in the cavern of grey death?
O heart, and mind, and thoughts! what thing do you
Hope to inherit in the grave below?

CCLXXX

TO THE MEMORY OF SAMUEL MARTIN,

MY VENERABLE GRANDFATHER-IN-LAW, WHO WAS TAKEN AWAY FROM US IN THE NINETIETH YEAR OF HIS LIFE, AND THE SIXTY-EIGHTH OF HIS MINISTRY.

EDWARD IRVING
1792—1834

FAREWELL on man's dark journey o'er the deep,
Thou sire of sires! whose bow in strength hath stood
These threescore years and ten that thou hast wooed
Men's souls to heaven. In Jesus fall'n asleep,
Around thy couch three generations weep,
Reared on thy knees with wisdom's heavenly food,
And by thy counsels taught to choose the good;
Who in thy footsteps press up Zion's steep,
To reach that temple which but now did ope
And let their father in. O'er *his* bier wake
No doleful strain, but high the note of hope
And praise uplift to God, who did him make
A faithful shepherd, of his Church a prop;
And of his seed did faithful shepherds take.

CCLXXXI

JOHN KEBLE
1792—1866

WHEN I behold yon arch magnificent
Spanning the gorgeous West, the autumnal bed
Where the great Sun now hides his weary head,
With here and there a purple isle, that rent
From that huge cloud, their solid continent,
Seem floating in a sea of golden light,
A fire is kindled in my musing sprite,
And Fancy whispers: Such the glories lent
To this our mortal life; most glowing fair,
But built on clouds, and melting while we gaze.
Yet since those shadowy lights sure witness bear
Of One not seen, the undying Sun and Source
Of good and fair, who wisely them surveys
Will use them well to cheer his heavenward course.

CCLXXXII

AT HOOKER'S TOMB.

THE grey-eyed Morn was saddened with a shower,
A silent shower, that trickled down so still
Scarce drooped beneath its weight the tenderest flower,
Scarce could you trace it on the twinkling rill,
Or moss-stone bathed in dew. It was an hour
Most meet for prayer beside thy lowly grave,
Most for thanksgiving meet, that Heaven such power
To thy serene and humble spirit gave.
'Who sow good seed with tears shall reap in joy.'
So thought I as I watched the gracious rain,
And deemed it like that silent sad employ
Whence sprung thy glory's harvest, to remain
For ever. God hath sworn to lift on high
Who sinks himself by true humility.

CCLXXXIII

SPRING FLOWERS.

JOHN KEBLE
1792—1866

THE loveliest flowers the closest cling to earth,
And they first feel the sun: so violets blue;
So the soft star-like primrose drenched in dew—
The happiest of Spring's happy, fragrant birth.
To gentlest touches sweetest tones reply.
Still humbleness with her low-breathèd voice
Can steal o'er man's proud heart, and win his choice
From earth to heaven, with mightier witchery
Than eloquence or wisdom e'er could own.
Bloom on then in your shade, contented bloom,
Sweet flowers, nor deem yourselves to all unknown,—
Heaven knows you, by whose gales and dews ye thrive;
They know, who one day for their altered doom
Shall thank you, taught by you to abase themselves and live.

THE LAST OF APRIL.

JOHN CLARE
1793—1864

OLD April wanes, and her last dewy morn
Her death-bed steeps in tears; to hail the May
New blooming blossoms 'neath the sun are born,
And all poor April's charms are swept away.
The early primrose, peeping once so gay,
Is now choked up with many a mounting weed,
And the poor violet we once admired
Creeps in the grass unsought for; flowers succeed,
Gaudy and new, and more to be desired,
And of the old the schoolboy seemeth tired.
So with us all, poor April, as with thee!
Each hath his day;—the future brings my fears:
Friends may grow weary, new flowers rising be,
And my last end, like thine, be steeped in tears.

CCLXXXV

THE THRUSH'S NEST.

JOHN CLARE
1793—1864

WITHIN a thick and spreading hawthorn bush,
That overhung a molehill large and round,
I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush
Sing hymns to sunrise, and I drank the sound
With joy; and, often an intruding guest,
I watched her secret toils from day to day,—
How true she warped the moss to form a nest,
And modelled it within with wood and clay;
And by and by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs, as bright as flowers,
Ink-spotted-over shells of greeny blue;
And there I witnessed, in the sunny hours,
A brood of nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
Glad as that sunshine and the laughing sky.

CCLXXXVI

THE SEDGE-BIRD'S NEST.

FIXED in a white-thorn bush, its summer guest,
So low, e'en grass o'er-topped its tallest twig,
A sedge-bird built its little benty nest,
Close by the meadow pool and wooden brig,
Where schoolboys every morn and eve did pass,
In seeking nests, and finding, deeply skilled,
Searching each bush and taller clump of grass,
Where'er was likelihood of bird to build.
Yet did she hide her habitation long,
And keep her little brood from danger's eye,
Hidden as secret as a cricket's song,
Till they, well-fledged, o'er widest pools could fly:
Proving that Providence is ever nigh,
To guard the simplest of her charge from wrong.

CCLXXXVII

TO THE MEMORY OF BLOOMFIELD.

JOHN CLARE
1793—1864

SWEET unassuming minstrel! not to thee
The dazzling fashions of the day belong;
Nature's wild pictures, field, and cloud, and tree,
And quiet brooks, far distant from the throng,
In murmurs tender as the toiling bee,
Make the sweet music of thy gentle song.
Well! Nature owns thee: let the crowd pass by;
The tide of Fashion is a stream too strong
For pastoral brooks, that gently flow and sing:
But Nature is their source, and earth and sky
Their annual offering to her current bring.
Thy gentle muse and memory need no sigh;
For thine shall murmur on to many a spring,
When prouder streams are summer-burnt and dry.

CCLXXXVIII

TO DEWINT.

DEWINT! I would not flatter, nor would I
Pretend to critic-skill in this thy art;
Yet in thy landscapes I can well descry
The breathing hues as Nature's counterpart.
No painted peaks, no wild romantic sky,
No rocks, nor mountains, as the rich sublime,
Hath made thee famous; but the sunny truth
Of Nature, that doth mark thee for all time,
Found on our level pastures:—spots, forsooth,
Where common skill sees nothing deemed divine;
Yet here a worshipper was found in thee,
And thy young pencil worked such rich surprise,
That rushy flats, befringed with willow tree,
Rivalled the beauties of Italian skies.

CCLXXXIX

FIRST SIGHT OF SPRING.

JOHN CLARE
1793–1864

THE hazel-blooms, in threads of crimson hue,
Peep through the swelling buds, foretelling Spring,
Ere yet a white-thorn leaf appears in view,
Or March finds throstles pleased enough to sing.
To the old touchwood tree woodpeckers cling
A moment, and their harsh-toned notes renew;
In happier mood, the stockdove claps his wing;
The squirrel sputters up the powdered oak,
With tail cocked o'er his head, and ears erect,
Startled to hear the woodman's understroke;
And with the courage which his fears collect,
He hisses fierce half malice and half glee,
Leaping from branch to branch about the tree,
In winter's foliage, moss and lichens, deckt.

CCXC

THE HAPPY BIRD.

THE happy white-throat on the swaying bough,
Rocked by the impulse of the gadding wind
That ushers in the showers of April, now
Carols right joyously; and now reclined,
Crouching, she clings close to her moving seat
To keep her hold;—and till the wind for rest
Pauses, she mutters inward melodies,
That seem her heart's rich thinkings to repeat.
But when the branch is still, her little breast
Swells out in rapture's gushing symphonies;
And then, against her brown wing softly prest,
The wind comes playing, an enraptured guest;
This way and that she swings—till gusts arise
More boisterous in their play, then off she flies.

CCXCI

BURTHORP OAK.

JOHN CLARE. 1793—1864

OLD noted oak! I saw thee in a mood
Of vague indifference; and yet with me
Thy memory, like thy fate, hath lingering stood
For years, thou hermit, in the lonely sea
Of grass that waves around thee!—Solitude
Paints not a lonelier picture to the view,
Burthorp! than thy one melancholy tree,
Age-rent, and shattered to a stump. Yet new
Leaves come upon each rift and broken limb
With every spring; and Poesy's visions swim
Around it, of old days and chivalry;
And desolate fancies bid the eyes grow dim
With feelings, that earth's grandeur should decay,
And all its olden memories pass away.

CCXCII

THE CRAB-TREE.

SPRING comes anew, and brings each little pledge
That still, as wont, my childish heart deceives:
I stoop again for violets in the hedge,
Among the ivy and old withered leaves;
And often mark, amid the clumps of sedge,
The pooty-shells I gathered when a boy:
But cares have claimed me many an evil day,
And chilled the relish which I had for joy.
Yet when crab-blossoms blush among the May,
As erst in years gone by, I scramble now
Up 'mid the bramble for my old esteems,
Filling my hands with many a blooming bough;
Till the heart-stirring past as present seems,
Save the bright sunshine of those fairy dreams.

CCXCIII

CARELESS RAMBLES.

JOHN CLARE
1793—1864

I LOVE to wander at my idle will
In summer's joyous prime about the fields,
To kneel when thirsty at the little rill,
And sip the draught its pebbly bottom yields;
And where the maple bush its fountain shields,
To lie, and rest a sultry hour away,
Cropping the swelling peascod from the land;
Or 'mid the sheltering woodland-walks to stray,
Where oaks for aye o'er their old shadows stand;
'Neath whose dark foliage, with a welcome hand,
I pluck the luscious strawberry, ripe and red
As Beauty's lips;—and in my fancy's dreams,
As 'mid the velvet moss I musing tread,
Feel Life as lovely as her picture seems.

CCXCIV

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

'CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.'

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS
1794—1835

FLOWERS! when the Saviour's calm, benignant eye
Fell on your gentle beauty; when from you
That heavenly lesson for all hearts He drew,
Eternal, universal, as the sky,—
Then in the bosom of your purity
A voice He set as in a temple-shrine,
That life's quick travellers ne'er might pass you by
Unwarned of that sweet oracle divine.
And though too oft its low, celestial sound
By the harsh notes of work-day care is drowned,
And the loud steps of vain, unlistening haste,
Yet the great ocean hath no tone of power
Mightier to reach the soul in thought's hushed hour,
Than yours, ye Lilies! chosen thus and graced.

CCXCV

REPOSE OF A HOLY FAMILY.

FROM AN OLD ITALIAN PICTURE.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

1794—1835

UNDER a palm-tree, by the green old Nile,
Lulled on his mother's breast, the fair child lies,
With dove-like breathings, and a tender smile
Brooding above the slumber of his eyes;
While, through the stillness of the burning skies,
Lo! the dread works of Egypt's buried kings,
Temple and pyramid, beyond him rise,
Regal and still as everlasting things.
Vain pomps! from him with that pure flowery cheek,
Soft shadow'd by his mother's drooping head,
A new-born spirit, mighty and yet meek,
O'er the whole world like vernal air shall spread,
And bid all earthly grandeurs cast the crown
Before the suffering and the lowly, down.

CCXCVI

ON A REMEMBERED PICTURE OF CHRIST:

AN ECCE HOMO BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

I MET that image on a mirthful day
Of youth; and, sinking with a stilled surprise,
The pride of life, before those holy eyes,
In my quick heart died thoughtfully away,
Abashed to mute confession of a sway
Awful though meek; and now that from the strings
Of my soul's lyre the tempest's mighty wings
Have struck forth tones which then unwakened lay;
Now that around the deep life of my mind
Affections deathless as itself have twined,
Oft does the pale bright vision still float by;
But more divinely sweet, and speaking now
Of One whose pity, throned on that sad brow,
Sounded all depths of love, grief, death, humanity.

CCXCVII

FLIGHT OF THE SPIRIT.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

1794—1835

WHITHER, oh! whither wilt thou wing thy way?
What solemn region first upon thy sight
Shall break, unveiled for terror or delight?
What hosts, magnificent in dread array,
My spirit! when thy prison-house of clay
After long strife is rent? Fond, fruitless quest!
The unfledged bird, within his narrow nest,
Sees but a few green branches o'er him play,
And through their parting leaves, by fits revealed,
A glimpse of summer sky; nor knows the field
Wherein his dormant powers must yet be tried.
Thou art that bird!—of what beyond thee lies
Far in the untracked, immeasurable skies
Knowing but this—that thou shalt find thy Guide!

CCXCVIII

SABBATH SONNET.

HOW many blessèd groups this hour are bending,
Through England's primrose meadow-paths, their way
Towards spire and tower, 'midst shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day!
The halls from old heroic ages gray
Pour their fair children forth; and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard-blooms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed vernal stream. I may not tread
With them those pathways, to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound; yet, O my God! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled
My chastened heart, and all its throbbings stilled
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.

CCXCIX

JOHN KEATS
1795—1821

O SOLITUDE! if I must with thee dwell,
Let it not be among the jumbled heap
Of murky buildings: climb with me the steep,—
Nature's observatory—whence the dell,
Its flowery slopes, its river's crystal swell,
May seem a span; let me thy vigils keep
'Mongst boughs pavilioned, where the deer's swift leap
Startles the wild bee from the foxglove bell.
But though I'll gladly trace these scenes with thee,
Yet the sweet converse of an innocent mind,
Whose words are images of thoughts refined,
Is my soul's pleasure; and it sure must be
Almost the highest bliss of human-kind,
When to thy haunts two kindred spirits flee.

CCC

TO one who has been long in city pent
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
And gentle tale of love and languishment?
Returning home at evening, with an ear
Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye
Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
He mourns that day so soon has glided by:
Even like the passage of an angel's tear
That falls through the clear ether silently.

CCCI

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

JOHN KEATS
1795—1821

MUCH have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

CCCII

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

THE poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead
That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury,—he has never done
With his delights; for when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shril
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

CCCIII

JOHN KEATS
1795—1821

HAPPY is England! I could be content
To see no other verdure than its own;
To feel no other breezes than are blown
Through its tall woods with high romances blent:
Yet do I sometimes feel a languishment
For skies Italian, and an inward groan
To sit upon an Alp as on a throne,
And half forget what world or worldling meant.
Happy is England! sweet her artless daughters;
Enough their simple loveliness for me,
Enough their whitest arms in silence clinging:
Yet do I often warmly burn to see
Beauties of deeper glance, and hear their singing,
And float with them about the summer waters.

CCCIV

THE HUMAN SEASONS.

FOUR seasons fill the measure of the year;
There are four seasons in the mind of man:
He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with an easy span;
He has his Summer, when luxuriously
Spring's honeyed cud of youthful thought he loves
To ruminate, and by such dreaming high
Is nearest unto heaven; quiet coves
His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
He furleth close; contented so to look
On mists in idleness—to let fair things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.
He has his Winter, too, of pale misfeature,
Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

CCCV

TO AILSA ROCK.

JOHN KEATS
1795—1821

HEARKEN, thou craggy ocean-pyramid!
Give answer by thy voice, the sea-fowls' screams:
When were thy shoulders mantled in huge streams?
When from the sun was thy broad forehead hid?
How long is't since the mighty Power bid
Thee heave to airy sleep from fathom dreams—
Sleep in the lap of thunder or sunbeams,
Or when grey clouds are thy cold coverlid?
Thou answer'st not; for thou art dead asleep.
Thy life is but two dead eternities—
The last in air, the former in the deep;
First with the whales, last with the eagle-skies!
Drowned wast thou till an earthquake made thee steep;
Another cannot wake thy giant-size!

CCCVI

WHEN I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,
Before high-pilèd books, in charact'ry
Hold like rich garners the full-ripened grain;
When I behold, upon the night's starred face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour!
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the faery power
Of unreflecting love!—then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

CCCVII

JOHN KEATS
1795—1821

BLUE! 'Tis the life of heaven,—the domain
Of Cynthia,—the wide palace of the sun,—
The tent of Hesperus, and all his train,—
The bosomer of clouds, gold, grey and dun.
Blue! 'Tis the life of waters—ocean
And all its vassal streams: pools numberless
May rage, and foam, and fret, but never can
Subside, if not to dark-blue nativeness.
Blue! gentle cousin of the forest-green,
Married to green in all the sweetest flowers—
Forget-me-not, the blue bell, and that queen
Of secresy, the violet—what strange powers
Hast thou, as a mere shadow! But how great,
When in an Eye thou art alive with fate!

CCCVIII

TO SLEEP.

O SOFT embalmer of the still midnight!
Shutting, with careful fingers and benign,
Our gloom-pleased eyes, embowered from the light,
Enshaded in forgetfulness divine:
O soothest Sleep! if so it please thee, close,
In midst of this thine hymn, my willing eyes,
Or wait the amen, ere thy poppy throws
Around my bed its lulling charities;
Then save me, or the passèd day will shine
Upon my pillow, breeding many woes;
Save me from curious conscience, that still lords
Its strength, for darkness burrowing like a mole;
Turn the key deftly in the oilèd wards,
And seal the hushèd casket of my soul.

CCCIX

JOHN KEATS
1795—1821

IF by dull rimes our English must be chained,
And, like Andromeda, the Sonnet sweet
Fettered, in spite of painèd loveliness,
Let us find out, if we must be constrained,
Sandals more interwoven and complete
To fit the naked foot of Poesy;
Let us inspect the lyre, and weigh the stress
Of every chord, and see what may be gained
By ear industrious and attention meet;
Misers of sound and syllable, no less
Than Midas of his coinage, let us be
Jealous of dead leaves in the bay wreath crown;
So, if we may not let the Muse be free,
She will be bound with garlands of her own.

CCCX

THE day is gone, and all its sweets are gone!
Sweet voice, sweet lips, soft hand and softer breast;
Warm breath, light whisper, tender semi-tone,
Bright eyes, accomplished shape, and lang'rous waist!
Faded the flower and all its budded charms,
Faded the sight of beauty from my eyes,
Faded the shape of beauty from my arms,
Faded the voice, warmth, whiteness, paradise—
Vanished unseasonably at shut of eve,
When the dusk holiday—or holinight
Of fragrant-curtained love begins to weave
The woof of darkness thick, for hid delight.
But, as I've read Love's missal through to-day,
He'll let me sleep, seeing I fast and pray.

CCCXI

JOHN KEATS
1795—1821

BRIGHT star! would I were steadfast as thou art,—
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors:—
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillowed upon my fair Love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft swell and fall,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest;
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever,—or else swoon to death.

CCCXII

WILLIAM SIDNEY WALKER
1795—1846

THEY say that thou wert lovely on thy bier,
More lovely than in life; that when the thrall
Of earth was loosed, it seemed as though a pall
Of years were lifted, and thou didst appear,
Such as of old amidst thy home's calm sphere
Thou sat'st, a kindly Presence felt by all
In joy or grief, from morn to evening-fall,
The peaceful Genius of that mansion dear.
Was it the craft of all-persuading Love
That wrought this marvel? or is Death indeed
A mighty master, gifted from above
With alchemy benign, to wounded hearts
Minist'ring thus, by quaint and subtle arts,
Strange comfort, whereon after-thought may feed?

CCCXIII

TO THE SOUTH AMERICAN PATRIOTS,

ON THE DISPERSION OF THE LATE EXPEDITION FROM SPAIN: APRIL, 1819.

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD
1795—1854

REJOICE, ye heroes! Freedom's old ally,
Unchanging Nature, who hath seen the powers
Of thousand tyrannies decline like flowers,
Your triumph aids with eldest sympathy:—
The breeze hath swept again the stormy sky
That wooed Athenian waves with tenderest kiss
And breathed, in glorious rage, o'er Salamis!
Leaguing with deathless chiefs, whose spirits high
Shared in its freedom—now, from long repose
It wakes to dash unmastered Ocean's foam
O'er the proud navies of your tyrant foes;
Nor shall it cease in ancient might to roam,
Till it hath borne your contest's glorious close
To every breast where freedom finds a home.

CCCXIV

ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN CAROLINE.

WHO shall lament to know thy aching head
Hath found its pillow?—that in long repose
Great Death, the noblest of thy kingly foes,
Hath laid thee, and, with sacred veil outspread,
Guards thee from basest insults? Thou hast led
A solitary course,—among the great
A regal hermitress, despoiled of state,
Or mocked and fretted by one tattered shred
Of melancholy grandeur: thou didst wed
Only to be more mournfully alone!
But now, thy sad regalities o'erthrown,
No more an alien from the common fate,
Thou hast one human blessing for thine own—
A place of rest in Nature's kindliest bed.

CCCXV

TO CHARLES DICKENS,

ON HIS "OLIVER TWIST."

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD
1795—1854

NOT only with the Author's happiest praise
Thy work should be rewarded: 'tis akin
To Deeds of men who, scorning ease to win
A blessing for the wretched, pierce the maze
Which heedless ages spread around the ways
Where fruitful Sorrow tracks its parent Sin;
Content to listen to the wildest din
Of passion, and on fellest shapes to gaze,
So they may earn the power which intercedes
With the bright world and melts it; for within
Wan Childhood's squalid haunts, where basest needs
Make tyranny more bitter, at thy call
An angel face with patient sweetness pleads
For infant suffering to the heart of all.

CCCXVI

THE MEMORY OF THE POETS.

THE fame of those pure bards whose fancies lie
Like glorious clouds in summer's calmest even,
Fringing the western skirts of darkening heaven,
And sprinkled o'er with hues of rainbow dye,
Awakes no voice of thunder, which may vie
With mighty chiefs' renown;—from ages gone,
In low undying strain it lengthens on,
Earth's greenest solitudes with joy to fill,—
Felt breathing in the silence of the sky,
Or trembling in the gush of new-born rill,
Or whispering o'er the lake's undimpled breast;
Yet blest to live when trumpet notes are still,
To wake a pulse of earth-born ecstasy
In the deep bosom of eternal rest.

CCCXVII

TO A FRIEND.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE
1796—1849

WHEN we were idlers with the loitering rills,
The need of human love we little noted:
Our love was nature; and the peace that floated
On the white mist, and dwelt upon the hills,
To sweet accord subdued our wayward wills:
One soul was ours, one mind, one heart devoted,
That, wisely doating, asked not why it doated,
And ours the unknown joy, which knowing kills.
But now I find how dear thou wert to me;
That man is more than half of nature's treasure,
Of that fair beauty which no eye can see,
Of that sweet music which no ear can measure;
And now the streams may sing for others' pleasure,
The hills sleep on in their eternity.

CCCXVIII

WHAT was 't awakened first the untried ear
Of that sole man who was all human kind?—
Was it the gladsome welcome of the wind,
Stirring the leaves that never yet were sere?
The four mellifluous streams which flowed so near,
Their lulling murmurs all in one combined?
The note of bird unnamed? The startled hind
Bursting the brake—in wonder, not in fear,
Of her new lord? Or did the holy ground
Send forth mysterious melody to greet
The gracious pressure of immaculate feet?
Did viewless seraphs rustle all around,
Making sweet music out of air as sweet?
Or his own voice awake him with its sound?

CCCXIX

HARTLEY COLERIDGE
1796—1849

WHITHER is gone the wisdom and the power
That ancient sages scattered with the notes
Of thought-suggesting lyres? The music floats
In the void air; even at this breathing hour,
In every cell and every blooming bower
The sweetness of old lays is hovering still;
But the strong soul, the self-constraining will,
The rugged root that bare the winsome flower
Is weak and withered. Were we like the Fays
That sweetly nestle in the foxglove bells,
Or lurk and murmur in the rose-lipped shells
Which Neptune to the earth for quit-rent pays,
Then might our pretty modern Philomels
Sustain our spirits with their roundelays.

CCCXX

LONG time a child, and still a child, when years
Had painted manhood on my cheek, was I,—
For yet I lived like one not born to die;
A thriftless prodigal of smiles and tears,
No hope I needed, and I knew no fears.
But sleep, though sweet, is only sleep; and waking,
I waked to sleep no more; at once o'ertaking
The vanguard of my age, with all arrears
Of duty on my back. Nor child, nor man,
Nor youth, nor sage, I find my head is gray,
For I have lost the race I never ran:
A rathe December blights my lagging May;
And still I am a child, though I be old:
Time is my debtor for my years untold.

CCCXXI

HARTLEY COLERIDGE
1796—1849

TOO true it is my time of power was spent
In idly watering weeds of casual growth,
That wasted energy to desperate sloth
Declined, and fond self-seeking discontent;
That the huge debt for all that Nature lent
I sought to cancel, and was nothing loth
To deem myself an outlaw, severed both
From duty and from hope,—yea, blindly sent
Without an errand, where I would to stray:—
Too true it is that, knowing now my state,
I weakly mourn the sin I ought to hate,
Nor love the law I yet would fain obey:
But true it is, above all law and fate
Is Faith, abiding the appointed day.

CCCXXII

NOVEMBER.

THE mellow year is hasting to its close;
The little birds have almost sung their last,
Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast—
That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows;
The patient beauty of the scentless rose,
Oft with the morn's hoar crystal quaintly glassed,
Hangs, a pale mourner for the summer past,
And makes a little summer where it grows:
In the chill sunbeam of the faint brief day
The dusky waters shudder as they shine,
The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way
Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks define,
And the gaunt woods, in ragged scant array,
Wrap their old limbs with sombre ivy twine.

CCCXXIII

NIGHT.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE
1796—1849

THE crackling embers on the hearth are dead;
The indoor note of industry is still;
The latch is fast; upon the window-sill
The small birds wait not for their daily bread;
The voiceless flowers—how quietly they shed
Their nightly odours;—and the household rill
Murmurs continuous dulcet sounds that fill
The vacant expectation, and the dread
Of listening night. And haply now She sleeps;
For all the garrulous noises of the air
Are hushed in peace; the soft dew silent weeps,
Like hopeless lovers for a maid so fair:—
Oh! that I were the happy dream that creeps
To her soft heart, to find my image there.

CCCXXIV

IF I have sinned in act, I may repent;
If I have erred in thought, I may disclaim
My silent error, and yet feel no shame;
But if my soul, big with an ill intent,
Guilty in will, by fate be innocent,
Or being bad, yet murmurs at the curse
And incapacity of being worse,
That makes my hungry passion still keep Lent
In keen expectance of a Carnival,—
Where, in all worlds that round the sun revolve
And shed their influence on this passive ball,
Abides a power that can my soul absolve?
Could any sin survive and be forgiven,
One sinful wish would make a hell of heaven.

CCCXXV

TO SHAKSPEARE.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE
1796—1849

THE soul of man is larger than the sky,
Deeper than ocean, or the abysmal dark
Of the unfathomed centre. Like that Ark,
Which in its sacred hold uplifted high,
O'er the drowned hills, the human family,
And stock reserved of every living kind;
So, in the compass of the single mind,
The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie
That make all worlds. Great poet, 'twas thy art
To know thyself, and in thyself to be
Whate'er love, hate, ambition, destiny,
Or the firm, fatal purpose of the heart,
Can make of Man. Yet thou wert still the same,
Serene of thought, unhurt by thy own flame.

CCCXXVI

TO A LOFTY BEAUTY

FROM HER POOR KINSMAN.

FAIR maid, had I not heard thy baby cries,
Nor seen thy girlish, sweet vicissitude,
Thy mazy motions, striving to elude,
Yet wooing still a parent's watchful eyes,
Thy humours, many as the opal's dyes,
And lovely all;—methinks thy scornful mood,
And bearing high of stately womanhood,—
Thy brow, where Beauty sits to tyrannize
O'er humble love, had made me sadly fear thee;
For never sure was seen a royal bride
Whose gentleness gave grace to so much pride,—
My very thoughts would tremble to be near thee;
But when I see thee at thy father's side,
Old times unqueen thee, and old loves endear thee.

CCCXXVII

HARTLEY COLERIDGE
1796—1849

COULD I but harmonize one kindly thought,
Fix one fair image in a snatch of song,
Which maids might warble as they tripped along;
Or could I ease the labouring heart, o'erfraught
With passionate truths for which the mind untaught
Lacks form and utterance, with a single line;
Might rustic lovers woo in phrase of mine,
I should not deem that I had lived for nought.
The world were welcome to forget my name,
Could I bequeath a few remembered words—
Like his, the bard that never dreamed of fame,
Whose rimes preserve from harm the pious birds;
Or his, that dim full many a star-bright eye
With woe for Barbara Allen's cruelty.

CCCXXVIII

LET me not deem that I was made in vain,
Or that my being was an accident
Which Fate, in working its sublime intent,
Not wished to be, to hinder would not deign.
Each drop uncounted in a storm of rain
Hath its own mission, and is duly sent
To its own leaf or blade, not idly spent
'Mid myriad dimples on the shipless main.
The very shadow of an insect's wing,
For which the violet cared not while it stayed,
Yet felt the lighter for its vanishing,
Proved that the sun was shining by its shade.
Then can a drop of the eternal spring,
Shadow of living lights, in vain be made?

CCCXXIX

HOMER.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE
1796—1849

FAR from the sight of earth, yet bright and plain
As the clear noon-day sun, an 'orb of song'
Lovely and bright is seen amid the throng
Of lesser stars, that rise, and wax, and wane,
The transient rulers of the fickle main;
One constant light gleams through the dark and long
And narrow aisle of memory. How strong,
How fortified with all the numerous train
Of truths wert thou, great poet of mankind,
Who told'st in verse as mighty as the sea,
And various as the voices of the wind,
The strength of passion rising in the glee
Of battle. Fear was glorified by thee,
And Death is lovely in thy tale enshrined.

CCCXXX

TO MISS MARTHA H——.

MARTHA, thy maiden foot is still so light,
It leaves no legible trace on virgin snows,
And yet I ween that busily it goes
In duty's path from happy morn to night.
Thy dimpled cheek is gay, and softly bright
As the fixed beauty of the mossy rose;
Yet will it change its hue for others' woes,
And native red contend with piteous white.
Thou bear'st a name by Jesus known and loved,
And Jesus gently did the maid reprove
For too much haste to show her eager love.
But blest is she that may be so reproved.
Be Martha still in deed and good endeavour,
In faith like Mary, at his feet for ever.

CCCXXXI

PRAYER.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE
1796—1849

THERE is an awful quiet in the air,
And the sad earth, with moist imploring eye,
Looks wide and wakeful at the pondering sky,
Like Patience slow subsiding to Despair.
But see, the blue smoke as a voiceless prayer,
Sole witness of a secret sacrifice,
Unfolds its tardy wreaths, and multiplies
Its soft chameleon breathings in the rare
Capacious ether,—so it fades away,
And nought is seen beneath the pendent blue,
The undistinguishable waste of day.
So have I dreamed!—oh, may the dream be true!—
That praying souls are purged from mortal hue,
And grow as pure as He to whom they pray.

CCCXXXII

PRAYER.

BE not afraid to pray—to pray is right.
Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,
Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay;
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.
Far is the time, remote from human sight,
When war and discord on the earth shall cease;
Yet every prayer for universal peace
Avails the blessèd time to expedite.
Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see:
Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be;
But if for any wish thou darest not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

CCCXXXIII

SEPTEMBER.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE
1796—1849

THE dark green Summer, with its massive hues,
Fades into Autumn's tincture manifold;
A gorgeous garniture of fire and gold
The high slope of the ferny hill indues;
The mists of morn in slumbering layers diffuse
O'er glimmering rock, smooth lake, and spiked array
Of hedgerow thorns, a unity of gray;
All things appear their tangible form to lose
In ghostly vastness. But anon the gloom
Melts, as the Sun puts off his muddy veil;
And now the birds their twittering songs resume,
All Summer silent in the leafy dale.
In Spring they piped of love on every tree,
But now they sing the song of memory.

CCCXXXIV

'MULTUM DILEXIT.'

SHE sat and wept beside His feet; the weight
Of sin oppressed her heart; for all the blame,
And the poor malice of the worldly shame,
To her was past, extinct, and out of date:
Only the *sin* remained,—the leprous state;
She would be melted by the heat of love,
By fires far fiercer than are blown to prove
And purge the silver ore adulterate.
She sat and wept, and with her untressed hair
Still wiped the feet she was so blest to touch;
And He wiped off the soiling of despair
From her sweet soul, because she loved so much.
I am a sinner, full of doubts and fears:
Make me a humble thing of love and tears.

CCCXXXV

CHARLES JOHNSTON
—
DIED 1823

THERE is a virtue which to fortune's height
Follows us not, but in the vale below,
Where dwell the ills of life, disease and woe,
Holds on its steady course, serenely bright:
So some lone star, whose softly-beaming light
We mark not in the blaze of solar day,
Comes forth with pure and ever-constant ray,
That makes even beautiful the gloom of night.
Thou art that star, so beauteous and so lone,
That virtue of distress, Fidelity!
And thou, when every joy and hope is flown,
Cling'st to the relics of humanity;
Making with all its sorrows life still dear,
And death, with all its terrors, void of fear.

CCCXXXVI

WRITTEN IN A VOLUME OF SHAKSPEARE.

THOMAS HOOD
—
1798—1845

HOW bravely Autumn paints upon the sky
The gorgeous fame of Summer which is fled!
Hues of all flowers that in their ashes lie,
Trophied in that fair light whereon they fed,
Tulip, and hyacinth, and sweet rose red,—
Like exhalations from the leafy mould,
Look here how honour glorifies the dead,
And warms their scutcheons with a glance of gold!
Such is the memory of poets old,
Who on Parnassus hill have bloomed elate;
Now they are laid under their marbles cold,
And turned to clay, whereof they were create;
But god Apollo hath them all enrolled,
And blazoned on the very clouds of fate.

CCCXXXVII

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

THOMAS HOOD
1798—1845

OH, 'tis a touching thing, to make one weep,—
A tender infant, with its curtained eye,
Breathing as it would neither live nor die
With that unchanging countenance of sleep!
As if its silent dream, serene and deep,
Had lined its slumber with a still blue sky,
So that the passive cheeks unconscious lie
With no more life than roses—just to keep
The blushes warm, and the mild, odorous breath.
O blossom boy! so calm is thy repose,
So sweet a compromise of life and death,
'Tis pity those fair buds should e'er unclose
For memory to stain their inward leaf,
Tinging thy dreams with unacquainted grief.

CCCXXXVIII

TO AN ENTHUSIAST.

YOUNG ardent soul, graced with fair Nature's truth,
Spring warmth of heart, and fervency of mind,
And still a large late love of all thy kind,
Spite of the world's cold practice and Time's tooth,—
For all these gifts I know not, in fair sooth,
Whether to give thee joy, or bid thee blind
Thine eyes with tears,—that thou hast not resigned
The passionate fire and fierceness of thy youth:
For as the current of thy life shall flow,
Gilded by shine of sun or shadow-stained,
Through flowery valley or unwholesome fen,
Thrice blessèd in thy joy, or in thy woe
Thrice cursèd of thy race, thou art ordained
To share beyond the lot of common men.

CCCXXXIX

THOMAS HOOD
1798—1845

IT is not death, that sometime in a sigh
This eloquent breath shall take its speechless flight;
That sometime these bright stars, that now reply
In sunlight to the sun, shall set in night;
That this warm conscious flesh shall perish quite,
And all life's ruddy springs forget to flow;
That thoughts shall cease, and the immortal sprite
Be lapped in alien clay and laid below;
It is not death to know this,—but to know
That pious thoughts, which visit at new graves
In tender pilgrimage, will cease to go
So duly and so oft,—and when grass waves
Over the past-away, there may be then
No resurrection in the minds of men.

CCCXL

SILENCE.

THERE is a silence where hath been no sound,
There is a silence where no sound may be,
In the cold grave—under the deep deep sea,
Or in wide desert where no life is found,
Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound;
No voice is hushed—no life treads silently,
But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,
That never spoke, over the idle ground:
But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,
Though the dun fox, or wild hyena, calls,
And owls, that flit continually between,
Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,
There the true Silence is, self-conscious and alone.

CCCXLI

THOMAS HOOD
1798—1845

LOVE, dearest lady, such as I would speak,
Lives not within the humour of the eye,
Not being but an outward phantasy,
That skims the surface of a tinted cheek;
Else it would wane with beauty, and grow weak—
As if the rose made summer—and so lie
Amongst the perishable things that die,
Unlike the love which I would give and seek:
Whose health is of no hue—to feel decay
With cheeks' decay, that have a rosy prime.
Love is its own great loveliness alway,
And takes new lustre from the touch of time;
Its bough owns no December and no May,
But bears its blossom into Winter's clime.

CCCXLII

JOHN MOULTRIE
1799—1874

THE hand of Death lay heavy on her eyes,—
For weeks and weeks her vision had not borne
To meet the tenderest light of eve or morn,
To see the crescent moonbeam set or rise,
Or palest twilight creep across the skies:
She lay in darkness, seemingly forlorn,
With sharp and ceaseless anguish racked and torn,
Yet calm with that one peace which never dies.
Closed was for her the gate of visual sense,
This world and all its beauty lost in night;
But the pure soul was all ablaze with light,
And through that gloom she saw, with gaze intense,
Celestial glories, hid from fleshly sight,
And heard angelic voices call her hence.

CCCXLIII

CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSHEND
1800—1868

GIVE me thy joy in sorrow, gracious Lord,
And sorrow's self shall like to joy appear!
Although the world should waver in its sphere
I tremble not if Thou thy peace afford;
But, Thou withdrawn, I am but as a chord
That vibrates to the pulse of hope and fear:
Nor rest I more than harps which to the air
Must answer when we place their tuneful board
Against the blast, which thrill unmeaning woe
Even in their sweetness. So no earthly wing
E'er sweeps me but to sadden. Oh, place Thou
My heart beyond the world's sad vibrating—
And where but in Thyself? Oh, circle me,
That I may feel no touches save of Thee.

CCCXLIV

ORIGEN.

(ON READING HIS COMMENTARIES ON SCRIPTURE.)

ISAAC WILLIAMS
1802—1865

INTO God's word, as in a palace fair,
Thou leadest on and on, while still beyond
Each chamber, touched by holy wisdom's wand,
Another opes, more beautiful and rare;
And thou in each art kneeling down in prayer,
From link to link of that mysterious bond
Seeking for Christ: but oh, I fear thy fond
And beautiful torch, that with so bright a glare
Lighteth up all things, lest the heaven-lit brand
Of thy serene Philosophy divine
Should take the colourings of earthly thought,
And I, by their sweet images o'er-wrought,
Led by weak Fancy should let go Truth's hand
And miss the way into the inner shrine.

CCCXLV

ISAAC WILLIAMS
1802—1865

HEED not a world that neither thee can keep,
Nor vestige of thee, whatsoe'er thy lot—
Of thee or thine, nor mark when thou art not.
No more!—engulfed within the sounding deep,
Faint and more faint the billowy circles sweep,
And trembling own the shock; then 'tis forgot:
The leaf's still image anchors on the spot,
The wave is in its noonday couch asleep.
We marked the eddying whirlpools close around
Where he had been; but who the path profound—
What thought can follow 'neath the watery floor,
'Mid sights of strangeness and untravelled caves,
Ocean's wild deeps of ever-moving waves,
A boundless, new horizon spreading round?

CCCXLVI

THE good—they drop around us, one by one,
Like stars when morning breaks; though lost to sight,
Around us are they still in Heaven's own light,
Building their mansions in the purer zone
Of the invisible: when round are thrown
Shadows of sorrow, still serenely bright,
To faith they gleam; and blest be sorrow's night
That brings the o'er-arching heavens in silence down,
A mantle set with orbs unearthly fair!
Alas! to us they are not, though they dwell,
Divinely dwell in memory; while life's sun
Declining, bids us for the night prepare;
That we, with urns of light, and our task done,
May stand with them in lot unchangeable.

CCCXLVII

TO TARTAR, A TERRIER BEAUTY.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES
1803—1849

SNOW-DROP of dogs, with ear of brownest dye,
Like the last orphan leaf of naked tree
Which shudders in bleak autumn; though by thee,
Of hearing careless and untutored eye,
Not understood articulate speech of men,
Nor marked the artificial mind of books—
The mortal's voice eternized by the pen—
Yet hast thou thought and language all unknown
To Babel's scholars; oft intensest looks,
Long scrutiny o'er some dark-veined stone
Dost thou bestow, learning dead mysteries
Of the world's birth-day; oft in eager tone
With quick-tailed fellows bandiest prompt replies,
Solicitudes canine, four-footed amities.

CCCXLVIII

WISHES OF YOUTH.

SAMUEL LAMAN BLANCHARD
1804—1845

GAILY and greenly let my seasons run:
And should the war-winds of the world uproot
The sanctities of life, and its sweet fruit
Cast forth as fuel for the fiery sun;
The dews be turned to ice—fair days begun
In peace wear out in pain, and sounds that suit
Despair and discord keep Hope's harpstring mute;
Still let me live as Love and Life were one:
Still let me turn on earth a childlike gaze
And trust the whispered charities that bring
Tidings of human truth; with inward praise
Watch the weak motion of each common thing,
And find it glorious—still let me raise
On wintry wrecks an altar to the Spring.

CCCXLIX

HIDDEN JOYS.

SAMUEL LAMAN BLANCHARD
1804—1845

PLEASURES lie thickest where no pleasures seem:
There's not a leaf that falls upon the ground
But holds some joy, of silence or of sound,
Some sprite begotten of a summer dream.
The very meanest things are made supreme
With innate ecstasy. No grain of sand
But moves a bright and million-peopled land,
And hath its Edens and its Eves, I deem.
For Love, though blind himself, a curious eye
Hath lent me, to behold the hearts of things,
And touched mine ear with power. Thus, far or nigh,
Minute or mighty, fixed or free with wings,
Delight from many a nameless covert sly
Peeps sparkling, and in tones familiar sings.

CCCL

DELIGHT NOT DISTANT.

AROUND man's hearth his dearest blessings meet:
Why look we for a fruit that grows afar
Planted in peril, when free pastures are,
Like promises, spread round our calm retreat?
Man flies the land to range where billows beat,
Forsakes his hut to track the conqueror's car;
Yet he whose eyes but watch some wandering star
May crush the steadier glowworm at his feet.
And thus who idly grasp a doubtful good,
In thoughts obscure and passions wild and vain,
Neglect the native pleasures of the blood,
And turn its health and hopes to present pain;
Missing, for gems deep fixed within the flood,
The readier riches of the fragrant plain.

CCCLI

'PATER VESTER PASCIT ILLA.'

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER
1804—1875

OUR bark is on the waters! wide around
The wandering wave; above, the lonely sky:
Hush! a young sea-bird floats, and that quick cry
Shrieks to the levelled weapon's echoing sound;
Grasp its lank wing, and on, with reckless bound!
Yet, creature of the surf, a sheltering breast
To-night shall haunt in vain thy far-off nest,
A call unanswered search the rocky ground.
Lord of leviathan! when Ocean heard
Thy gathering voice, and sought his native breeze;
When whales first plunged with life, and the proud deep
Felt unborn tempests heave in troubled sleep,
Thou didst provide, even for this nameless bird,
Home and a natural love amid the surging seas.

CCCLII

THE VINE.

HEARKEN! there is in old Morwenna's shrine,
A lonely sanctuary of the Saxon days
Reared by the Severn sea for prayer and praise,
Amid the carved work of the roof, a vine.
Its root is where the eastern sunbeams fall
First in the chancel; then along the wall
Slowly it travels on, a leafy line,
With here and there a cluster, and anon
More and more grapes, until the growth hath gone
Through arch and aisle. Hearken! and heed the sign:
See at the altar-side the steadfast root,
Mark well the branches, count the summer fruit;
So let a meek and faithful heart be thine,
And gather from that tree a parable divine.

CCCLIII

THE TWAIN.

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER
1804—1875

TWO sunny children wandered, hand in hand,
By the blue waves of far Gennesaret,
For there their Syrian father drew the net,
With multitudes of fishes, to the land.
One was the Twin, even he whose blessèd name
Hath in ten thousand shrines this day a fame—
Thomas the Apostle, one of the ethereal band;
But he, his Hebrew brother, who can trace
His name, the city where he dwelt, his place,
Or grave? We know not, none may understand.
There were two brethren in the field: the one
Shall have no memory underneath the sun;
The other shines, beacon of many a strand,
A star upon the brow of night, here in the rocky land.

CCCLIV

THE WELL OF ST. JOHN.

THEY dreamed not in old Hebron, when the sound
Went through the city that the promised son
Was born to Zachary, and his name was John,—
They little thought that here, in this far ground
Beside the Severn sea, that Hebrew child
Would be a cherished memory of the wild;
Here, where the pulses of the ocean bound
Whole centuries away, while one meek cell,
Built by the fathers o'er a lonely well,
Still breathes the Baptist's sweet remembrance round.
A spring of silent waters, with his name
That from the angel's voice in music came,
Here in the wilderness so faithful found,
It freshens to this day the Levite's grassy mound.

CCCLV

A PRAYER.

SIR WILLIAM ROWAN HAMILTON
1805—1865

O BROODING Spirit of Wisdom and of Love,
Whose mighty wings even now o'ershadow me,
Absorb me in thine own immensity,
And raise me far my finite self above!
Purge vanity away, and the weak care
That name or fame of me may widely spread;
And the deep wish keep burning in their stead,
Thy blissful influence afar to bear,—
Or see it borne! Let no desire of ease,
No lack of courage, faith, or love, delay
Mine own steps on that high thought-paven way
In which my soul her clear commission sees:
Yet with an equal joy let me behold
Thy chariot o'er that way by others rolled!

CCCLVI

TO ADAMS,

DISCOVERER OF THE PLANET NEPTUNE.

WHEN Vulcan cleft the labouring brain of Jove
With his keen axe, and set Minerva free,
The unimprisoned maid, exultingly,
Bounded aloft, and to the Heaven above
Turned her clear eyes, while the grim workman strove
To claim the virgin Wisdom for his fee,
His private wealth, his property to be,
And hide in Lemnian cave her light of love.
If some new truth, O friend, thy toil discover,
If thine eyes first by some fair form be blest,
Love it for what it is, and as a lover
Gaze, or with joy receive thine honoured guest:
The new-found Thought, set free, awhile may hover
Gratefully near thee, but it cannot rest.

CCCLVII

NOT TO THE MULTITUDE.

HENRY GLASSFORD BELL

1805—1874

NOT to the multitude, oh! not to them;
But to the sacred few, the circle small
Which formed thy world and was thy all-in-all,
Entrust thy memory; and like a gem,
Love's gift, worn ever next the heart, 'twill lie
Imbedded in delight, deep, stainless, warm;
For if thy living voice, aspect, and form
Gladdened the ear and pleased the watchful eye
Of old affection, doubt not thou that death
Will make thee doubly dear, and that no voice
Will e'er again those constant souls rejoice,
Like that which God took from them with thy breath.
Thou diest to the crowd, but not to these;
They see thee in the mist, and hear thee in the breeze.

CCCLVIII

THE COTTAGE-DOOR.

HOW softly Summer's breath is wafted here
From the high peaks of green and silent hills!
How gently warble at their own sweet wills
The song-birds nestled trustingly and near!
Nor is thy song less sweet, O streamlet clear,
That wimples through this quiet belovèd glen;—
What other water in the world again
Will be to me so musical, so dear?
Yet softer, sweeter, dearer than all these,
The household voices at my cottage-door,
With joy enriching every passing breeze,
Till the full heart with thankfulness runs o'er,
And pensive Fancy with no sadness sees
Lost faces smiling from the shadowy shore.

CCCLIX

A MEDITATION AT NETLEY ABBEY.

JOHN STERLING
1806—1844

NOW dewy twilight o'er these shattered walls
Breathes from the closing eyelids of the skies;
The blessèd night, with starry influence, falls
O'er carved remains, and boughs that heavenward rise;
The healing gentleness of evening sighs
From arch to arch, and thrills the slumbering trees;
And, like the memory of dead centuries,
The shadows stride before the lingering breeze.
The pinions of the heavens, with fleckered gloom,
Enfold the world, and the adoring earth
To all religion; here there is no tomb,
But holy promise of that second birth,
When o'er man's ruin Beauty shall return,
And perfect Love shall light his funeral urn.

CCCLX

LOVE.

PARTLY SUGGESTED BY A GERMAN SONG.

HELENA CLARISSA VON RANKE
1808—1871

HEART of my heart! of Love let us commune,
And tell me 'how it comes?' and 'what it is?'
"Love comes! and it is there, replete with bliss;
A sun of light, bringing eternal noon,
New life to life; new powers, fresh flowers, its boon."
But what in sooth? "Two souls in sweet accord,
Each for each caring and each self unheard,
Bringing life's discords into perfect tune;
True to true feeling, and to nature living,
Plighting no faith, nor needing proof nor proving,
Taking for granted, never asking, giving,
Not doubting and not fearing 'how?' or 'where?'
Not caring if less bright or young or fair;
Sure to be ever loved, and sure of loving."

CCCLXI

THE OCEAN.

CHARLES (TENNYSON) TURNER
1808—1879

THE Ocean, at the bidding of the Moon,
For ever changes with his restless tide;
Flung shoreward now, to be regathered soon
With kingly pauses of reluctant pride,
And semblance of return. Anon from home
He issues forth again, high-ridged and free,
The seething hiss of his tumultuous foam
Like armies whispering where great echoes be!
Oh! leave me here upon this beach to rove,
Mute listener to that sound so grand and lone—
A glorious sound, deep-drawn and strongly thrown,
And reaching those on mountain-heights above;
To British ears, as who shall scorn to own,
A tutelar fond voice, a saviour-tone of love!

CCCLXII

A SUMMER TWILIGHT.

IT is a summer twilight, balmy-sweet,
A twilight brightened by an infant moon,
Fraught with the fairest light of middle June;
The lonely garden echoes to my feet,
And hark! O hear I not the gentle dews,
Fretting the silent forest in his sleep?
Or does the stir of housing insects creep
Thus faintly on mine ear? Day's many hues
Waned with the paling light and are no more,
And none but reptile pinions beat the air:
The bat is hunting softly by my door,
And, noiseless as the snow-flake, leaves his lair
O'er the still copses flitting here and there,
Wheeling the self-same circuit o'er and o'er.

CCCLXIII

THE RAINBOW.

CHARLES (TENNYSON) TURNER
1808—1879

HUNG on the shower that fronts the golden West,
The rainbow bursts like magic on mine eyes!
In hues of ancient promise there imprest;
Frail in its date, eternal in its guise;
The vision is so lovely, that I feel
My heart imbued with beauty like its own,
And taking an indissoluble seal
From what is here a moment, and is gone;
It lies so soft on the full-breasted storm,
New-born o' the middle air, and dewy-pure,
And tricked in Nature's choicest garniture;
What can be seen of lovelier dye or form?
While all the groves assume a ghastly stain,
Caught from the leaden rack and shining rain!

CCCLXIV

A FOREST LAKE.

O LAKE of sylvan shore! when gentle Spring
Slopes down upon thee from the mountain-side,
When birds begin to build and brood and sing;
Or, in maturer season, when the pied
And fragrant turf is thronged with blossoms rare;
In the frore sweetness of the breathing morn,
When the loud echoes of the herdsman's horn
Do sally forth upon the silent air
Of thy thick forestry, may I be there,
While the wood waits to see its phantom born
At clearing twilight, in thy glassy breast;
Or, when cool eve is busy, on thy shores,
With trails of purple shadow from the West,
Or dusking in the wake of tardy oars.

CCCLXV

ON STARTLING SOME PIGEONS.

CHARLES (TENNYSON) TURNER
1808—1879

A HUNDRED wings are dropt as soft as one,
Now ye are lighted! Pleasing to my sight
The fearful circle of your wondering flight,
Rapid and loud, and drawing homeward soon;
And then, the sober chiding of your tone,
As there ye sit, from your own roofs arraigning
My trespass on your haunts, so boldly done,
Sounds like a solemn and a just complaining:
O happy, happy race! for though there clings
A feeble fear about your timid clan,
Yet are ye blest! with not a thought that brings
Disquietude,—while proud and sorrowing man,
An eagle, weary of his mighty wings,
With anxious inquest fills his mortal span!

CCCLXVI

O GOD, IMPART THY BLESSING.

O GOD, impart Thy blessing to my cries!
I trust but faintly, and I daily err;
The waters of my heart are oft astir,
An angel's there! and yet I cannot rise!
Ah! would my Lord were here amongst us still,
Proffering his bosom to his servant's brow;
Too oft that holy life comes o'er us now
Like twilight echoes from a distant hill;
We long for his pure looks and words sublime;
His lowly-lofty innocence and grace;
The talk sweet-toned, and blessing all the time;
The mountain sermon and the ruthful gaze;
The cheerly credence gathered from his face;
His voice in village groups at eve or prime!

CCCLXVII

AUTUMN.

CHARLES (TENNYSON) TURNER
1808—1879

THE softest shadows mantle o'er his form,
And the curved sickle in his grasp appears,
Glooming and brightening; while a wreath of ears
Circles his sallow brow, which the angry storm
Gusts down at intervals; about him stray
The volant sweets o'.the trailing mignonnette,
And odours vague that haunt the year's decay;
The crush of leaves is heard beneath his feet,
Mixed, as he onward goes, with softer sound,
As though his heel were sinking into snows:
Full soon a sadder landscape opens round,
With, here and there, a latter-flowering rose,
Child of the summer hours, though blooming here
Far down the vista of the fading year.

CCCLXVIII

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O honey-throated warbler of the grove!
That in the glooming woodland art so proud
Of answering thy sweet mates in soft or loud,
Thou dost not own a note we do not love;
The moon is o'er thee, laying out the lawn
In mighty shadows—but the western skies
Are kept awake, to see the sun arise,
Though earth and heaven would fain put back the dawn!
While, wandering for the dreams such seasons give,
With lonely steps, and many a pause between,
The lover listens to thy songs unseen;
And if, at times, the pure notes seem to grieve,
Why lo! he weeps himself, and must believe
That sorrow is a part of what they mean!

CCCLXIX

THE TRAVELLER AND HIS WIFE'S RINGLET.

CHARLES (TENNYSON) TURNER
1808—1879

I HAVE a circlet of thy sunny hair,
A light from home, a blessing to mine eyes;
Though grave and mournful thoughts will often rise,
As I behold it mutely glistening there,
So still, so passive! like a treasure's key,
Unconscious of the dreams it doth compel,
Of gems and gold, high-piled in secret cell,
Too royal for a vulgar gaze to see!
If they were stolen, the key could never tell;
If thou wert dead, what should thy ringlet say?
It shows the same, betide thee ill or well,
Smiling in love, or shrouded in decay;
It cannot darken for dead Isabel,
Nor blanch if thy young head grew white to-day!

CCCLXX

THE BUOY-BELL.

HOW like the leper, with his own sad cry
Enforcing his own solitude, it tolls!
That lonely bell set in the rushing shoals,
To warn us from the place of jeopardy!
O friend of man! sore-vexed by Ocean's power,
The changing tides wash o'er thee day by day;
Thy trembling mouth is filled with bitter spray,
Yet still thou ringest on from hour to hour;
High is thy mission, though thy lot is wild—
To be in danger's realm a guardian sound;
In seamen's dreams a pleasant part to bear,
And earn their blessing as the year goes round;
And strike the key-note of each grateful prayer,
Breathed in their distant homes by wife or child!

CCCLXXI

MORNING.

CHARLES (TENNYSON) TURNER
1808—1879

IT is the fairest sight in Nature's realms,
To see on summer morning, dewy-sweet,
That very type of freshness, the green wheat,
Surging through shadows of the hedgerow elms;
How the eye revels in the many shapes
And colours which the risen day restores!
How the wind blows the poppy's scarlet capes
About his urn! and how the lark upsoars!
Not like the timid corn-craik scudding fast
From his own voice, he with him takes his song
Heavenward, then, striking sideways, shoots along,
Happy as sailor-boy that, from the mast,
Runs out upon the yard-arm, till at last
He sinks into his nest, those clover tufts among.

CCLXXII

WIND ON THE CORN.

FULL often as I rove by path or stile,
To watch the harvest ripening in the vale,
Slowly and sweetly, like a growing smile—
A smile that ends in laughter—the quick gale
Upon the breadths of gold-green wheat descends;
While still the swallow, with unbaffled grace,
About his viewless quarry dips and bends—
And all the fine excitement of the chase
Lies in the hunter's beauty: in the eclipse
Of that brief shadow, how the barley's beard
Tilts at the passing gloom, and wild-rose dips
Among the white-tops in the ditches reared:
And hedgerow's flowery breast of lacework stirs
Faintly in that full wind that rocks the outstanding firs.

CCCLXXIII

THE FOREST GLADE.

CHARLES (TENNYSON) TURNER
1808—1879

AS one dark morn I trod a forest glade,
A sunbeam entered at the further end,
And ran to meet me through the yielding shade—
As one, who in the distance sees a friend,
And, smiling, hurries to him; but mine eyes,
Bewildered by the change from dark to bright,
Received the greeting with a quick surprise
At first, and then with tears of pure delight;
For sad my thoughts had been—the tempest's wrath
Had gloomed the night, and made the morrow gray;
That heavenly guidance humble sorrow hath,
Had turned my feet into that forest-way,
Just when His morning light came down the path,
Among the lonely woods at early day.

CCCLXXIV

THE LATTICE AT SUNRISE.

AS on my bed at dawn I mused and prayed,
I saw my lattice prankt upon the wall,
The flaunting leaves and flitting birds withal—
A sunny phantom interlaced with shade;
'Thanks be to heaven!' in happy mood I said,
'What sweeter aid my matins could befall
Than this fair glory from the East hath made?
What holy sleights hath God, the Lord of all,
To bid us feel and see! we are not free
To say we see not, for the glory comes
Nightly and daily, like the flowing sea;
His lustre pierceth through the midnight glooms;
And, at prime hour, behold! He follows me
With golden shadows to my secret rooms!'

CCCLXXV

THE PROCESS OF COMPOSITION.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

CHARLES (TENNYSON) TURNER
1808—1879

OFT in our fancy an uncertain thought
Hangs colourless, like dew on bents of grass,
Before the morning o'er the field doth pass;
But soon it glows and brightens; all unsought
A sudden glory flashes through the dream,
Our purpose deepens and our wit grows brave,
The thronging hints a richer utterance crave,
And tongues of fire approach the new-won theme;
A subtler process now begins—a claim
Is urged for order, a well-balanced scheme
Of words and numbers, a consistent aim;
The dew dissolves before the warming beam;
But that fair thought consolidates its flame,
And keeps its colours, hardening to a gem.

CCCLXXVI

IN AND OUT OF THE PINE-WOOD.

A SIMILE.

BEYOND the pine-wood all looked bright and clear—
And, ever by our side, as on we drove,
The star of eve ran glimpsing through the grove,
To meet us in the open atmosphere;
As some fair thought of heavenly light and force
Will move and flash behind a transient screen
Of dim expression, glittering in its course
Through many loop-holes, till its face is seen;
Some thoughts ne'er pass beyond their close confines;
Theirs is the little taper's homely lot,
A woodside glimmer, distanced and forgot—
Whose trivial gleam, that twinkles more than shines,
Is left behind to die among the pines;
Our stars are carried out, and vanish not!

CCCLXXVII

THE GOLD-CRESTED WREN.

HIS RELATION TO THE SONNET.

CHARLES (TENNYSON) TURNER
1808—1879

WHEN my hand closed upon thee, worn and spent
With idly dashing on the window-pane,
Or clinging to the cornice—I, that meant
At once to free thee, could not but detain;
I dropt my pen, I left th' unfinished lay,
To give thee back to freedom; but I took—
Oh, charm of sweet occasion!—one brief look
At thy bright eyes and innocent dismay;
Then forth I sent thee on thy homeward quest,
My lesson learnt—thy beauty got by heart:
And if, at times, my sonnet-muse would rest
Short of her topmost skill, her little best,
The memory of thy delicate gold crest
Shall plead for one last touch,—the crown of Ar

CCCLXXVIII

TO THE GOSSAMER-LIGHT.

QUICK gleam! that ridest on the gossamers!
How oft I see thee, with thy wavering lance,
Tilt at the midges in their evening dance,
A gentle joust set on by summer airs!
How oft I watch thee from my garden-chair!
And, failing that, I search the lawns and bowers,
To find thee floating o'er the fruits and flowers,
And doing thy sweet work in silence there:
Thou art the poet's darling, ever sought
In the fair garden or the breezy mead;
The wind dismounts thee not; thy buoyant thread
Is as the sonnet, poising one bright thought,
That moves but does not vanish! borne along
Like light,—a golden drift through all the song!

CCCLXXIX

AN APRIL DAY.

CHARLES (TENNYSON) TURNER
1808—1879

THE lark sung loud; the music at his heart
Had called him early; upward straight he went,
And bore in nature's quire the merriest part,
As to the lake's broad shore my steps I bent;
The waterflies with glancing motion drove
Their dimpling eddies in among the blooms
Shed by the flowering poplars from above;
While, overhead, the rooks, on sable plumes,
Floated and dipt about the gleaming haze
Of April, crost anon by April glooms,
As is the fashion of her changeful days;
When, what the rain-cloud blots, the sun relumes
O' the instant, and the shifting landscape shows
Each change, and, like a tide, the distance comes and goes!

CCCLXXX

A BRILLIANT DAY.

O KEEN pellucid air! nothing can lurk
Or disavow itself on this bright day;
The small rain-plashes shine from far away,
The tiny emmet glitters at his work;
The bee looks blithe and gay, and as she plies
Her task, and moves and sidles round the cup
Of this spring flower, to drink its honey up,
Her glassy wings, like oars that dip and rise,
Gleam momently. Pure-bosomed, clear of fog,
The long lake glistens, while the glorious beam
Bespangles the wet joints and floating leaves
Of water-plants, whose every point receives
His light; and jellies of the spawning frog,
Unmarked before, like piles of jewels seem!

CCCLXXXI

THE HOME-FIELD. EVENING.

CHARLES (TENNYSON) TURNER
1808—1879

'TIS sweet, when slanting light the field adorns,
To see the new-shorn flocks recline or browse;
While swallows flit among the restful cows,
Their gurgling dew-laps, and their harmless horns;
Or flirt the aged hunter, in his doze,
With passing wing; yet with no thought to grieve
His mild, unjealous, innocent repose,
With those keen contrasts our sad hearts conceive.
And then, perchance, the evening wind awakes
With sudden tumult, and the bowery ash
Goes storming o'er the golden moon, whose flash
Fills and refills its breezy gaps and breaks;
The weeping-willow at her neighbour floats,
And busy rustlings stir the wheat and oats.

CCCLXXXII

MAGGIE'S STAR.

TO THE WHITE STAR ON THE FOREHEAD OF A FAVOURITE OLD MARE.

WHITE star! that travellest at old Maggie's pace
About my field, where'er a wandering mouth,
And foot, that slowly shifts from place to place,
Conduct thee,—East or West, or North or South;
A loving eye is my best chart to find
Thy whereabouts at dawn or dusk; but when
She dreams at noon, with heel a-tilt behind,
And pendent lip, I mark thee fairest then;
I see thee dip and vanish, when she rolls
On earth, supine, then with one rousing shake
Reculminate; but, most, thou lov'st to take
A quiet onward course—Heaven's law controls
The mild, progressive motion thou dost make,
Albeit thy path is scarce above the mole's.

CCCLXXXIII

A SUMMER NIGHT IN THE BEEHIVE.

CHARLES (TENNYSON) TURNER
1808—1879

THE little bee returns with evening's gloom,
To join her comrades in the braided hive,
Where, housed beside their mighty honeycomb,
They dream their polity shall long survive.
Still falls the summer night—the browsing horse
Fills the low portal with a grassy sound
From the near paddock, while the water-course
Sends them sweet murmurs from the meadow-ground:
None but such peaceful noises break the hush,
Save Pussy, growling, in the thyme and sage,
Over the thievish mouse, in happy rage:
At last, the flowers against the threshold brush
In morning airs—fair shines the uprisen sun;
Another day of honey has begun!

CCCLXXXIV

THE BEE-WISP.

OUR window-panes enthral our summer bees;
(To insect woes I give this little page)—
We hear them threshing in their idle rage
Those crystal floors of famine, while, at ease,
Their outdoor comrades probe the nectaries
Of flowers, and into all sweet blossoms dive;
Then home, at sundown, to the happy hive,
On forward wing, straight through the dancing flies:
For such poor strays a full-plumed wisp I keep,
And when I see them pining, worn, and vext,
I brush them softly with a downward sweep
To the raised sash—all-angered and perplext:
So man, the insect, stands on his defence
Against the very hand of Providence.

CCCLXXXV

MINNIE AND HER DOVE.

CHARLES (TENNYSON) TURNER
1808—1879

TWO days she missed her dove, and then, alas!
A knot of soft gray feathers met her view,
So light, their stirring hardly broke the dew
That hung on the blue violets and the grass;
A kite had struck her fondling as he passed;
And o'er that fleeting, downy, epitaph
The poor child lingered, weeping; her gay laugh
Was mute that day, her little heart o'ercast.
Ah! Minnie, if thou livest, thou wilt prove
Intenser pangs—less tearful, though less brief;
Thou'lt weep for dearer death and sweeter love,
And spiritual woe, of woes the chief,
Until the full-grown wings of human grief
Eclipse thy memory of the kite and dove.

CCCLXXXVI

THE HOLY EMERALD,

SAID TO BE THE ONLY TRUE LIKENESS OF CHRIST.

THE gem, to which the artist did entrust
That face which now outshines the Cherubim,
Gave up, full willingly, its emerald dust,
To take Christ's likeness—to make room for him.
So must it be, if thou wouldst bear about
Thy Lord—thy shining surface must be lowered,
Thy goodly prominence be chipt and scored,
Till those deep scars have brought his features out:
Sharp be the stroke and true, make no complaints;
For heavenly lines thou givest earthy grit:
But oh! how oft our coward spirit faints,
When we are called our jewels to submit
To this keen graver, which so oft hath writ
The Saviour's image on his wounded saints!

CCCLXXXVII

OUR MARY AND THE CHILD-MUMMY.

CHARLES (TENNYSON) TURNER
1808—1879

WHEN the four quarters of the world shall rise,
Men, women, children, at the Judgment-time,
Perchance this Memphian girl, dead ere her prime,
Shall drop her mask, and with dark new-born eyes
Salute our English Mary, loved and lost;
The Father knows her little scroll of prayer,
And life as pure as his Egyptian air;
For, though she knew not Jesus, nor the cost
At which He won the world, she learned to pray;
And though our own sweet babe on Christ's good name
Spent her last breath, premonished and advised
Of him, and in his glorious Church baptized,
She will not spurn this old-world child away,
Nor put her poor embalmèd heart to shame.

CCCLXXXVIII

ON FINDING A SMALL FLY CRUSHED IN A BOOK.

SOME hand, that never meant to do thee hurt,
Has crushed thee here between these pages pent;
But thou hast left thine own fair monument,
Thy wings gleam out and tell me what thou wert:
Oh! that the memories which survive us here
Were half as lovely as these wings of thine!
Pure relics of a blameless life, that shine
Now thou art gone: Our doom is ever near:
The peril is beside us day by day;
The book will close upon us, it may be,
Just as we lift ourselves to soar away
Upon the summer-airs. But, unlike thee,
The closing book may stop our vital breath,
Yet leave no lustre on our page of death.

CCCLXXXIX

TO A RED-WHEAT FIELD.

CHARLES (TENNYSON) TURNER
1808—1879

O RICH red wheat! thou wilt not long defer
Thy beauty, though thou art not wholly grown;
The fair blue distance and the moorland fir
Long for thy golden laughter! Four years gone,
How oft! with eager foot, I scaled the top
Of this long rise, to give mine eye full range;
And, now again, rotation brings the change
From seeds and clover, to my favourite crop;
How oft I've watched thee from my garden, charmed
With thy noon-stillness, or thy morning tears!
Or, when the wind clove and the sunset warmed
Thine amber-shafted depths and russet ears;
O! all ye cool green stems! improve the time,
Fulfil your beauty! justify my rime!

CCCXC

THE HARVEST MOON.

HOW peacefully the broad and golden moon
Comes up to gaze upon the reaper's toil!
That they who own the land for many a mile,
May bless her beams, and they who take the boon
Of scattered ears; Oh! beautiful! how soon
The dusk is turned to silver without soil,
Which makes the fair sheaves fairer than at noon,
And guides the gleaner to his slender spoil;
So, to our souls, the Lord of love and might
Sends harvest-hours, when daylight disappears;
When age and sorrow, like a coming night,
Darken our field of work with doubts and fears,
He times the presence of his heavenly light
To rise up softly o'er our silver hairs.

CCCXCI

THE SPARROW AND THE DEW-DROP.

CHARLES (TENNYSON) TURNER
1808—1879

WHEN to the birds their morning meal I threw,
Beside one perky candidate for bread
There flashed and winked a tiny drop of dew,
But while I gazed, I lost them,—both had fled;
His careless tread had struck the blade-hung tear,
And all its silent beauty fell away,
And left, sole relic of the twinkling sphere,
A sparrow's dabbled foot upon a spray;
Bold bird! that did'st efface a lovely thing
Before a poet's eyes! I've half a mind,
Could I but single thee from out thy kind,
To mulct thee in a crumb; a crumb to thee
Is not more sweet than that fair drop to me;
Fie on thy little foot and thrumming wing!

CCCXCII

GOUT AND WINGS.

THE pigeons fluttered fieldward, one and all,
I saw the swallows wheel, and soar, and dive,
The little bees hung poised before the hive,
Even Partlet hoised herself across the wall:
I felt my earth-bound lot in every limb,
And, in my envious mood, I half-rebelled,
When lo! an insect crossed the page I held,
A little helpless minim, slight and slim;
Ah! sure, there was no room for envy there,
But gracious aid and condescending care;
Alas! my pride and pity were misspent,
The atom knew his strength, and rose in air!
My gout came tingling back, as off he went:
A wing was opened at me everywhere!

CCCXCIII

THE SEASIDE,

IN AND OUT OF THE SEASON.

CHARLES (TENNYSON) TURNER

1808—1879

IN summer-time it was a paradise
Of mountain, frith, and bay, and shining sand;
Our outward rowers sang towards the land,
Followed by waving hands and happy cries;
By the full flood the groups no longer roam;
And when, at ebb, the glistening beach grows wide,
No barefoot children race into the foam,
But passive jellies wait the turn of tide.
Like some forsaken lover, lingering there,
The boatman stands; the maidens trip no more
With loosened locks; far from the billows' roar
The Mauds and Maries knot their tresses fair,
Where not a foam-flake from the enamoured shore
Comes down the sea-wind on the golden hair.

CCCXCIV

OUR NEW CHURCH CLOCK.

HENCEFORWARD shall our time be plainly read—
Down in the nave I catch the twofold beat
Of those full-weighted moments overhead;
And hark! the hour goes clanging down the street
To the open plain! How sweet at eventide
Will that clear music be to toil-worn men!
Calling them home, each to his own fire-side;
How sweet the toll of all the hours till then!
The cattle, too, the self-same sound shall hear,
But they can never know the power it wields
O'er human hearts, that labour, hope, and fear;
Our village-clock means nought to steed or steer;
The call of Time will share each twinkling ear
With summer flies and voices from the fields!

CCCXCV

THE FELLED OAK:

GRASBY VICARAGE. SEPTEMBER 5TH, 1874.

CHARLES (TENNYSON) TURNER
1808—1879

WHEN the storm felled our Oak, and thou, fair Wold,
Wert seen beyond it, we were slow to take
The lesson taught; for our old neighbour's sake
We found thy distant presence wan and cold,
And gave thee no warm welcome, for whene'er
We tried to dream him back into the place
Where once he stood, the giant of his race,
'Twas but to lift an eye and thou wert there,
His sad remembrancer, the monument
That told us he was gone. But thou hast blent
Thy beauty with our loss so long and well,
That in all future grief we may foretell
Some lurking good behind each seeming ill,
Beyond each fallen tree some fair blue hill.

CCCXCVI

LETTY'S GLOBE,

OR SOME IRREGULARITIES IN A FIRST LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.

WHEN Letty had scarce passed her third glad year,
And her young artless words began to flow,
One day we gave the child a coloured sphere
Of the wide Earth, that she might mark and know
By tint and outline, all its sea and land.
She patted all the world; old Empires peeped
Between her baby-fingers; her soft hand
Was welcome at all frontiers; how she leaped,
And laughed, and prattled, in her pride of bliss!
But when we turned her sweet unlearnèd e
On our own Isle, she raised a joyous cry,
'O yes! I see it, Letty's home is there!'
And while she hid all England with a kiss,
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair.

CCCXCVII

THE SOUL'S EXPRESSION.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING
1809—1861

WITH stammering lips and insufficient sound,
I strive and struggle to deliver right
That music of my nature, day and night
With dream and thought and feeling interwound,
And inly answering all the senses round
With octaves of a mystic depth and height
Which step out grandly to the infinite
From the dark edges of the sensual ground.
This song of soul I struggle to outbear
Through portals of the sense, sublime and whole,
And utter all myself into the air:
But if I did it,—as the thunder-roll
Breaks its own cloud, my flesh would perish there,
Before that dread apocalypse of soul.

CCCXCVIII

BEREAVEMENT.

WHEN some Beloveds, 'neath whose eyelids lay
The sweet lights of my childhood, one by one
Did leave me dark before the natural sun,
And I astonied fell, and could not pray,—
A thought within me to myself did say,
'Is God less God, that *thou* art left undone?
Rise, worship, bless him, in this sackcloth spun,
As in that purple!'—But I answered, Nay!
What child his filial heart in words can loose
If he behold his tender father raise
The hand that chastens sorely? can he choose
But sob in silence with an upward gaze?—
And *my* great Father, thinking fit to bruise,
Discerns in speechless tears both prayer and praise.

CCCXCIX

CONSOLATION.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING
1809—1861

ALL are not taken; there are left behind
Living Beloveds, tender looks to bring
And make the daylight still a happy thing,
And tender voices, to make soft the wind:
But if it were not so—if I could find
No love in all the world for comforting,
Nor any path but hollowly did ring,
Where 'dust to dust' the love from life disjoined,
And if, before those sepulchres unmoving
I stood alone, (as some forsaken lamb
Goes bleating up the moors in weary dearth)
Crying 'Where are ye, O my loved and loving?'—
I know a Voice would sound, 'Daughter, I AM.
Can I suffice for HEAVEN and not for earth?'

CCCC

IRREPARABLENESS.

I HAVE been in the meadows all the day
And gathered there the nosegay that you see,
Singing within myself as bird or bee
When such do field-work on a morn of May.
But now I look upon my flowers, decay
Has met them in my hands more fatally
Because more warmly clasped,—and sobs are free
To come instead of songs. What do you say,
Sweet counsellors, dear friends? that I should go
Back straightway to the fields and gather more?
Another, sooth, may do it, but not I!
My heart is very tired, my strength is low,
My hands are full of blossoms plucked before,
Held dead within them till myself shall die.

CCCCI

TEARS.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING
1809—1861

THANK God, bless God, all ye who suffer not
More grief than ye can weep for. That is well—
That is light grieving! lighter none befell
Since Adam forfeited the primal lot.
Tears! what are tears? The babe weeps in its cot,
The mother singing; at her marriage-bell
The bride weeps, and before the oracle
Of high-faned hills the poet has forgot
Such moisture on his cheeks. Thank God for grace,
Ye who weep only! If, as some have done,
Ye grope tear-blinded in a desert place
And touch but tombs,—look up! those tears will run
Soon in long rivers down the lifted face,
And leave the vision clear for stars and sun.

CCCCII

SUBSTITUTION.

WHEN some bèlovèd voice that was to you
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,
And silence, against which you dare not cry,
Aches round you like a strong disease and new—
What hope? what help? what music will undo
That silence to your sense? Not friendship's sigh,
Not reason's subtle count; not melody
Of viols, nor of pipes that Faunus blew;
Not songs of poets, nor of nightingales
Whose hearts leap upward through the cypress-trees
To the clear moon; nor yet the spheric laws
Self-chanted, nor the angels' sweet All hails,
Met in the smile of God: nay, none of these.
Speak THOU, availing Christ!—and fill this pause.

CCCCIII

COMFORT.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING
1809—1861

SPEAK low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so
Who art not missed by any that entreat.
Speak to me as to Mary at Thy feet!
And if no precious gums my hands bestow,
Let my tears drop like amber while I go
In reach of Thy divinest voice complete
In humanest affection—thus, in sooth,
To lose the sense of losing. As a child,
Whose song-bird seeks the wood for evermore,
Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth
Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,
He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

CCCCIV

PERPLEXED MUSIC.

EXPERIENCE, like a pale musician, holds
A dulcimer of patience in his hand,
Whence harmonies we cannot understand,
Of God's will in his worlds, the strain unfolds
In sad, perplexèd minors: deathly colds
Fall on us while we hear, and countermand
Our sanguine heart back from the fancy-land
With nightingales in visionary wolds.
We murmur, 'Where is any certain tune
Or measured music in such notes as these?'
But angels, leaning from the golden seat,
Are not so minded; their fine ear hath won
The issue of completed cadences,
And, smiling down the stars, they whisper—SWEET.

CCCCV

WORK.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING
1809—1861

WHAT are we set on earth for? Say, to toil;
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines
For all the heat o' the day, till it declines,
And Death's mild curfew shall from work assoil.
God did anoint thee with his odorous oil
To wrestle, not to reign; and He assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labour, to their heart and hand,
From thy hand and thy heart and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
The least flower, with a brimming cup may stand,
And share its dew-drop with another near.

CCCCVI

FUTURITY.

AND, O beloved voices, upon which
Ours passionately call because erelong
Ye brake off in the middle of that song
We sang together softly, to enrich
The poor world with the sense of love, and witch
The heart out of things evil,—I am strong,
Knowing ye are not lost for aye among
The hills, with last year's thrush. God keeps a niche
In Heaven to hold our idols: and albeit
He brake them to our faces and denied
That our close kisses should impair their white,
I know we shall behold them raised, complete,
The dust swept from their beauty,—glorified
New Memnons singing in the great God-light.

CCCCVII

WORK AND CONTEMPLATION.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

1809—1861

THE woman singeth at her spinning-wheel
A pleasant chant, ballad or barcarole;
She thinketh of her song, upon the whole,
Far more than of her flax; and yet the reel
Is full, and artfully her fingers feel
With quick adjustment, provident control,
The lines, too subtly twisted to unroll,
Out to a perfect thread. I hence appeal
To the dear Christian church—that we may do
Our Father's business in these temples mirk,
Thus swift and steadfast, thus intent and strong;
While thus, apart from toil, our souls pursue
Some high, calm, spheric tune, and prove our work
The better for the sweetness of our song.

CCCCVIII

FLUSH OR FAUNUS.

YOU see this dog; it was but yesterday
I mused forgetful of his presence here
Till thought on thought drew downward tear on tear:
When from the pillow where wet-cheeked I lay,
A head as hairy as Faunus thrust its way
Right sudden against my face, two golden-clear
Great eyes astonished mine, a drooping ear
Did flap me on either cheek to dry the spray!
I started first as some Arcadian
Amazed by goatly god in twilight grove;
But as the bearded vision closelier ran
My tears off, I knew Flush, and rose above
Surprise and sadness,—thanking the true PAN
Who by low creatures leads to heights of love.

CCCCIX

CHEERFULNESS TAUGHT BY REASON.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING
1809—1861

I THINK we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope
Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope
Of yon grey blank of sky, we might grow faint
To muse upon eternity's constraint
Round our aspirant souls; but since the scope
Must widen early, is it well to droop,
For a few days consumed in loss and taint?
O pusillanimous heart, be comforted
And, like a cheerful traveller, take the road,
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints? At least it may be said,
'Because the way is *short*, I thank thee, God.'

CCCCX

ADEQUACY.

NOW, by the verdure on thy thousand hills,
Beloved England, doth the earth appear
Quite good enough for men to overbear
The will of God in, with rebellious wills!
We cannot say the morning-sun fulfils
Ingloriously its course, nor that the clear
Strong stars without significance insphere
Our habitation: we, meantime, our ills
Heap up against this good and lift a cry
Against this work-day world, this ill-spread feast,
As if ourselves were better certainly
Than what we come to. Maker and High Priest,
I ask thee not my joys to multiply,—
Only to make me worthier of the least.

CCCCXI

THE PROSPECT.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING
1809—1861

METHINKS we do as fretful children do,
Leaning their faces on the window-pane
To sigh the glass dim with their own breath's stain,
And shut the sky and landscape from their view:
And thus, alas, since God the Maker drew
A mystic separation 'twixt those twain,
The life beyond us, and our souls in pain,
We miss the prospect which we are called unto
By grief we are fools to use. Be still and strong,
O man, my brother! hold thy sobbing breath,
And keep thy soul's large window pure from wrong;
That so, as life's appointment issueth,
Thy vision may be clear to watch along
The sunset consummation-lights of death.

CCCCXII

SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

I

I THOUGHT once how Theocritus had sung
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,
Who each one in a gracious hand appears
To bear a gift for mortals, old or young:
And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,
I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung
A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,
So weeping, how a mystic shape did move
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair;
And a voice said in mastery, while I strove,—
'Guess now who holds thee?'—'Death,' I said. But, there,
The silver answer rang,—'Not Death, but Love.'

CCCCXIII

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING
1809—1861

IF thou must love me, let it be for nought
Except for love's sake only. Do not say
'I love her for her smile—her look—her way
Of speaking gently,—for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day;'—
For these things in themselves, Beloved, may
Be changed, or change for thee,—and love, so wrought,
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,—
A creature might forget to weep, who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby!
But love me for love's sake, that evermore
Thou may'st love on, through love's eternity.

CCCCXIV

ACCUSE me not, beseech thee, that I wear
Too calm and sad a face in front of thine;
For we two look two ways, and cannot shine
With the same sunlight on our brow and hair.
On me thou lookest with no doubting care,
As on a bee shut in a crystalline;
Since sorrow hath shut me safe in love's divine,
And to spread wing and fly in the outer air
Were most impossible failure, if I strove
To fail so. But I look on thee—on thee—
Beholding, besides love, the end of love,
Hearing oblivion beyond memory;
As one who sits and gazes from above,
Over the rivers to the bitter sea.

CCCCXV

SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

4

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING
1809—1861

I NEVER gave a lock of hair away
To a man, Dearest, except this to thee,
Which now upon my fingers thoughtfully
I ring out to the full brown length and say
'Take it.' My day of youth went yesterday;
My hair no longer bounds to my foot's glee,
Nor plant I it from rose or myrtle-tree,
As girls do, any more: it only may
Now shade on two pale cheeks the mark of tears,
Taught drooping from the head that hangs aside
Through sorrow's trick. I thought the funeral-shears
Would take this first, but Love is justified,—
Take it thou,—finding pure, from all those years,
The kiss my mother left here when she died.

CCCCXVI

IS it indeed so? If I lay here dead,
Wouldst thou miss any life in losing mine?
And would the sun for thee more coldly shine
Because of grave-damps falling round my head?
I marvelled, my Beloved, when I read
Thy thought so in the letter. I am thine—
But . . *so* much to thee? Can I pour thy wine
While my hands tremble? Then my soul, instead
Of dreams of death, resumes life's lower range.
Then, love me, Love! look on me—breathe on me!
As brighter ladies do not count it strange,
For love, to give up acres and degree,
I yield the grave for thy sake, and exchange
My near sweet view of Heaven for earth with thee!

CCCCXVII

6

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING
1809—1861

IF I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange
And be all to me? Shall I never miss
Home-talk and blessing and the common kiss
That comes to each in turn, nor count it strange,
When I look up, to drop on a new range
Of walls and floors, another home than this?
Nay, wilt thou fill that place by me which is
Filled by dead eyes too tender to know change?
That's hardest. If to conquer love, has tried,
To conquer grief, tries more, as all things prove;
For grief indeed is love and grief beside.
Alas, I have grieved so I am hard to love.
Yet love me—wilt thou? Open thine heart wide,
And fold within the wet wings of thy dove.

CCCCXVIII

7

HOW do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of everyday's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise;
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

CCCCXIX

GLASTONBURY.

HENRY ALFORD
1810—1871

ON thy green marge, thou vale of Avalon,
Not for that thou art crowned with ancient towers
And shafts and clustered pillars many a one,
Love I to dream away the sunny hours;
Not for that here in charmèd slumber lie
The holy relics of that British king
Who was the flower of knightly chivalry,
Do I stand blest past power of uttering;—
But for that on thy cowslip-sprinkled sod
Alit of old the olive-bearing bird,
Meek messenger of purchased peace with God;
And the first hymns that Britain ever heard
Arose, the low preluding melodies
To the sweetest anthem that hath reached the skies.

CCCCXX

RISE, said the Master, come unto the feast:—
She heard the call and rose with willing feet;
But thinking it not otherwise than meet
For such a bidding to put on her best,
She is gone from us for a few short hours
Into her bridal closet, there to wait
For the unfolding of the palace gate,
That gives her entrance to the blissful bowers.
We have not seen her yet, though we have been
Full often to her chamber door, and oft
Have listened underneath the postern green,
And laid fresh flowers, and whispered short and soft;
But she hath made no answer; and the day
From the clear west is fading fast away.

CCCCXXI

ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM
1811—1833

OH blessing and delight of my young heart,
Maiden, who was so lovely and so pure,
I know not in what region now thou art,
Or whom thy gentle eyes in joy assure.
Not the old hills on which we gazed together,
Not the old faces which we both did love,
Not the old books whence knowledge we did gather—
Not these, but others now thy fancies move.
I would I knew thy present hopes and fears,
All thy companions, with their pleasant talk,
And the clear aspect which thy dwelling wears;
So, though in body absent, I might walk
With thee in thought and feeling, till thy mood
Did sanctify mine own to peerless good.

CCCCXXII

WRITTEN IN EDINBURGH.

EVEN thus, methinks, a city reared should be,
Yea, an imperial city, that might hold
Five times a hundred noble towns in fee,
And either with their might of Babel old,
Or the rich Roman pomp of empery
Might stand compare, highest in arts enrolled,
Highest in arms; brave tenement for the free,
Who never crouch to thrones, or sin for gold.
Thus should her towers be raised—with vicinage
Of clear bold hills, that curve her very streets,
As if to vindicate 'mid choicest seats
Of art, abiding Nature's majesty;
And the broad sea beyond, in calm or rage
Chainless alike, and teaching Liberty.

CCCCXXIII

ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM
1811—1833

ALAS! that sometimes even a duteous life,
If uninspired by love, and love-born joy,
Grows fevered in the world's unholy strife,
And sinks destroyed by that it would destroy!
Beloved, from the boisterous deeds that fill
The measure up of this unquiet time,
The dull monotonies of Faction's chime,
And irrepressible thoughts foreboding ill,
I turn to thee as to a heaven apart—
Oh! not apart, not distant, near me ever,
So near my soul that nothing can thee sever!
How shall I fear, knowing there is for me
A city of refuge, builded pleasantly
Within the silent places of the heart?

CCCCXXIV

LADY, I bid thee to a sunny dome
Ringing with echoes of Italian song:
Henceforth to thee these magic halls belong,
And all the pleasant place is like a home.
Hark, on the right with full piano tone
Old Dante's voice encircles all the air;
Hark yet again, like flute-tones mingling rare,
Comes the keen sweetness of Petrarca's moan.
Pass thou the lintel freely: without fear
Feast on the music: I do better know thee,
Than to suspect this pleasure thou dost owe me
Will wrong thy gentle spirit, or make less dear
That element whence thou must draw thy life,—
An English maiden and an English wife.

CCCCXXV

ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM
1811—1833

SPEED ye, warm hours, along the appointed path,
Speed, though ye bring but pain, slow pain to me;
I will not much bemoan your heavy wrath,
So ye will make my lady glad and free.
What is't that I must here confinèd be,
If she may roam the summer's sweets among,
See the full-cuppèd flower, the laden tree,
Hear from deep groves the thousand-voicèd song?
Sometimes in that still chamber will she sit
Trim-ranged with books, and cool with dusky blinds
That keep the moon out, there, as seemèd fit,
To sing, or play, or read—what sweet hope finds
Way to my heart? perchance some verse of mine—
Oh happy I! speed on, ye hours divine!

CCCCXXVI

THE garden trees are busy with the shower
That fell ere sunset: now methinks they talk,
Lowly and sweetly as befits the hour,
One to another down the grassy walk.
Hark the laburnum from his opening flower
This cherry-creeper greets in whisper light,
While the grim fir, rejoicing in the night,
Hoarse mutters to the murmuring sycamore.
What shall I deem their converse? Would they hail
The wild grey light that fronts yon massive cloud,
Or the half-bow, rising like pillared fire?
Or are they sighing faintly for desire
That with May dawn their leaves may be o'erflowed,
And dews about their feet may never fail?

CCCCXXVII

THE FOUR RELIGIOUS HEATHENS.

1

HERODOTUS.

'CONVERSE IN FEAR, DURING THE TIME OF YOUR SOJOURNING HERE.'

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER
1814—1863

HE was a mild old man, and cherished much
The weight dark Egypt on his spirit laid;
And with a sinuous eloquence would touch
For ever at that haven of the dead.
Single romantic words by him were thrown,
As types, on men and places, with a power
Like that of shifting sunlight after shower
Kindling the cones of hills, and journeying on.
He feared the gods and heroes, and spake low,
That Echo might not hear in her light room:
He was a dweller underground; for gloom
Fitted old heathen goodness more than glow;
And, where love was not, faith might gather mirth
From ore that glistened in pale beds of earth.

CCCCXXVIII

2

NICIAS.

'IN ALL THESE THINGS JOB SINNED NOT BY HIS LIPS, NOR SPOKE HE ANY FOOLISH THINGS AGAINST GOD.'

NURSLING of heathen fear! thy woful being
Was steeped in gentleness by long disease,
Though round thine awestruck mind were ever fleeing
Omens, and signs, and direful presages.
One might believe in frames so gently stern
Some Christian thoughts before their time did burn.
Sadness was unto thee for love; thy spirit
Rose loftily like some hard-featured stone,
Which summer sunbeam never makes its throne,
E'en while it fills the skirts of vapour near it.
One wert thou, Nicias! of the few who urge
Their stricken souls where far-seen Death doth hover
In vision on them, nor may they diverge
From the black line his chilling shadows cover.

CCCCXXIX

3

SOCRATES.

'OF MAKING MANY BOOKS THERE IS NO END; AND MUCH STUDY IS AN AFFLICTION OF THE FLESH.'

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER

1814—1863

THOU, mighty Heathen, wert not so bereft
Of heavenly helps to thy great-hearted deeds,
That thou shouldst dig for truths in broken creeds,
'Mid the loose sands of four old empires left.
Motions and shadows dimly glowing fell
On thy broad soul from forms invisible.
With its plain grandeur, simple, calm, and free,
What wonder was it that thy life should merit
Sparkles of grace, and angel ministry,
With jealous glimpses of the world of spirit?
Greatest and best in this—that thy pure mind,
Upon its saving mission all intent,
Scorned the untruth of leaving books behind,
To claim for thine what through thy lips was sent

CCCCXXX

4

SENECA.

'WHEN PETER CAME, HIS SHADOW AT THE LEAST MIGHT OVERSHADOW ANY OF THEM.'

OFT in the crowd and crossings of old Rome
The Christ-like shadow of the gifted Paul,
As he looked forth betimes from his hired home,
Might at this Gentile's hurrying footsteps fall,
When, from his mornings in the Cæsar's hall,
Spurred by great thoughts, the troubled sage might come.
Some balmy truths most surely did he borrow
From the sweet neighbourhood of Christ, to bring
The harsh, hard waters of his heathen spring
In softening ducts o'er wastes of pagan sorrow.
As slips of green from fertile confines shoot
Into the tracts of sand, so heathen duty
Caught from his guided pen a cold, bright beauty,
Where flowers might all but blossom into fruit.

CCCCXXXI

ON THE RAMPARTS AT ANGOULEME.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER
1814—1863

WHY art thou speechless, O thou setting Sun?
Speak to this earth, speak to this listening scene,
Where Charente flows among the meadows green,
And in his gilded waters, one by one,
The inverted minarets of poplar quake
With expectation, until thou shalt break
The intolerable silence. See! he sinks
Without a word; and his ensanguined bier
Is vacant in the west, while far and near
Behold! each coward shadow eastward shrinks.
Thou dost not strive, O Sun, nor dost thou cry
Amid thy cloud-built streets; but meek and still
Thou dost the type of Jesus best fulfil,
A noiseless revelation in the sky.

CCCCXXXII

TO CHARLES DICKENS.

JOHN FORSTER
1812—1876

GENIUS and its rewards are briefly told:
A liberal nature and a niggard doom,
A difficult journey to a splendid tomb.
New-writ, nor lightly weighed, that story old
In gentle Goldsmith's life I here unfold:
Through other than lone wild or desert-gloom,
In its mere joy and pain, its blight and bloom,
Adventurous. Come with me and behold,
O friend with heart as gentle for distress,
As resolute with fine wise thoughts to bind
The happiest to the unhappiest of our kind,
That there is fiercer crowded misery
In garret-toil and London loneliness
Than in cruel islands 'mid the far-off sea.

CCCCXXXIII

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH
1819—1861

THOUGH to the vilest things beneath the moon
For poor Ease' sake I give away my heart,
And for the moment's sympathy let part
My sight and sense of truth, Thy precious boon,
My painful earnings, lost, all lost, as soon
Almost as gained; and though aside I start,
Belie Thee daily, hourly,—still Thou art,
Art surely as in heaven the sun at noon;
How much soe'er I sin, whate'er I do
Of evil, still the sky above is blue,
The stars look down in beauty as before:
Is it enough to walk as best we may,
To walk, and, sighing, dream of that blest day
When ill we cannot quell shall be no more?

CCCCXXXIV

TO THE AUTHORESS OF "OUR VILLAGE."

CHARLES KINGSLEY
1819—1875

THE single eye, the daughter of the light;
Well pleased to recognize in lowliest shade
Some glimmer of its parent beam, and made
By daily draughts of brightness, inly bright.
The taste severe, yet graceful, trained aright
In classic depth and clearness, and repaid
By thanks and honour from the wise and staid,
By pleasant skill to blame, and yet delight,
And high communion with the eloquent throng
Of those who purified our speech and song—
All these are yours. The same examples lure
You in each woodland, me on breezy moor—
With kindred aim the same sweet path along,
To knit in loving knowledge rich and poor.

CCCCXXXV.

WILLIAM CALDWELL ROSCOE

1823—1859

LIKE a musician that with flying finger
Startles the voice of some new instrument,
And, though he know that in one string are blent
All its extremes of sound, yet still doth linger
Among the lighter threads, fearing to start
The deep soul of that one melodious wire,
Lest it, unanswering, dash his high desire,
And spoil the hopes of his expectant heart;—
Thus, with my mistress oft conversing, I
Stir every lighter theme with careless voice,
Gathering sweet music and celestial joys
From the harmonious soul o'er which I fly;
Yet o'er the one deep master-chord I hover,
And dare not stoop, fearing to tell—I love her.

CCCCXXXVI

TO MY MOTHER.

AS winter, in some mild autumnal days,
Breathes such an air as youngest spring discloses,
So age in thee renews an infant's grace,
And clothes thy cheek in soft November roses.
Time hath made friends with Beauty in thy face,
And, since the wheeling Fates must be obeyed,
White rime upon thy gracious head he lays,
But whispers gently not to be afraid;
And tenderly, like one that leads the blind,
He soothes thy lingering footsteps to the gate,
While that great Angel, who there keeps his state,
Smiles to behold with what slow feet he moves.
Move slower, gentlier yet, O Time! or find
A way to fix her here, bound by our filial loves.

CCCCXXXVII

TO A FRIEND.

WILLIAM CALDWELL ROSCOR

1823—1859

SAD soul, whom God, resuming what He gave,
Medicines with bitter anguish of the tomb,
Cease to oppress the portals of the grave,
And strain thy aching sight across the gloom.
The surged Atlantic's winter-beaten wave
Shall sooner pierce the purpose of the wind
Than thy storm-tossed and heavy-swelling mind
Grasp the full import of his means to save.
Through the dark night lie still; God's faithful grace
Lies hid, like morning, underneath the sea.
Let thy slow hours roll, like these weary stars,
Down to the level ocean patiently;
Till his loved hand shall touch the Eastern bars,
And his full glory shine upon thy face.

CCCCXXXVIII

TO THE REV. JOHN HAMILTON THOM.

NATURE'S least worthy growths have quickest spring,
And soonest answering service readiest meed,
And undiscerning glory's shining wing
Lights earliest on an ill-deserving head.
Winter o'er autumn-scattered wheat doth fling
A white oblivion that keeps warm the seed;
And wisest thought needs deepest burying,
Before its ripe effect begins to breed.
Therefore, O spiritual seedsman, cast
With unregretful hand thy rich grain forth,
Nor think thy word's regenerating birth
Dead, that so long lies locked in human breast.
Time, slow to foster things of lesser worth,
Broods o'er thy work, and God permits no waste.

CCCCXXXIX

DAYBREAK IN FEBRUARY.

WILLIAM CALDWELL ROSCOE

1823—1859

OVER the ground white snow, and in the air
Silence. The stars, like lamps soon to expire,
Gleam tremblingly; serene and heavenly fair,
The eastern hanging crescent climbeth higher.
See, purple on the azure softly steals,
And Morning, faintly touched with quivering fire,
Leans on the frosty summits of the hills,
Like a young girl over her hoary sire.
Oh, such a dawning over me has come,—
The daybreak of thy purity and love;—
The sadness of the never-satiate tomb
Thy countenance hath power to remove;
And from the sepulchre of Hope thy palm
Can roll the stone, and raise her bright and calm.

CCCCXL

THE bubble of the silver-springing waves,
Castalian music, and that flattering sound,
Low rustling of the loved Apollian leaves,
With which my youthful hair was to be crowned,
Grow dimmer in my ears; while Beauty grieves
Over her votary, less frequent found;
And, not untouched by storms, my life-boat heaves
Through the splashed ocean-waters, outward bound.
And as the leaning mariner, his hand
Clasped on his ear, strives trembling to reclaim
Some loved lost echo from the fleeting strand,
So lean I back to the poetic land;
And in my heart a sound, a voice, a name
Hangs, as above the lamp hangs the expiring flame.

CCCCXLI

BY THE SEA-SIDE.

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS
1823—1864

RUN in, glad waves, scooped in transparent shells,
Which catch soft lights of emerald ere they break;
Let the small ripple fret the sand, and make
The faintest chime of music, such as dwells
Far down within the sea-conch's murmuring cells,
While, hovering o'er the spray, the white birds wet
Their wings, and shouting fishers draw the net
To land, and far sails glitter on the swells.
'Tis bliss to rest, the while these soft blue skies
Breathe over earth their benison of peace,
To feel these lowly forms enchant the eyes,
And grow into the mind by slow degrees,
Till, breathless as a woodland pool, it lies
And sleeps above its sleeping images.

CCCCXLII

OMENS.

SYDNEY DOBELL
1824—1874

METHINKS the innumerable eyes of ours,
That must untimely close in endless night,
Take in one sum their natural due of light:
Feathered like summer birds, their unlived hours
Sing to them: at their prison pitying flowers
Push through the bars a Future red and white,
Purple and gold: for them, for them, yon bright
Star, as an eye, extils and fills, and pours
Its tear, and fills and weeps, to fill and weep:
For them that Moon from her wild couch on high
Now stretches arms that wooed Endymion,
Now swooning back against the sky stares down
Like some white mask of ancient tragedy,
With orbless lids that neither wake nor sleep.

CCCCXLIII

HOME, IN WAR-TIME.

SYDNEY DOBELL
1824—1874

SHE turned the fair page with her fairer hand—
More fair and frail than it was wont to be;
O'er each remembered thing he loved to see
She lingered, and as with a fairy's wand
Enchanted it to order. Oft she fanned
New motes into the sun; and as a bee
Sings through a brake of bells, so murmured she,
And so her patient love did understand
The reliquary room. Upon the sill
She fed his favourite bird. 'Ah, Robin, sing!
He loves thee.' Then she touches a sweet string
Of soft recall, and towards the Eastern hill
Smiles all her soul—for him who cannot hear
The raven croaking at his carrion ear.

CCCCXLIV

THE ARMY SURGEON.

OVER that breathing waste of friends and foes,
The wounded and the dying, hour by hour,
In will a thousand, yet but one in power,
He labours through the red and groaning day.
The fearful moorland where the myriads lay
Moved as a moving field of mangled worms.
And as a raw brood, orphaned in the storms,
Thrust up their heads if the wind bend a spray
Above them, but when the bare branch performs
No sweet parental office, sink away
With helpless chirp of woe,—so, as he goes,
Around his feet in clamorous agony
They rise and fall; and all the seething plain
Bubbles a cauldron vast of many-coloured pain.

CCCCXLV

AMERICA.

SYDNEY DOBELL
1824—1874

NOR force nor fraud shall sunder us! Oh ye
Who north or south, on east or western land,
Native to noble sounds, say truth for truth,
Freedom for freedom, love for love, and God
For God; Oh ye who in eternal youth
Speak with a living and creative flood
This universal English, and do stand
Its breathing book; live worthy of that grand
Heroic utterance—parted, yet a whole,
Far, yet unsevered,—children brave and free
Of the great mother-tongue, and ye shall be
Lords of an empire wide as Shakspeare's soul,
Sublime as Milton's immemorial theme,
And rich as Chaucer's speech, and fair as Spenser's dream.

CCCCXLVI

TO A FRIEND IN BEREAVEMENT.

NO comfort, nay, no comfort. Yet would I
In Sorrow's cause with Sorrow intercede.
Burst not the great heart,—this is all I plead;
Ah, sentence it to suffer, not to die.
'Comfort?' If Jesus wept at Bethany—
That doze and nap of Death—how may we bleed
Who watch the long sleep that is sleep indeed!
Pointing to Heaven I but remind you why
On earth you still must mourn. He who, being bold
For life-to-come, is false to the past sweet
Of mortal life, hath killed the world above.
For why to live again if not to meet?
And why to meet if not to meet in love?
And why in love if not in that dear love of old?

CCCCXLVII

CATULLUS.

MORTIMER COLLINS
1827—1876

STUDENT who weariest o'er syntactic rules,
Prosodial guesses, etymons profound,
The crabbed thorns that grow on classic ground,
Cacophonous jargon of the grammar schools,
The pedagogue's inevitable tools
To interpret ancient verse,—yet gaze around
On English woodlands; wander where abound
Calm-gliding rivers, dusky forest-pools
Where the deer drink; and verily believe
That this Catullus, when by Sirmio
His pinnace flashed along the Lydian Lake,
Thoughts from immortal Nature did receive
Fresh as the winds are, perfect as the glow
Of the Orient hills when Morning doth awake.

CCCCXLVIII

AD MATREM.

MARCH 13, 1862.

JULIAN FANE
1827—1870

OFT in the after-days, when thou and I
Have fallen from the scope of human view,
When, both together, under the sweet sky
We sleep beneath the daisies and the dew,
Men will recall thy gracious presence bland,
Conning the pictured sweetness of thy face;
Will pore o'er paintings by thy plastic hand,
And vaunt thy skill, and tell thy deeds of grace.
Oh may they then, who crown thee with true bays,
Saying, 'What love unto her son she bore!'
Make this addition to thy perfect praise,
'Nor ever yet was mother worshipped more!'
So shall I live with thee, and thy dear fame
Shall link my love unto thine honoured name.

CCCCXLIX

AD MATREM.

MARCH 13, 1863.

JULIAN FANE
1827—1870

OH what a royalty of song should greet
The unclouded advent of thy natal day
All things of musical utterance should meet
In concord of a many-sounding lay;—
Let the proud trumpet tongue thy noble praise,
The rolling drum reverberate thy fame,
Let fifes and flutes their fluttering voices raise,
And the glad cymbals tinkle to thy name;
Let the clear horn play tribute to thy truth,
The deep-based viol tenderly intone
Thy womanly pity and large heart of ruth;
But of my love let my voice sing alone:
Theme to my jealous lips most dear, most meet,
If that my voice to voice it were more sweet.

CCCCL

AD MATREM.

MARCH 13, 1864.

MUSIC, and frankincense of flowers, belong
To this sweet festival of all the year.
Take, then, the latest blossom of my song,
And to Love's canticle incline thine ear.
What is it that Love chaunts? thy perfect praise.
What is it that Love prays? worthy to prove.
What is it Love desires? thy length of days.
What is it that Love asks? return of love.
Ah, what requital can Love ask more dear
Than by Love's priceless self to be repaid?
Thy liberal love, increasing year by year,
Hath granted more than all my heart hath prayed,
And, prodigal as Nature, makes me pine
To think how poor my love compared with thine!

CCCCLI

AD MATREM.

MARCH 13, 1870.

I

JULIAN FANE
1827—1870

WHEN the vast heaven is dark with ominous clouds,
That lower their gloomful faces to the earth;
When all things sweet and fair are cloaked in shrouds,
And dire calamity and care have birth;
When furious tempests strip the woodland green,
And from bare boughs the hapless songsters sing;
When Winter stalks, a spectre, on the scene,
And breathes a blight on every living thing;
Then, when the spirit of man, by sickness tried,
Half fears, half hopes, that Death be at his side,
Outleaps the sun, and gives him life again.
O Mother, I clasped Death; but, seeing thy face,
Leapt from his dark arms to thy dear embrace.

CCCCLII

SO, like a wanderer from the world of shades,
Back to the firm earth and familiar skies,
Back to that light of love that never fades—
The unbroken sunshine of thy blissful eyes,
I come—to greet thee on this happy day
That lets a fresh pearl on thy life appear;
That decks thy jewelled age with fresh array
Of good deeds done within the circled year;
So art thou robed in majesty of grace,
In regal purple of pure womanhood;
Throned in thy high pre-eminence of place;
Sceptred and crowned, a very Queen of Good.
Receive my blessing, perfect as thou art,
Queen of all good, and sovereign of my heart.

CCCCLIII

ALEXANDER SMITH
1830—1867

BEAUTY still walketh on the earth and air:
Our present sunsets are as rich in gold
As ere the Iliad's music was out-rolled,
The roses of the Spring are ever fair,
'Mong branches green still ring-doves coo and pair,
And the deep sea still foams its music old;
So, if we are at all divinely souled,
This beauty will unloose our bonds of care.
'Tis pleasant, when blue skies are o'er us bending
Within old starry-gated Poesy,
To meet a soul set to no worldly tune,
Like thine, sweet Friend! Oh, dearer this to me
Than are the dewy trees, the sun, the moon,
Or noble music with a golden ending.

CCCCLIV

LAST night my cheek was wetted with warm tears,
Each worth a world. They fell from eyes divine.
Last night a loving lip was pressed to mine,
And at its touch fled all the barren years;
And softly couched upon a bosom white,
Which came and went beneath me like a sea,
An emperor I lay in empire bright,
Lord of the beating heart, while tenderly
Love-words were glutting my love-greedy ears.
Kind Love, I thank thee for that happy night!
Richer this cheek with those warm tears of thine
Than the vast midnight with its gleaming spheres.
Leander toiling through the moonlight brine,
Kingdomless Anthony, were scarce my peers.

CCCCLV

ALEXANDER SMITH
1830—1867

SHEATHED is the river as it glideth by,
Frost-pearled are all the boughs in forests old.
The sheep are huddling close upon the wold,
And over them the stars tremble on high.
Pure joys these winter nights around me lie;—
'Tis fine to loiter through the lighted street.
At Christmas time, and guess from brow and pace
The doom and history of each one we meet,
What kind of heart beats in each dusky case;
Whiles startled by the beauty of a face
In a shop-light a moment. Or instead,
To dream of silent fields where calm and deep
The sunshine lieth like a golden sleep—
Recalling sweetest looks of Summers dead.

CCCCLVI

MISS NIGHTINGALE.

HOW must the soldier's tearful heart expand,
Who from a long and obscure dream of pain,—
His foeman's frown imprinted in his brain,—
Wakes to thy healing face and dewy hand!
When this great noise hath rolled from off the land,
When all those fallen Englishmen of ours
Have bloomed and faded in Crimean flowers,
Thy perfect charity unsoiled shall stand.
Some pitying student of a nobler age,
Lingering o'er this year's half-forgotten page,
Shall see its beauty smiling ever there;
Surprised to tears his beating heart he stills,
Like one who finds among Athenian hills
A Temple like a lily white and fair.

CCCCLVII

DAVID GRAY
1838—1861

SWEET Mavis! at this cool delicious hour
Of gloaming, when a pensive quietness
Hushes the odorous air,—with what a power
Of impulse unsubdued dost thou express
Thyself a spirit! While the silver dew
Holy as manna on the meadow falls,
Thy song's impassioned clarity, trembling through
This omnipresent stillness, disenthrals
The soul to adoration. First I heard
A low thick lubric gurgle, soft as love,
Yet sad as memory, through the silence poured
Like starlight. But the mood intenser grows,
Precipitate rapture quickens, move on move
Lucidly linked together, till the close.

CCCCLVIII

O DEEP unlovely brooklet, moaning slow
Through moorish fen in utter loneliness!
The partridge cowers beside thy loamy flow
In pulseful tremor, when with sudden press
The huntsman fluskers through the rustled heather.
In March thy sallow-buds from vermeil shells
Break, satin-tinted, downy as the feather
Of moss-chat, that among the purplish bells
Breasts into fresh new life her three unborn.
The plover hovers o'er thee, uttering clear
And mournful, strange, his human cry forlorn;
While wearily, alone, and void of cheer,
Thou guid'st thy nameless waters from the fen,
To sleep unsunned in an untrampled glen.

CCCCLIX

IN THE SHADOWS.

DAVID GRAY
1838—1861

IF it must be; if it must be, O God!
That I die young, and make no further moans;
That underneath the unrespective sod,
In unescutcheoned privacy, my bones
Shall crumble soon,—then give me strength to bear
The last convulsive throe of too sweet breath!
I tremble from the edge of life, to dare
The dark and fatal leap, having no faith,
No glorious yearning for the Apocalypse.
But like a child that in the night-time cries
For light, I cry; forgetting the eclipse
Of knowledge and our human destinies.
O peevish and uncertain soul! obey
The law of life in patience till the Day.

CCCCLX

NOW, while the long-delaying ash assumes
The delicate April green, and, loud and clear,
Through the cool, yellow, mellow twilight glooms,
The thrush's song enchants the captive ear;
Now, while a shower is pleasant in the falling,
Stirring the still perfume that wakes around;
Now that doves mourn, and from the distance calling,
The cuckoo answers with a sovereign sound,—
Come, with thy native heart, O true and tried!
But leave all books; for what with converse high,
Flavoured with Attic wit, the time shall glide
On smoothly, as a river floweth by,
Or as on stately pinion, through the gray
Evening, the culver cuts his liquid way.

CCCCLXI

IN THE SHADOWS.

DAVID GRAY
1838—1861

OCTOBER'S gold is dim—the forests rot,
The weary rain falls ceaseless, while the day
Is wrapped in damp. In mire of village way
The hedge-row leaves are stamped; and, all forgot
The broodless nest sits visible in the thorn.
Autumn, among her drooping marigolds,
Weeps all her garnered sheaves, and empty folds,
And dripping orchards—plundered and forlorn.
The season is a dead one, and I die!
No more, no more for me the Spring shall make
A resurrection in the earth, and take
The death from out her heart—O God, I die!
The cold throat-mist creeps nearer, till I breathe
Corruption. Drop, stark night, upon my death!

CCCCLXII

DIE down, O dismal day! and let me live;
And come, blue deeps! magnificently strown
With coloured clouds—large, light, and fugitive—
By upper winds through pompous motions blown.
Now it is death in life—a vapour dense
Creeps round my window till I cannot see
The far snow-shining mountains, and the glens
Shagging the mountain-tops. O God! make free
This barren, shackled earth, so deadly cold—
Breathe gently forth Thy Spring, till Winter flies
In rude amazement, fearful and yet bold,
While she performs her 'customed charities.
I weigh the loaded hours till life is bare—
O God! for one clear day, a snowdrop, and sweet air!

CCCCLXIII

OLIVER MADOX BROWN
1855—1874

NO more these passion-worn faces shall men's eyes
Behold in life. Death leaves no trace behind
Of their wild hate and wilder love, grown blind
In desperate longing, more than the foam which lies
Splashed up awhile where the showered spray descries
The waves whereto their cold limbs were resigned;
Yet ever doth the sea-wind's undefined
Vague wailing shudder with their dying sighs.
For all men's souls 'twixt sorrow and love are cast,
As on the earth each lingers his brief space,
While surely nightfall comes, where each man's face
In death's obliteration sinks at last
As a deserted wind-tossed sea's foam-trace—
Life's chilled boughs emptied by death's autumn-blast.

NOTES

NOTES

Sir Thomas Wyat and the Earl of Surrey.

'In the latter end of the same kings raigne' (Henry VIII's), writes Puttenham, 'sprong up a new company of courtly makers, of whom Sir *Thomas Wyat* th' elder & *Henry* Earle of Surrey were the two chieftaines, who having travailed into Italie, and there tasted the sweete and stately measures and stile of the Italian Poesie as novices newly crept out of the schooles of *Dante*, *Arioste*, and *Petrarch*, they greatly pollished our rude & homely maner of vulgar Poesie, from that it had bene before, and for that cause may justly be sayd the first reformers of our English meetre and stile.'[1] The poems of Wyat and Surrey, fellow-singers whose 'sweet breath,' more immediately than Dan Chaucer's,

> 'Preluded those melodious bursts, that fill
> The spacious times of great Elizabeth,'

though extensively circulated in manuscript, and possibly on loose printed sheets also, during the lives of their authors, were not published in the ordinary sense of the word until 1557, when they appeared, with others, in *Tottel's Miscellany*.[2] The two poets have often been elaborately compared, but by none better than Mr. Stopford Brooke, thus succinctly: 'The subjects of Wyatt and Surrey were chiefly lyrical, and the fact that they imitated the same model has made some likeness between them. Like their personal characters, however, the poetry of Wyatt is the more thoughtful and the more strongly felt, but Surrey's has a sweeter movement and a livelier fancy. Both did this great thing for English verse—they chose an exquisite model, and in imitating it "corrected the ruggedness of English poetry."'[3] One consequence of this difference in character and temperament was that Wyat easily excelled

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[1] *The Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, Lib. i, chap. xxxi, p. 48.

[2] *Songes and Sonettes, written by the ryght honorable Lorde Henry Hæward late Earle of Surrey, and other.* 1557.

[3] *English Literature Primer*, 1876, p. 58.

Sir Thomas Wyat and the Earl of Surrey.

Surrey in song-writing, of which he possessed the true gift; and it has been justly remarked by Mr. Palgrave, whose *Golden Treasury* contains two of Wyat's songs, while Surrey is unrepresented, that it was long before English poetry returned to his 'charming simplicity.' In reading the poetry of this time it is necessary to remember that the language being in an imperfectly developed condition, pronunciation was somewhat unsettled and arbitrary. But if the more ordinary variances from modern practice be kept in view—the tendency of the accent to fall towards the end rather than the beginning of words, especially those of recent acquisition; and the frequent necessity of giving such words as *passion*, *impatient*, &c., the value of three and four syllables respectively—Wyat and Surrey's metre will be found comparatively regular.

PAGE

1—I. From *Tottel's Miscellany*, ed. Arber, 1870. *perfect:* 'parfit' (1557); *persever* = persevere, continue—then so accentuated, as in Spenser's *Amoretti* 9, l. 9 (*infra*, p. 243); *'scaped:* 'scape' (1557); *lever*, or *lieffer* = dearer; *property* = qualities or powers; *longer:* 'lenger' (1557).

2—II. From the Devonshire MS. *apud* Dr. G. F. Nott's edition of Wyat, 1816. *lynn* = cease, desist—in use as late as Milton; *been:* qu. 'bin'? Ll. 13-14. How like Burns's sarcasm (*She's fair and fause*):

> 'Nae ferlie 'tis, though fickle she prove—
> A woman has't by kind'!

Wyat repeats the sentiment in one of his songs (p. 139, Aldine ed. 1831):

> 'And though she change it is no shame,
> Their kind it is, and hath been long.'

III. *soote* = sweet. So Barnabe Barnes (*Parthenophil and Parthenophe*, 1593, ed. Grosart, 1875, Son. 40, l. 12), 'songes soote':

> 'Thou with thy notes harmonius, and songes soote
> Allur'd my sunne, to fier mine harts soft roote.'

make = mate; *flete*, or *flote* = float, swim; *slings* = casts off; *smale* = small—pronounced as spelt; *mings* = mingles, mixes. This sonnet may be compared with Petrarca's 269th, 'Zefiro torna,' of which it is partly imitative; and something very like a recollection of it is perceptible in the opening lines of Pope's *Temple of Fame*.

3—IV. Mr. Tomlinson (*The Sonnet: its Origin, Structure, and Place in Poetry*, 1874, p. 81) draws attention to the circumstance that this sonnet is not original to Surrey, but really a pretty close

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rendering of Petrarca's 113th, 'Pommi ove 'l Sol occide i fiori e l' erba' (cf. Horace, *Lib.* i, *Ode* 22). It may be said that it is the exception when Surrey's sonnets are *not* translations or adaptations from Petrarca; while almost as small a proportion of Wyat's is original. Among the poems of 'Uncertaine Auctours' printed in *Tottel's Miscellany* there occurs an interesting early tribute in sonnet-form to the great master, which may not be out of place here (edn. 1585, fol. 74):—

A PRAISE OF PETRARCHE AND LAURA HIS LADYE.

O Petrarche, head and prince of Poets all,
Whose lively gift of flowing eloquence
Well may we seeke but finde not how or whence,
So rare a gift with thee did rise and fall,
Peace to thy bones and glory immortall
Be to thy name, and to her excellence
Whose beautie lightned in thy time and sence,
So to be set forth as none other shall.
Why hath not our penes rimes so perfet wroughte,
Ne why our time forth bringeth beautie such:
To try our wits as golde is by the touch,
If to the stile the matter aided ought:
But there was neber Laura more then one,
And her had Petrarch for his Paragone.

Petrarca's sonnet has been frequently translated later; *e.g.*, anonymously in *The Phœnix Nest*, 1593 (Park's *Heliconia*, 1815, vol. ii., p. 116):

'Set me where Phœbus heate the flowers slaieth;'

by Drummond of Hawthornden (*Poems*, 1616, sig. G):

'Place me where angry Titan burnes the More;'

Philip Ayres (*Lyric Poems*, &c., 1687, p. 78):

'Place mee where Sol dryes up the Flow'ry Fields;'

Charlotte Smith (*Elegiac Sonnets*, &c., 1795, p. 13); Charles Johnston (*Sonnets*, &c., 1823, p. 85); and lastly Mr. Tomlinson himself, though without acknowledgment to an anonymous version (*Sonnets and Odes Translated from the Italian of Petrarch*. Lond. 1777, p. 21) from which he varies in no appreciable degree. Puttenham, inadvertently no doubt, ascribes Surrey's sonnet to Sir Thomas Wyat (*Arte of Eng. Poesie*, p. 186).

3—v. *Sir T. W. the Elder* = Sir Thomas Wyat, who paraphrased the Seven Penitential Psalms; *ark* = coffer, or casket; *gests* = heroic deeds; *perfect*: 'perfite' (1557); *imprinted*: 'y-printed'

Sir Thomas Wyat and the Earl of Surrey.

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(Harington MS.). Had we the precise dates at which Surrey's various poems were written, it could with more certitude be determined whether such words as those in the closing verses of this sonnet bore allusion to the king. As it is, there can be little doubt that they did; and that being so, it hardly required the thunderbolt that followed in another (VII) to seal the doom of that virtuous nobleman. The pretext on which Surrey was condemned and executed was his assumption of a portion of the royal arms.

4—VI. *hight* = wert named; *thy cousin* = Anne Boleyn; *chase* = didst choose; *render* = surrender; *timely* = early. Clere, Surrey's faithful friend and follower, while succouring his master in extremity during an attempt of the English to storm Montreuil, received a wound which eventually caused his death. It does not appear that the lady, a daughter of Sir John Shelton of Shelton in Norfolk, whom 'for love' he 'chase', ever became his bride. 'This sonnet,' says Leigh Hunt (*Book of the Sonnet*, 1867, i. 140), 'is complete of its kind. There is not a sentence which does not contain information; not a word too much; no want of increased interest; all is strong, simple, and affecting.'

VII. See reference under V.

2-4—III–VII. Of these examples from Surrey one only does not occur in *Tottel's Miscellany*: viz. VI, which is here given, slightly amended, from Camden's *Remains Concerning Britain*, ed. 1674, p. 514.

Edmund Spenser.

Spenser's own love-story forms the subject of the *Amoretti* (1595). Amid so much fruitless sonnet-wooing as was then in vogue, one welcomes the advent of a poet who to many higher merits adds the very rare one of having prosecuted a successful suit; though it is not in the *Amoretti*, but in the glorious nuptial ode published with them, the *Epithalamion*, that Spenser celebrates his triumph most divinely. Notwithstanding the exceptional feature referred to, however, and the oft-recurring signature of his genius throughout, unprejudiced readers must acknowledge that these sonnets are disappointing: They fall short of what we should have expected of the author of *The Faerie Queene*. Regarding their peculiar form, Leigh Hunt has pointed out that Spenser, with all his Italianate proclivities, was the first who deliberately abandoned the archetypal pattern of the sonnet. It is interesting to note his several experiments. The earliest was in blank verse, of which the following is a favourable example. It forms one of a series of translations from Du Bellay, contributed by Spenser to Vander Noodt's *Theatre for*

Worldlings, a little work which appeared in 1569, while the poet was yet in his seventeenth year, and just entered of Pembroke-Hall,' Cambridge :—

I saw a fresh spring rise out of a rocke,
Clere as Christall against the Sunny beames
The bottome yellow like the shining land
That golden Pactol drives upon the plaine.
It seemed that arte and nature strived to joyne
There in one place all pleasures of the eye.
There was to heare a noise alluring slepe
Of many accordes more swete than Mermaids song,
The seates and benches shone as Ivorie,
An hundred Nymphes sate side by side about,
When from nie hilles a naked rout of Faunes
With hideous cry assembled on the place,
Which with their feete uncleane the water fouled,
Threw down the seats, and drove the Nimphs to flight.

His next was in the common illegitimate form of three elegiac quatrains and a rimed couplet, and will be illustrated best in the same poem, as it appeared, with others similarly transformed, in the 1591 volume of *Complaints*, &c., under the title of 'The Visions of Bellay.'

I saw a spring out of a rocke forth rayle,
As cleare as Christall gainst the Sunnie beames,
The bottome yeallow, like the golden grayle
That bright Pactolus washeth with his streames;
It seem'd that Art and Nature had assembled
All pleasure there, for which mans hart could long;
And there a noyse alluring sleepe soft trembled,
Of manie accords more sweete than Mermaids song:
The seates and benches shone as yvorie,
And hundred Nymphes sate side by side about;
When from nigh hills with hideous outcrie,
A troupe of Satyres in the place did rout,
Which with their villeine feete the streame did ray,
Threw down the seats, and drove the Nymphs away.

In his third and final experiment the three quatrains are interlaced by means of a rime common to each—a method which seems to have satisfied his maturer judgment, since it is that on which the *Amoretti* are constructed; as here :—

(26)

Sweet is the Rose, but growes upon a brere;
Sweet is the Junipere, but sharpe his bough;
Sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh nere;
Sweet is the firbloome, but his braunches rough:
Sweet is the Cypresse, but his rynd is tough,
Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the broome-flowre, but yet sowre enough;
And sweet is Moly, but his root is ill.

So every sweet with soure is tempred still,
That maketh it be coveted the more:
For easie things that may be got at will
Most sorts of men doe set but little store.
Why then should I accoumpt of little paine,
That endlesse pleasure shall unto me gaine?[1]

Of this last form Leigh Hunt justly remarks that 'It is surely not so happy as that of the Italian sonnet. The rhyme seems at once less responsive and always interfering; and the music has no longer its major and minor divisions.' (*Book of the Sonnet*, i, 74.)

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5—VIII, 8. Cf. Tho. Heywood (*A Woman Kilde with Kindnesse*, ed. Lond. 1874, p. 112) whose Wendoll cries:

'O speake no more,
For more then this I know, & have recorded
Within the red-leav'd Table of my heart.'

IX. *portly . . . portliness:* 'There lies in "portly" a certain sense of dignity of demeanour still, but always connoted with this a cumbrousness and weight, such as Spenser . . . would never have ascribed to his bride.'—Trench's *Select Glossary*, s. v. *sdeign* = disdain, scorn. 13–14 Cf. A. H. Clough's poem *The Higher Courage:*

'He who would climb and soar aloft
Must needs keep ever at his side
The tonic of a wholesome pride.'

'In a MS. note under this sonnet in his copy of Spenser, Leigh Hunt says: 'The sonnet, saving the repeated *i*'s in the rhymes, is good; but I must beg leave not to like the woman.' See also *Book of the Sonnet*, i, 151.

6—X. Lord Brooke begins one of his pieces (*Cælica*, 'Sonnet' 3, Works, 1633, p. 162):

'More than most faire, full of that heavenly fire,
Kindled above to shew the Makers glory;'

a coincidence which, together with the circumstance noted by Dr. Hannah (*Courtly Poets*, 1870, p. 244) that this sonnet of Spenser's is ascribed to Sir Edward Dyer in the Rawlinson MS. in the Bodleian Library, points to the literary fellowship of these writers. Spenser thus pursues his theme in the next, or 9th, of the *Amoretti*, which, with the 15th ('Ye tradefull Merchants,' &c.) and 64th ('Comming to kisse her lyps,' &c.), may recall Shakspeare and others (LV, LXXXIX, and under):—

[1] *pill* = peel.

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Long-while I sought to what I might compare
Those powrefull eies, which lighten my dark spright,
Yet find I nought on earth to which I dare
Resemble th' ymage of their goodly light.
Not to the Sun: for they doo shine by night;
Nor to the Moone: for they are changed never;
Nor to the Starres: for they have purer sight;
Nor to the fire: for they consume not ever;
Nor to the lightning: for they still persever;
Nor to the Diamond: for they are more tender;
Nor unto Christall: for nought may them sever;
Nor unto glasse: such basenesse mought offend her;
Then to the Maker selfe they likest be,
Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.

XI. Can Spenser have been thinking of Barnabe Barnes in this sonnet? I fancy I detect in it a double allusion to the *Parthenophil and Parthenophe* published two years before: with ll. 4-7 cf. the Madrigal under LV and with l. 9 the Sonnet 'If Cupid keepe,' &c., under CVIII.

7—XIII. *Helice* = "Ελικη, or the Circumvolver,—the Greek name for the constellation Ursa Major. Hence perhaps Shakspeare's "load-stars" of eyes, and Milton's idea of his "Cynosure."'—*MS. note by Leigh Hunt in his copy of Spenser.*

8—XIV. *Fondness* = foolishness.

XV, 6-12. The imagery may have been present to Wordsworth (*Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, Pt. 1, 7).

9—XVII, 5-6. The unconscious action of love has been expressed in a fine metaphor by one of our truest living poets (*Poems by Henry S. Sutton*, 1848, p. 40):

'Oh, 'tis young Love;—for he a nest can raise
In hearts that never guess his busy wings.'

10—XIX. 'Those who have never felt the need of the divine, entering by the channel of will and choice and prayer, for the upholding, purifying, and glorifying of that which itself first created human, will consider this poem untrue, having its origin in religious affectation. Others will think otherwise.'—Dr. George MacDonald (*England's Antiphon*, p. 65).

11—XX. 'I insert this sonnet on account of the picture at the beginning, which is agreeably in the taste of the age. The sonnet looks like a "Valentine."'—Leigh Hunt (*Book of the Sonnet*, i, 152). With ll. 1-4 cf. *Amoretti*, 4, 9-12:

'For lusty spring now in his timely howre,
Is ready to come forth him to receive:
And warnes the Earth with divers colord flowre
To decke hir selfe, and her faire mantle weave;'

Edmund Spenser.

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stanza 28 of the 2nd of the *Two Cantos of Mutabilitie;* and Drummond, CXXIII, 1–2, on which see note. 11 *make* = mate. See note under CXLI.

12—XXII. The reader will compare this with similar vaticinations by Shakspeare and others (LXVII, &c.).

XXIII. *ensue* = follow (intrans.)—more frequently transitive in Spenser = pursue, as in his dedicatory sonnet under CXLV.

13—XXIV. *culver* = dove. In the first and all the early editions this sonnet, the last of the *Amoretti*, is numbered 'LXXXIX' instead of LXXXVIII, the 35th ('My hungry eyes through greedy covetize') having been repeated by mistake as the 83rd. It may be noted that Todd (1805), who claims and has heretofore been allowed the credit of having first rectified this blunder, was anticipated by Hughes in 1715.

5–13—VIII–XXIV. From *Amoretti and Epithalamion. Writtten not long since by Edmunde Spenser.* 1595. Prefixed to these 'sweete conceited Sonets,' as Ponsonby the publisher calls them in the *Epistle Dedicatory* to Sir Robert Needham, who had come over from Ireland in the same ship that brought the MS. from Spenser, are two commendatory sonnets by '*G. W.* senior' and '*G. W.* I.' (conjecturally George Whetstone senior and junior) which Prof. Child therefore errs in stating to have been 'first printed' in the 1611 folio.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

13—XXV. Appended to Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, 1590 (Books I–III), and entitled in full *A Vision upon this conceipt of the Faery Queene.* 'This noble sonnet,' says Dr. Hannah (*The Courtly Poets, from Raleigh to Montrose*, 1870, p. 215), 'is alone sufficient to place Raleigh in the rank of those few original writers who can introduce and perpetuate a new type in a literature; a type distinct from the "Visions" which Spenser translated. The highest tribute which it has received is the imitation of Milton:—

"Methought I saw my late espousèd saint."[1]

But Mr. Todd quotes a sonnet, printed as early as 1594, beginning:—

"Methought I saw upon Matilda's tomb."[2]

Waldron gives another, signed "E. S.," which was printed in 1612:—

[1] See CLIII, p. 77.

[2] *The Vision of Matilda*, prefixed to Drayton's *Matilda*, 1594, and signed 'H. G. Esquire.'

"Methought I saw in dead of silent night."[1]

And the echo is still repeated by poets nearer our own times :—

"Methought I saw the footsteps of a throne."
Wordsworth: *Miscellaneous Sonnets.*

"Methought I saw a face divinely fair,
With nought of earthly passion."
Lyra Apost. No. xcii.

"Methought there was around me a strange light."
Williams: *Thoughts in Past Years.* No. lv. &c.'

Raleigh is here employing a style—truly the very hyperbole of praise—which the reader will avoid the error of accepting in too prosaic a spirit. It were in Horatio's language 'to consider too curiously' to interpret the poem as a piece of deliberate critical appraisement, and thus have to qualify our admiration of it with Dr. Trench's protest that 'the great poets of the past lose no whit of their glory because later poets are found worthy to share it;' that 'Petrarch in his lesser, and Homer in his greater sphere, are just as illustrious since Spenser appeared as before.' (*A Household Book of English Poetry*, ed. 1870, p. 392). Surrey, earlier, had only exercised a poet's privilege, presumably without slighting the 'Morning Star,' when he sang of his deceased friend Wyat that his hand had

'reft Chaucer the glory of his wit;'

and Drummond of Hawthornden furnishes a later example of the same figure in CXXXII. Raleigh has another noble sonnet which must find a place here. It is prefixed to Sir Arthur Gorges' translation of *Lucan's Pharsalia: containing the Civill Warres betweene Cæsar and Pompey*, 1614.

TO THE TRANSLATOR.[2]

Had Lucan hid the truth to please the time,
He had beene too unworthy of thy Penne,
Who never sought, nor ever car'd to clime
By flattery, or seeking worthlesse men.
For this thou hast been bruis'd; but yet those scarres
Do beautifie no lesse then those wounds do
Receiv'd in just and in religious warres;
Though thou hast bled by both, and bearst them too,
Change not: to change thy fortune tis too late:
Who with a manly faith resolves to dye,
May promise to himselfe a lasting state,
Though not so great, yet free from infamy.
Such was thy Lucan, whom so to translate
Nature thy Muse (like Lucans) did create.

W. R.

[1] *A Vision upon this his Minerva*, prefixed to Henry Peacham's *Minerva Britanna* [1612]. The sonnet has a distinctly Spenserian ring.

[2] 'Sir Arthur Gorges was Raleigh's kinsman; had been captain of Raleigh's own ship in the Island voyage, when he was wounded by his side in the landing of Fayal;

Sir Walter Raleigh.

From a large number of examples read in the wide and, as was fancied, promising field of Elizabethan and Jacobean encomiastic verse, where Raleigh shines with a natural and characteristic brilliance, the four following may be subjoined here as at least approximately satisfying the necessary conditions of interest and poetic merit for a popular collection. Curiously enough, three of them lie clustered in one booklet: namely, prefixed to John Bodenham's *Belvedêre: or, The Garden of the Muses*, 1600. The first of the triad has been attributed with much probability to Anthony Munday (1553?–1633), 'poet-laureate to the city of London,' and the third, with its companion *To the Universitie of Cambridge* (withheld), to Bodenham himself; while the graceful panegyrist of the second, who is doubtless identical with the 'A. B.' of the prefatory sonnet to *England's Helicon*, 1600, from which Bodenham is ascertained to have been the editor of that more famous miscellany also, remains unknown.

TO HIS LOVING AND APPROOVED GOOD FRIEND,
M. JOHN BODENHAM.

To thee that art Arts lover, Learnings friend,
First causer and collectour of these floures:
Thy paines just merit I in right commend,
Costing whole years, months, weeks, and daily hours
Like to the Bee, thou every where didst rome,
Spending thy spirits in laborious care:
And nightly brought'st thy gather'd hony home,
As a true worke-man in so great affaire.
First, of thine owne deserving, take the fame;
Next, of thy friends, his due he gives to thee:
That love of learning may renowme thy name,
And leave it richly to posterity,
Where others (who might better) yet forslow it,
May see their shame, and times hereafter know it.[1]
A. M.

OF THIS GARDEN OF THE MUSES.

Thou which delight'st to view this goodly plot,
Here take such flowres as best shal serve thy use,

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and has left a history of that expedition which is of material importance in Raleigh's biography. He is the "Alcyon" of "Colin Clout's come home again:" Collier's "Spenser," vol. v., p. 45; cf. "Daphnaida," ib., 229.'—Note, p. 222 *Courtly Poets*, as before. For some of his original verses see Sir E. Brydges' *Restituta*, vol. iv., 1816. Excepting Mr. Fry (*Biblio. Memoranda*, Bristol, 1816, p. 273), the bibliographers seem to ignore a little work by the chevalier—*The Wisedome of the Ancients, written in Latine by the Right Honourable Sir Francis Bacon Knight, Baron of Verulam, and Lord Chancellor of England. Done into English by Sir* Arthur Gorges *Knight.* Lond. sm. 8vo, 1619: a copy of which, the reader may remember, was one of Hugh Miller's early possessions (*My Schools and Schoolmasters*, 1854, chap. xi.).

[1] *paines* = pains-taking; *forslow* = to delay, waste in sloth:

'Forslow no time, sweet Lancaster; let's march.'
Marlowe's *Edward II.*, p. 199, ed. Dyce, 1862.

Where thou maist find in every curious knot,
Of speciall vertue, and most precious juyce,
Set by Apollo in their severall places,
And nourishèd with his celestiall Beames,
And watered by the Muses and the Graces,
With the fresh dew of those Castalian streames.
What sente or colour canst thou but devise
That is not here, that may delight the sense?
Or what can Art or Industry comprize,
That in aboundance is not gather'd hence?
No Garden yet was ever halfe so sweet,
As where Apollo and the Muses meet.
A. B.

TO THE UNIVERSITIE OF OXENFORD.

Thou eye of Honour, Nurserie of Fame,
Still-teeming Mother of immortall seed:
Receive these blessèd Orphanes of thy breed,
As from thy happie issue first they came.
Those flowing wits that bathèd in thy foord,
And suck't the honie dew from thy pure pap:
Returne their tribute backe into thy lap,
In rich-wrought lines, that yeelde no idle woord.
O let thy Sonnes from time to time supplie
This *Garden of the Muses*, where dooth want
Such Flowers as are not, or come short, or scant
Of that perfection may be had thereby:
So shall thy name live still, their fame ne're dye,
Though under ground whole worlds of time they lie.
Stat sine morte decus.

The fourth example referred to, doubtless the work of Sir John Beaumont (being subscribed 'I. B.,' and prefixed to the *Salmacis and Hermaphroditus*, 1602, an anonymous work now confidently ascribed to his famous younger brother, Francis), must be regarded as the high-water-mark of a style which was then deemed the most elegant vehicle of adulation. The reader will most readily find it among the poems *in laudem auctoris*, Dyce's edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, xi, 1846, 443; or in Dr. Grosart's Fuller Worthies' Library, *The Poems of Sir John Beaumont, Bart.*, 1869, p. 205, from which latter it is here given:—

TO THE AUTHOUR.

Eyther the goddesse drawes her troupe of loves
From Paphos, where she erst was held divine,
And doth unyoke her tender-neckèd doves,
Placing her seat in this small papry shrine;
Or the sweet Graces through the Idalian grove
Led the blest Author in their dauncèd rings;
Or wanton Nymphs in watry bowres have wove,
With fine Mylesian threds, the verse he sings;
Or curious Pallas once againe doth strive
With proud Arachne for illustrious glory,

Sir Walter Raleigh.

And once againe doth loves of gods revive,
Spinning in silken twists a lasting story:
If none of these, then Venus chose his sight
To leade the steps of her blind sonne aright.
Sir John Beaumont.

John Florio.

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14—XXVI. This sonnet, with nothing to indicate its authorship, was first printed prefixed to *Essayes written in French by Michael Lord of Montaigne, &c., Done into English by John Florio.* Second Edition. Lond. fol. 1613: whence it is here given. It reappears in the third edition of the same work, 1632, but, so far as I am aware, has not since been reprinted, except by Henry Brown in his *Sonnets of Shakespeare Solved*, 1870, who was content to give it corruptly as he found it, and, on what authority I know not, describes it as 'attributed to Shakespeare.' Its present ascription to the 'Resolute' himself is, it must be confessed, purely conjectural; and since in both editions of the Montaigne the sonnet immediately follows (separated, however, by a line extending right across the page) a longish commendatory poem of a kindred character addressed by Samuel Daniel *To my deare brother*[1] *and friend M. John Florio*, it is just possible that the real author was Daniel, of whom it is abundantly worthy, and indeed most characteristic in sentiment and diction, if not in structure.[2] A claim must also in justice be recognized for each of those other tuneful friends of Florio's who were wont to bring him their votive wreaths, in sonnet-form for the most part, as often as he challenged public attention; especially the anonymous writer of that well-turned sonnet prefixed to *Queen Anna's New World of Words*, fol. 1611, and subscribed with the three stars [***], beginning

'Kinde friend, the strictnesse of these few-few lines,'—

a writer, by the way, whom probably we ought to identify with the friendly 'gentleman' referred to by Florio in that famous address of his *To the Reader* in the first edition of the work just named (*A Worlde of Wordes*, 4to, 1598), where he is understood by some commentators[3] to be wincing under Shakspeare's supposed caricature of

[1] That is, brother *in office*, as one of the Gentlemen of the Royal Privy Chamber. The oft-asserted relationship of Florio and Daniel as brothers-in-law was disproved by the late Bolton Corney in *Notes and Queries*, 3rd S. viii, July 1, 1865.

[2] Only three *per cent.* of the sonnets composing *Delia* are built on the principle of the one in question.

[3] See *Variorum Shakspeare*, ed. Malone, 1821, iv, 479-483.

him in the Holofernes of *Love's Labour's Lost*, acted in the previous year. 'There is,' complains Florio, 'another sort of leering curs, that rather snarle then bite, whereof I coulde instance in one, who lighting upon a good sonnet of a gentlemans, a friend of mine,[1] that loved better to be a Poet then to be counted so, called the auctor a rymer, notwithstanding he had more skill in good Poetrie, then my slie gentleman seemed to have in good manners or humanitie.' But for none of these, any more than for Florio or Daniel, does there exist the slightest particle of direct evidence. Such being the case, it seems only justice to assign the poem to the author of the book containing it. Nor will this hypothesis appear unreasonable to those who can recall Florio's mastery in our English speech, his affectedly archaic but idiomatic style, and his persistent poetical ambition. It has also the advantage of explaining, satisfactorily as I think, the complete anonymity of the poem,—the entire absence of initials or mark of any kind, which it would almost certainly have borne, had anyone other than Florio been responsible for it. Looking at the position of the sonnet in relation to Daniel's eloquent and friendly lines, which, as was stated above, had appeared in the first edition unaccompanied by the sonnet, I should suggest that Florio took advantage of the opportunity which this second edition afforded him of paying a responsive tribute to the man who had done his book honour, and who, be it remembered, as the author of *The Civile Warres* and *The Historie of England*, was the most distinguished living representative of those who

> 'memorize
> And leave in bookes for all posterities
> The names of worthyes, and their vertuous deedes.'[2]

Unfortunately the materials for a study of Florio in his poetical capacity are alike scanty and inaccessible; but there seem to be two things about which we may feel pretty certain: first, that, as befitted the accredited representative of Italian culture at the English court, he occasionally practised in the sonnet-form;[3] and, second, that whatever his weaknesses of character, he cannot have been the fool

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[1] I am aware that Warburton held the sonnet to have been Florio's own; but he can hardly be allowed to have made good his position by assuming of a thing he *never saw* that it 'affected the letter' and was 'parodied' in the alliterative 'sonnet' (as he calls it) spoken by Holofernes in *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv, 2, 58. Nor is Farmer any more conclusive than Warburton, the sonnet he cites as one of Florio's 'to his patrons' not being Florio's at all, but one of a series by *Il Candido*, who is now known to have been Matthew Gwinne.

[2] 'Samuel Daniel, the most noted poet and historian of his time,' as Anthony à Wood describes him (*Athen. Oxon.*, ed. Bliss, ii, 1815, col. 268).

[3] See, for example, a reference to one of Florio's sonnets in the heading of a sonnet addressed to him by *Il Candido*, prefixed to the first edition of the Montaigne, 1603.

familiar to us in commentarial tradition, as there seems indeed to be a disposition on the part of modern critics to own.[1] We have seen how Samuel Daniel addresses him. That he had the honour and love of other friends, poets some of them whose names we would fain know, the following beautiful sonnet will here fitly attest. It is prefixed to *Florios Second Frutes, To be gathered of twelve Trees, &c.*, 4to, 1591, and bespeaks in the writer an almost Shakspearian delicacy and freshness of touch. The 'ever greene Laurell' is of course Spenser.

PHÆTON TO HIS FRIEND FLORIO.

Sweete friend whose name agrees with thy increase,
How fit a rivall art thou of the Spring?
For when each branche hath left his flourishing,
And green-lockt Sommers shadie pleasures cease,
She makes the Winters stormes repose in peace,
And spends her franchise on each living thing:
The dazies sprout, the litle birds doo sing,
Hearbes, gummes, and plants do vaunt of their release
So when that all our English witts lay dead,
(Except the Laurell that is ever greene,)
Thou with thy Frutes our barrennes o're-spread,
And set thy flowrie pleasance to be seene.
Sutch frutes, sutch flowrets of moralitie,
Were nere before brought out of Italy.
Phæton.

memorize = to commemorate, or cause to be remembered. The old copies have the disastrous misprint 'memorie' here, the printer having evidently been put out by the intransitive use of the verb 'deserve.' I have doubtless recovered the true lection. Cp. Spenser's sonnet to Lord Buckhurst, prefixed to *The Faerie Queene:*

'In vain I thinke, right honourable Lord,
By this rude rime to memorize thy name;'

and John Davies of Hereford's to *Sr. John Popham*, subjoined to his *Microcosmos*, 1603 (Complete Works, ed. Grosart, *Chertsey Worthies' Lib.*, 1878, i, 98):

'If best deservers of the publike weale
Should not be memorized of the Muse,
Shee should her proper vertue so conceale,
And so conceal'd, should that and them abuse.'

For other instances see Shakspeare (*Macbeth*, i, 2, 40); Drayton (*Polyolbion*, S. 5, 41); Sonnet initialed 'S. S.,' prefixed to Sir A.

[1] See Joseph Hunter's *New Illustrations of the Life, Studies, and Writings of Shakespeare*, 1845, i, 261, 273-281. Mr. Massey must cast about for some other 'fitting candidate' for identification as the 'heavy ignorance' of Shakspeare's 78th Sonnet.

Gorges' translation of *Lucan's Pharsalia*, 1614; &c. Ll. 7-8, Cp. *Eccles.* ix, 5-6. 1-8 Florio, who in the *Epistle Dedicatorie* of his *Second Frutes* calls Spenser 'the sweetest singer of all our westerne shepheards,' seems to have been haunted by a passage in the *Teares of the Muses* here (Globe Spenser, p. 502, col. 1), *in respect Of* = in comparison with—a rare usage; *e.g.* Hackluyt's *Voyages*, iii, 33 (*apud* Richardson, ed. 1875): 'To whose diligence imminent dangers and difficult attempts seemed nothing, in respect of his willing mind, for the commoditie of his prince and countrey.'

Sir Philip Sidney.

With an exception perhaps in favour of Raleigh's prose, general opinion seems to confirm the verdict of Hallam, that 'the first good prose writer, in any positive sense of the word, is Sir Philip Sidney.'[1] An impartial judgment will probably accord him a like distinction in sonnet-writing. He made a special study of Italian metres and modes of expression at a time when it was of peculiar importance that good models should be kept in view; and his most beautiful poems take the form of the sonnet. Those both of the *Arcadia* and *Astrophel and Stella* unite with rare charms of speech a rhythmical melody previously all but unknown in our literature, many of them having the veritable 'sweete attractive kinde of grace' ascribed by old Matthew Roydon to the much-loved poet himself—a grace which their frequent quaintness rather enhances than impairs, as one sings to-day of the Silurist's poems:

> 'So quaintly fashioned as to add a grace
> To the sweet fancies which they bear,
> Even as a bronze delved from some ancient place
> For very rust shows fair.'[2]

How Charles Lamb delighted in their very extravagancies!—the 'glorious vanities' so pathetically abjured at last in XXXIII. 'They are stuck full of amorous fancies—far-fetched conceits, befitting his occupation; for True Love thinks no labour to send out Thoughts upon the vast, and more than Indian voyages, to bring home rich pearls, outlandish wealth, gums, jewels, spicery, to sacrifice in self-depreciating similitudes, as shadows of true amiabilities in the Beloved.'[3] They contain whole passages of sustained beauty, and 'abound,' as Elia again puts it, 'in felicitous phrases:'

> 'O heav'nly foole, thy most kisse-worthie face.'

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[1] *Literature of Europe*, 5th ed. 1855, ii, 296.

[2] To an Unknown Poet (*Songs of Two Worlds, by a New Writer*, 2nd series, 1874, p. 3).

[3] *The Last Essays of Elia*, 1833, p. 139.

Sir Philip Sidney.

'Smooth pillowes, sweetest bed,
A chamber deafe of noise and blind of light,
O rosie garland and a wearie hed.'

'that sweet enemy, Fraunce.'

'my Muse, to some eares not unsweet,
Tempers her words to trampling horses' feete
More oft then to a chamber melodie.'

'Not by rude force, but sweetest soveraigntie
Of reason.'[1]

But Sidney's sonnets have strength as well as sweetness; and the thoughtfulness and earnestness of spirit by which they are imbued ought effectually to distinguish them from those vehicles of spurious and inane passion wherewith they have sometimes inconsiderately been classed. How far different they are from mere literary exercises or pastimes the reader will best learn from a study of the complete poems, Songs as well as Sonnets, in connection with those facts in the poet's life of which we may reasonably recognize the impress on his verse; and it is no more than the truth to say that this has only of late been rendered practicable for ordinary students by the publication of Dr. Grosart's edition of Sidney (3 vols., Lond., 1877). A passage in Milton's *Eikonoklastes* (Works, ed. Mitford, 1851, iii, 346) is frequently cited as impugning the moral character of Sidney's chief work,—'the vaine amatorious Poem of Sir *Philip Sidneys Arcadia*.' It ought to be borne in mind that Milton's criticism was made, and is therefore to be understood, not in an absolute but in a relative sense—entirely with reference to the circumstances in which the book had been used by the king: a book in kind 'full of worth and witt,' as he continues, but not worthy 'in time of trouble and affliction to be a Christians Prayer-Book.' A modern worshipper and imitator of the 'starry paladin,' as Mr. Browning has called Sidney, bestows the following united tribute on him and Spenser (*Select Poems*, 1821, p. 9):—

ON BEHOLDING THE PORTRAITURE OF
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, IN THE GALLERY AT PENSHURST.

The man that looks, sweet Sidney, in thy face,
Beholding there love's truest majesty,
And the soft image of departed grace,
Shall fill his mind with magnanimity:
There may he read unfeign'd humility,
And golden pity, born of heav'nly brood,
Unsullied thoughts of immortality,
And musing virtue, prodigal of blood:

[1] Cp. the phrase 'sweet reasonableness.'

Yes, in this map of what is fair and good,
This glorious index of a heav'nly book,
Not seldom, as in youthful years he stood,
Divinest Spenser would admiring look;
And, framing thence high wit and pure desire,
Imagin'd deeds, that set the world on fire.
Lord Thurlow.[1]

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14—XXVII. *posy:* first 4to 1591 and fol. 1598 'Poesie,' second 4to 1591 'Poems.' 5–6. 'Alliteration is "dictionary's" or alphabetical method; and l. 6 sarcastically illustrates this. Dryden has a similar conjunction of rhyming and rattling, though he is not attacking Doeg-Settle on the score of alliteration:

"He was too warm on picking-work to dwell,
But faggoted his notions as they fell,
And, if they rhymed and rattled, all was well."

(*Abs. and Achit.*, Pt. II, 418). Sidney himself is alliterative beyond what one would expect from these lines.'—Grosart. *denizened* = naturalized in English; *far-fet* = far-fetched.

15—XXVIII. *wan.* Other texts read 'meane', which Dr. Grosart observes may 'in Sidney's time have been an adjectival use of *mean* or *mene* = lamenting,' however intolerable in our present sense. But the epithet *wan*, applied to the moon, has passed into our ordinary poetical vocabulary; *e.g.*, Mr. Ruskin's early poem of The Months (*Poems. J. R., Collected 1850*, p. 23):

'the wan and weary moon;'

and Cornelius Webbe's *Lyric Leaves*, 1832, p. 119:

'Oh Moon, it is a passionate delight
To pore upon thy beautiful wan face.'

1–2 Wordsworth (*Miscellaneous Sonnets*, Pt. II, 17) borrows more of these lines than he acknowledges. 14 'The last line of this poem is a little obscured by transposition. He means, Do they call ungratefulness there a virtue?'—*Charles Lamb.* Sidney has been beautifully echoed in one of Shelley's fragments (ed. Forman, 1877, iv, 61):

'*TO THE MOON.*

Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth,—
And ever changing, like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy?'

[1] First printed in his lordship's private edition of Sidney's *Defence of Poesy*, 1810. A biographer of Sidney ('S. M. D.', Boston, 3rd ed., 1859, p. 278) mistakenly quotes it as Campbell's.

Sir Philip Sidney.

An obscure contemporary of Sidney has an address to the Moon which an undue licence in the rimes scarcely disqualifies from a place among the best (Davison's *Poeticall Rapsodie*, 1602, The Fourth Impression, 1621, p. 83):

A SONNET OF THE MOONE.

Looke how the pale Queene of the silent night
Doth cause the Ocean to attend upon her,
And he as long as she is in his sight,
With his full tide is ready her to honor;
But when the silver wagon of the Moone
Is mounted up so high he cannot follow,
The sea cals home his christall waves to mone,
And with low ebbe doth manifest his sorrow:
So you that are the soveraigne of my heart,
Have all my joyes attending on your will,
My joyes low ebbing when you doe depart,
When you returne, their tide my heart doth fill.
So as you come, and as you doe depart
Joyes ebbe and flow within my tender heart.

Charles Best.[1]

XXIX, 4. Cf. Drummond, CXIV, 3. *prease* = press, throng. 10. *of . . . of:* adopted from the texts of 1591 as preferable to the 'to . . . to' of 1598. Perhaps Dr. Trench's *via media*, 'to . . . of,' is best (*Household Book of Eng. Poetry*, p. 29). 11. '"*rosie garland*", as the garland of silence *(sub rosa)*—a pun that would have delighted Thomas Fuller, and Charles Lamb if he had noticed it.'—*Grosart.* This invocation should be compared with those of Daniel (XLVI), Drummond (CXIV), Wordsworth (CLXXXIII–CLXXXIV), Keats (CCCVIII), and others. The sonnet immediately preceding it in *Astrophel and Stella* is worth quoting here:

(38)

This night, while sleepe begins with heavy wings
To hatch mine eyes, and that unbitted thought
Doth fall to stray, and my chiefe powres are brought
To leave the scepter of all subject things;
The first that straight my fancies error brings
Unto my mind is Stellas image, wrought
By Loves owne selfe, but with so curious drought

[1] Except that he contributed a handful of verses to the old miscellany named, hardly anything is known of Best. See, however, some particulars in Joseph Hunter's *Chorus Vatum Anglicanorum*, 1851, v, 497 (*Addit. MSS. Mus. Brit.*, 24,491), and the miscellaneous volume 24,493, p. 226. An anonymous writer in *The London Magazine* for October, 1823—possibly Charles Lamb—called attention to the sonnet, introducing it thus: 'Among our older poets are some whose genius was perfect in one or two smaller instances, but whose powers were never exerted on any larger work,—at least no proof of it has been put on record: of this number was Charles Best, the author of the following sonnet.'

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That she, methinks, not onely shines but sings.
I start, looke, hearke; but what in closde up sence
Was held, in opend sense it flies away,
Leaving me nought but wailing eloquence.
I, seeing better sights in sights decay,
Cald it anew, and wooèd sleepe againe;
But him her host that unkind guest had slaine.

16—XXX. For an account of this jousting, doubtless that which took place 15-16 May, 1581, and for many other particulars regarding the probable circumstances and dates of these sonnets, see Mr. Arber's *English Garner*, vol. i, 1877.

XXXI, 6. *who:* 'which' (1591). 14. Cf. the close of Petrarca's 137th Sonnet, and, for comment, Shakspeare (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii, 2, 16):

'What! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.'

In a copy of the first edition of *Astrophel and Stella* which once belonged to Anthony à Wood there is written over against this sonnet, in the antiquary's own beautiful handwriting: 'Amor levis loquitr, ingens silet;' and on the title-page:

'Well in the Ring there is the Ruby sett,
Where comly shape, & vertue both are mett.'

A fourteen-lined poem of Herrick's ('sonnet' one hesitates to call it, like his *Dean-bourn*, also of fourteen lines) suggests some interesting parallels (*Poems*, ed. Grosart, 1876, i, 25):

TO HIS MISTRESSE OBJECTING TO HIM NEITHER TOYING NOR TALKING.

You say I love not, 'cause I doe not play
Still with your curles, and kisse the time away.
You blame me too, because I cann't devise
Some sport, to please those Babies in your eyes:
By Loves Religion, I must here confesse it,
The most I love, when I the least expresse it.
Small griefs find tongues: Full Casques are ever found
To give, (if any, yet) but little sound.
Deepe waters noyse-lesse are; And this we know,
That chiding streams betray small depth below.
So when Love speechlesse is, she doth expresse
A depth in love, and that depth, bottomlesse.
Now since my love is tongue-lesse, know me such,
Who speak but little, 'cause I love so much.

Robert Herrick.[1]

[1] L. 4. For examples of this 'sportive conceit' see Grosart's ed. of Marvell, i, 1872, 114, and add T. Lodge (*Scillaes Metamorphosis*, 1589, p. 24, Hunterian Club ed. 1876), N. Breton (*Pasquils Fooles-Cap*, 1600, p. 20, ed. Grosart, 1876), and R. Chester (*Love's Martyr*, 1601, p. 4, New Shak. Soc. ed. 1878). 7 Seneca's 'Curæ leves loquuntur,

Sir Philip Sidney.

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17—XXXII. I cannot forbear appending the two following additional examples, the latter of which, and the two on page 15, were the three special favourites of Sidney's gentle apologist, Charles Lamb :—

(84).

Highway, since you my chiefe Pernassus be,
And that my Muse, to some eares not unsweet,
Tempers her words to trampling horses feet
More oft then to a chamber melodie.
Now blessèd you, beare onward blessèd me
To her, where I my heart safeleſt shall meet,
My Muse and I must you of dutie greet
With thankes and wishes, wishing thankfully.
Be you still carefull kept by publike heed,
By no encrochment wrongd, nor time forgot:
Nor blam'd for bloud, nor sham'd for sinfull deed.
And that you know I envy you no lot
Of highest wish, I wish you so much blisse,
Hundreds of yeares you Stellas feet may kisse. [1]

(103)

O happie Tems, that didst my Stella beare,
I saw thee with full many a smiling line
Upon thy cheerefull face joy's livery weare:
While those faire planets on thy streames did shine,
The bote for joy could not to daunce forbeare,
While wanton winds with beauties so devine

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ingentes stupent:' cf. Shakspeare (*Macbeth*, iv, 3. 209), S. Daniel (*Complaint of Rosamond*, 1595, st. 114; ed. 1602, sig. Niiii):

'Striving to tell his woes, words would not come;
For light cares speak, when mighty griefs are dombe.'

Webster (*White Devil*, ed. Dyce, 1830, i, 43), and Dekker-and-Webster (*Famous Hist. of Sir Tho. Wyatt*, ed. Dyce, 1857, p. 201). *Casques* = casks, 9-10. 'A classical common-place from Ovid onward, and frequent in the Elizabethan poets' *(Grosart)*; *e.g.*, Sidney's Eclogue (*Arcadia*, Lib. i, p. 74, ed. 1598); Raleigh's *Silent Lover* (Dr. Hannah's *Courtly Poets*, 1870, p. 20):

'Passions are likened best to floods and streams:
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb;
So, when affections yield discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come;'

Earl of Sterline's *Aurora*, 1604, Song 1:

'The deepest rivers make least din,
The silent soule doth most abound in care;'

and W. Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*, 1625, Booke i, Song 5, p. 118. For other examples see Dr. Hannah's earlier volume, *Poems by Sir Henry Wotton, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Others*, 1845, p. xli, Intro. Ll. 13-14 Echoed to-day in Mr. Browning's song:

'I touch
But cannot praise, I love so much'—

doubtless in both cases recollected from Shakspeare's 106th Sonnet (XCIII, 14: *supra*, p. 47).

[1] L. 9. Adopted from eds. of 1591 as better than 1598:

'Be you still faire, honourd by publike heed.'

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Ravisht, staid not, till in her golden haire
They did themselves (O sweetest prison) twine.
And faine those Æols youth there would their stay
Have made, but forst by Nature still to flie,
First did with puffing kisse those lockes display:
She, so discheveld, blusht; from window I
With sight thereof cride out, O faire disgrace,
Let honor selfe to thee graunt highest place.[1]

14–17—XXVII–XXXII. First printed in 4to: *Sir P. S. his Astrophel and Stella. Wherein the excellence of sweete Poesie is concluded.* 1591.

17—XXXIII. One of *Certaine Sonets written by Sir Philip Sidney: Never before printed.* ARCADIA, 1598. Dr. Grosart has doubtless assigned it its proper place as concluding the *Astrophel and Stella* series. L. 1. Cf. Drummond's Song (*Poems*, 1616, sig. I4):

'O leave that Love which reacheth but to Dust,
And in that Love eternall only trust,
And Beautie, which, when once it is possest,
Can only fill the Soule, and make it blest.'

rich. It is perhaps unnecessary to remind the reader of Stella's married name—Lady Rich. *evil:* pronounced as a monosyllable, and ultimately contracted to *ill.* The sonnet should be compared with Shakspeare's 146th (see CV, with note).

18—XXXIV, 5. Cf. Shakspeare (*Macbeth*, i, 3, 137):

'Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings;'[2]

and Wordsworth (*Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, Pt. 1, 7):

'For all things are less dreadful than they seem.

evil: see remark under XXXIII. The thoughts, and too often perhaps the very language of Sidney's sonnet—of which the opening argument is, as Leigh Hunt observes, a favourite one of M. Aurelius Antoninus (*Meditations*, transl. Long, 1862, ii, 17; vi, 10, 44; ix, 28; x, 1, 6)—are reiterated by Drummond in his *Cypresse Grove: e.g.*, 'If Death bee good, why should it bee feared, and if it bee the worke of Nature, how should it not bee good?' (ed. 1630, p. 76). It ought to be read in connection with the noble dialogue in the 5th Book of the *Arcadia* where it occurs. The friends Musidorus and Pyrocles, on the eve of what seemed certain doom, comfort each other in speculations on the condition of the soul after death; and Musidorus, 'looking with a heavenly joy upon him,' sings the 'Song' to his companion.—*Arcadia*, p. 445, ed. 1598.

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[1] L. 2. *thee with full* (1591): 'thy selfe with' (1598).
[2] *fears* = *objects* of fear.

Sir Philip Sidney.

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14–18—XXVII–XXXIV. Unless otherwise stated, the text followed in all the examples from Sidney is that of *The Countesse of Pembrokes Arcadia. Written by Sir Philip Sidney, Knight. Now the Third Time published, with sundry new additions of the same Author.* 1598, fol.

Henry Constable.

18—XXXV. This first example from the *Diana* (1594) of him who won 'rare Ben's' praise,—whose

> 'ambrosiack muse
> Made Dian not his notes refuse'—

bears a noticeable resemblance to Shakspeare's 99th Sonnet (see LXXXIX, with note). A Scottish contemporary, William Alexander of Menstrie (Earl of Sterline to be) could extol his Aurora's beauty in such like delicate fancies, and with almost equal grace (*Aurora*, 1604, Song 7):

> 'The Roses did the rusie hue envy
> Of those sweet lips that did the Bees deceave,
> That colour oft the Lillies wish'd to have,
> Which did the Alablaster piller dye,
> On which all beauties glorie did rely;
> Her breath so sweetly smell'd,
> The Violets, as excell'd,
> To looke downe were compell'd;
> And so confest what foile they did receave.'

5. *her:* 'the' (MS.)

19—XXXVI. 'The most exquisite of his sonnets for sweet colour and winning fancy.'—W. Minto (*Characteristics of English Poets from Chaucer to Shirley*, 1874, p. 257).

20—XXXVIII. One of the *Spirituall Sonnettes to the Honour of God and Hys Sayntes*, first printed by T. Park, *Heliconia*, ii, 1815. Ll. 5-7 'A slight deviation from the MS. has here been hazarded. The latter reads:—

> But syth, they'r graced which from nature sprynge,
> We're grac'd by those which from grace dyd proceede,
> And glory hath deserved;—

which is perfectly unintelligible.'—*W. C. Hazlitt.* For a beautiful narration of the legend of St. Katharine, see Mrs. Jameson's *Sacred and Legendary Art.* 2nd ed. 1850, p. 276. Two other examples from the same series may be added here, on the former of which a Catholic writer remarks (*Dublin Review*, October, 1876, p. 421) that 'in comparing it with Wordsworth's beautiful sonnet on *The Virgin* [page 116], the Catholic reader will be struck by the accuracy

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with which Constable presents the Catholic doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, where Wordsworth dwells only on the personal sinlessness of Mary.[1]

TO OUR BLESSED LADY.

In that, O Queene of queenes! thy byrth was free
From guylt, which others do of grace bereave,
When in theyr mothers wombe they lyfe receave,
God, as his sole-borne daughter lovèd thee;
To matche thee lyke thy byrthes nobillitye,
He thee hys Spyryt for thy spouse dyd leave
Of whome thou dydd'st his onely Sonne conceave,
And so was lynk'd to all the Trinitye.
Cease then, O queenes! who earthly crownes do weare,
To glory in the pompe of worldly thynges:
If men such hyghe respect unto you beare,
Which daughters, wyves, and mothers ar of kynges;
What honour should unto that Queene be donne
Who had your God for father, spowse, and sonne?[1]

TO OUR BLESSED LADY.

Why should I any love, O queene! but thee,
If favour past a thankfull love should breed?
Thy wombe did beare, thy brest my Saviour feede,
And thou dydd'st never cease to succour me.
If love doe followe worth and dignitye,
Thou all in thy perfections doest exceede;
If Love be ledd by hope of future meede,
What pleasure more then thee in heaven to see?
An earthly syght doth onely please the eye,
And breedes desyre, but doth not satisfye:
Thy sight gyves us possession of all joye.
And with such full delyghtes ech sense shall fyll,
As harte shall wyshe but for to see thee styll,
And ever seeyng, ever shall injoye.[2]

18-20—XXXV-XXXVIII. Given from W. C. Hazlitt's ed. of Constable's Poems, 1859. As a last specimen from this fine sonneteer take this first of four sonnets prefixed to Sidney's *Apologie for Poetrie*, 1595:—

TO SIR PHILLIP SIDNEYS SOULE.

Give pardon (blessèd Soule) to my bold cryes,
If they (importund) interrupt thy song,
Which nowe with joyfull notes thou sing'st, among
The Angel-Quiristers of heav'nly skyes:

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[1] This sonnet, with a few immaterial variations, appears in Dr. Grosart's ed. of Donne's *Poems*, 2 vols., 1872-3, ii, 291, annotated thus: 'Written, I assume, while Donne was yet a Roman Catholic, as he receives the dogma of the immaculate conception. We Protestants, on the other hand, forget, in our panic, what "is written" in St. Luke i, 28, 42. From Stephens' MS.' Surely the internal evidence alone for Constable is such as to leave little doubt of the character of the document on which Donne's claim rests.

[2] *meede* = reward. Hazlitt prints 'meedes'.

Henry Constable.

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Give pardon eake (sweet Soule) to my slow cries,
That since I saw thee now it is so long,
And yet the teares that unto thee belong,
To thee as yet they did not sacrifice :
I did not know that thou wert dead before,
I did not feele the griefe I did susteine,
"The greater stroke astonisheth the more,
"Astonishment takes from us sence of paine ;
I stood amaz'd when others teares begun,
And now begin to weepe, when they have doone.[1]

Thomas Lodge.

20—XXXIX. The 22nd Sonnet of *Phillis: Honoured with Pastorall Sonnets, Elegies, and amorous delights.* &c. 1593. 'Lodge's love-poems have an exquisite delicacy and grace: they breathe a tenderer and truer passion than we find in any of his contemporaries. His sonnets are more loose and straggling, slighter and less compactly built, than Constable's or Daniel's; but they have a wonderful charm of sweet fancy and unaffected tenderness. His themes are the usual praises of beauty and complaints of unkindness; but he contrives to impart to them a most unusual air of sincere devotion and graceful fervour. None of his rivals can equal the direct and earnest simplicity and grace of his adoration of Phyllis, and avowal of faith in her constancy. There is a seeming artlessness in Lodge's sonnets, a winning directness, that constitutes a great part of their charm. They seem to be uttered through a clear and pure medium straight from the heart: their tender fragrance and music come from the heart itself.' W. Minto (*Characteristics*, &c., as before, p. 259). Unhappily in the sonnets these graces go hand in hand with very grievous deformities; else a single specimen would hardly suffice here from the author of *Rosaline*—that 'gorgeous Vision of Beauty,' as Mr. Palgrave justly calls it—the charming *Rosalind's Madrigal*, and the equally charming lyrics in honour of Phyllis. All the sonnets in the *Phillis*, a work of the most tantalizing inequality, suffer more or less from Lodge's caprices of style; so that while only a necessary discretion is exercised in limiting the selection to a single sonnet, it has been too frequently at a sacrifice of beauties which one would fain pluck from their commonplace environment. How infinitely tender is the opening of the 5th Sonnet, for example:—

'Ah pale and dying infant of the springe,
How rightly now do I resemble thee :

[1] L. 2 *(importund)* = *importune*, in the sense of violent, as in Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, i, xi, 53. Ll. 11-12 See foot-note l. 7 of Herrick's sonnet, *supra*, p. 255.

That selfesame hand that thee from stalke did wringe,
Hath rent my breast and robd my heart from mee.'

or that of the 7th :—

'How languisheth the Primrose of loves garden?

. . . . . .

Ah Roses, loves faire Roses do not languish,
Blush through the milk-white vaile that holdes you covered.

The 9th will bear to be quoted entire: it is only at the very close that it breaks down :—

The dewie-Roseate morne had with hir haires
In sundrie sorts the Indian Clime adornd,
And now hir eies apparrailèd in teares,
The losse of lovely Memnon long had moornd;
When as she spide the Nimph whom I admire,
Kembinge hir locks, of which the yelow golde
Made blush the beauties of hir curlèd wire,
Which heaven it selfe with wonder might beholde.
Then redd with shame, hir reverend locks she rent,
And weeping hid the beauty of hir face;
The flower of fancie wrought such discontent,
The sighes which midst the aire she breathd a space,
A three daies stormie tempest did maintaine,
Hir shame a fire, hir eies a swelling raine.

There seems no reason to question Mr. Minto's opinion that Lodge's temperament was not specially fitted for the sonnet form of composition. The two examples given are by much his best. Mr. Collier (*Biblio. Acct. Eng. Lit.*, i, 1865, 468), animadverting on Dyce for not having represented Lodge in his *Specimens of English Sonnets*, 1833, overstates, I think, the value of the *Phillis* for the purposes of such a work. With one or two exceptions Lodge's books have long been practically inaccessible. It was therefore well-timed energy recently on the part of the Hunterian Club, Glasgow, to print a complete edition of our poet's original works. As Mr. Collier asked many years ago (*Gentleman's Magazine*, December, 1850), 'Who does not wish to know all that can be known of an author who could write such stanzas as the following?'—

'See where the babes of memorie are laid
Under the shadow of Apollos tree,
That pleit their garlands fresh, and well apaid,
And breath foorth lines of daintie poecie:
Ah world farewell, the sight hereof dooth tell,
That true content dooth in the desert dwell.

. . . . . .

Sweete solitarie life, thou true repose,
Wherein the wise contemplate heaven aright,

Thomas Lodge.

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In thee no dread of warre or worldly foes,
In thee no pompe seduceth mortall sight,
In thee no wanton eares to win with words,
Nor lurking toyes, which Citie life affoords.

At peepe of day, when in her crimson pride,
The Morne bespreds with roses all the waie
Where Phœbus coach with radiant course must glide,
The Hermit bends his humble knees to pray:
Blessing that God, whose bountie did bestow
Such beauties on the earthly things below.'[1]

George Chapman.

21—XL. The first in a *corona*, or crown, of ten sonnets, entitled *A Coronet for his Mistresse Philosophie*, published with *Ovids Banquet of Sence*, &c., 1595. A selection from the sixteen sonnets attached to Chapman's translation of Homer may not be unacceptable to the reader here. Coleridge, writing to Wordsworth in 1807 with a copy of the volume, in allusion to the Dedication to Prince Henry and these Homer sonnets (though erroneously speaking of the latter as prefixed to the Odyssey instead of affixed to the Iliad), says: 'Chapman, in his moral heroic verse . . . stands above Ben Jonson; there is more dignity, more lustre, and equal strength; but not midway quite between him and the sonnets of Milton. I do not know whether I give him the higher praise, in that he reminds me of Ben Jonson with a sense of his superior excellence, or that he brings Milton to memory notwithstanding his inferiority. His moral poems are not quite out of books like Jonson's, nor yet do the sentiments so wholly grow up out of his own natural habit and grandeur of thought, as in Milton. The sentiments have been attracted to him by a natural affinity of his intellect, and so combined;—but Jonson has taken them by individual and successive acts of choice.' (*Literary Remains*, 1836, i, 261). Of three sonnets specially marked by Coleridge (1st, 11th, and 15th) the following are the two last (*The Iliads of Homer, Prince of Poets:* &c. [1611] fol.):—

[1] From a poem In Commendation of a Solitarie Life (*Scillaes Metamorphosis*, &c., 1589). L. 1 *babes of memorie*. So Milton *On Shakespear. 1630* (Poems, 1645, p. 27):

'Dear son of memory, great heir of Fame;'

anticipated by Alexander Gardyne in his *Theatre of Scottish Worthies*, 1626? (Hunterian Club edn., 1878, p. 8):

'The heire of Honor & the chyld of Fame.'

TO THE HAPPY STARRE, DISCOVERED IN OUR
SYDNEIAN ASTERISME, COMFORT OF LEARNING, SPHERE OF ALL THE VERTUES, THE LADY WROTHE.

When all our other Starres set in their skies
To Vertue, and all honor of her kind,
That you, rare Lady, should so clearely rise,
Makes all the vertuous glorifie your mind.
And let true Reason and Religion trie
If it be Fancie, not judiciall Right,
In you t' oppose the times Apostasie,
To take the soules part, and her saving Light,
While others blinde and burie both in Sense,
When tis the onely end for which all live.
And could those soules in whom it dies dispense
As much with their Religion, they would give
That as small grace. Then shun their course, faire Starre,
And still keepe your way pure and circular.[1]

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND HEROICALL,
MY SINGULAR GOOD LORD, THE LORD OF WALDEN, ETC.

Nor let the vulgar sway Opinion beares,
Rare Lord, that Poesies favor shewes men vaine,
Ranke you amongst her sterne disfavourers;
She all things worthy favour doth maintaine.
Vertue in all things else at best she betters,
Honour she heightens, and gives Life in Death,
She is the ornament and soule of letters,
The worlds deceipt before her vanisheth;
Simple she is as Doves, like Serpents wise,
Sharpe, grave, and sacred; nought but things divine,

---

[1] The Lady Mary Wrothe was the daughter of Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester, and wife of Sir Robert Wrothe. Her *Urania* (1621) is a prose romance, written in imitation of her uncle Sir P. Sidney's *Arcadia*, interspersed with regular sonnets and other verses, specimens of which may be seen in Sir E. Brydges' *Restituta*, ii, 1815, 260-275. It was not an ungraceful compliment to this lady on the part of Ben Jonson, who hated rime in general—

'Rime the rack of finest wits,
That expresseth but by fits
True Conceipt'—

and, Drummond tells us, 'cursed Petrarch for redacting verses to sonnets,' to make so unwonted a surrender of his prejudice when addressing her (*Underwoods*, ed. 1640):—

TO THE NOBLE LADY, THE LADY MARY WROTH.

I that have beene a lover, and could shew it,
Though not in these, in rithmes not wholly dumbe,
Since I exscribe your Sonnets, am become
A better lover, and much better Poët.
Nor is my Muse or I asham'd to owe it,
To those true numerous Graces, whereof some
But charme the Senses, others over-come
Both braines and hearts, and mine now best doe know it:
For in your verse all Cupids Armorie,
His flames, his shafts, his Quiver, and his Bow,
His very eyes are yours to overthrow.
But then his Mothers sweets you so apply,
Her joyes, her smiles, her loves, as readers take
For Venus Ceston every line you make.

Ben Jonson.

George Chapman.

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And things divining, fit her faculties,
Accepting her as she is genuine.
If she be vaine then, all things else are vile;
If vertuous, still be Patrone of her stile.[1]

Thomas Watson.

21—XLI. The most perfect sympathy with the time fails to explain, or at all events to justify, the extraordinary measure of favour with which Watson was regarded by his contemporaries. With every wish to appreciate a writer known and esteemed by such men as Sidney, Lyly, and Spenser, and mourned, as is supposed, by the last-named in *Colin Clouts come home againe* as the 'floure of shepheards pride forlorne'—

'the noblest swaine
That ever pipèd in an oaten quill'—

I have been unable to gather, either from his lachrymary or his 'passionate' collection, more than one example suited to the present purpose. Even that one is accepted less for its intrinsic than its representative value. It belongs to *The Tears of Fancie, or Love Disdained*, a series of sixty sonnets published in 1593, of which a single perusal will demonstrate that it is not always without reason that Fortune neglects her favourites. The perusal should also have the effect of moderating any feeling of disappointment which otherwise might have arisen from the fact that by some accident of the press eight of these sixty sonnets are wanting in the only copy at present known; and that the 'sonnets,' so-called, composing Watson's earlier and larger work, the *Ἑκατομπαθία, or Passionate Centurie of Love*, 1582, are constructed on a principle which precludes them from consideration as sonnets at all. But the estimate put upon this forgotten poet by certain moderns is still more unaccountable. George Steevens pronounced him 'a more elegant sonneteer than Shakspeare;' and Professor Henry Morley, at whose suggestion Mr. Arber in his admirable reprint (1870) has placed within every student's reach an author hitherto inaccessible, claims for him the merit of being the sweetest of the purely amatory poets of Elizabeth's reign; while Mr. Arber ranks him next to Spenser: 'that is,' he says, 'before Sidney as a Poet.' The most unfeigned gratitude for all Mr. Arber's services to literature cannot prevent one from smiling at such a judgment, or marvelling at the perverse enthusiasm which

[1] *The Lord of Walden* = Theophilus Howard, Lord Howard of Walden.

in the nineteenth century seeks to reinstate a writer whose whole known 'effects,' fascinating as they may have been to 'ingenious men in the latter end of Q. Elizabeth,' as Wood puts it, do not yield a dozen verses possessing one jot of human interest; unless perhaps we except the really beautiful *Eglogue upon the Death of Sir Francis Walsingham* (1590), which has an occasional remote resemblance to Milton's *Lycidas*. That Watson was sometimes dainty and graceful as a translator, however, the following example of his eighteen-lined stanzas will show. It is the 53rd of the Ἑκατομπαθία, the theme being borrowed, the old annotator tells us, from the Greek of Theocritus, through the Latin version of C. Ursinus Velius, a Roman epigrammatist:

Where tender Love had laide him downe to sleepe,
A little Bee so stong his fingers end,
That burning ache enforcèd him to weepe
And call for Phebus Sonne to stand his frend;
To whiome he cride, I muse so small a thing
Can pricke thus deepe with suche a little Sting.
Why so, sweet Boy, quoth Venus sitting by?
Thy selfe is yong, thy arrowes are but small
And yet thy shotte makes hardest harts to cry?
To Phebus Sunne she turnèd therewithall,
And prayde him shew his skill to cure the sore,
Whose like her Boy had neuer felt before.
Then he with Herbes recurèd soone the wound,
Which being done, he threw the Herbes away,
Whose force, through touching Love, in selfe same ground,
By haplesse hap did breede my hartes decay:
For there they fell, where long my hart had li'ne
To waite for Love, and what he should assigne.[1]

Mr. Minto quotes two of Watson's sonnets (19th and 20th of *The Tears of Fancie*) as deriving a certain interest from their having apparently been imitated in Shakspeare's 46th and 47th.

Robert Greene.

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22—XLII. From *Francescos Fortunes: or The Second Part of Greenes Never too late*, &c., 1590.

siege = seat; *prest* = prepared, ready—as in his *Alphonsus, King of Arragon*, indicated by Dyce (Greene's Works, 1831, ii, 45):

'Belinus comes, in glittering armour clad,
All ready prest for to revenge the wrong
Which, not long since, you offer'd unto him.'

[1] *Phebus Sonne* = Æsculapius.

Robert Greene.

sorry = full of sorrow, as it was then—cf. George Herbert's *Sinnes Round* (Aldine ed., p. 157):

'Sorrie I am, my God, sorrie I am.'

subscribes = submits—as in Shakspeare's 107th Sonnet (XCIV, 10).

XLIII. First printed in *Greenes Groatsworth of Witte: bought with a million of Repentance*, &c., 1592. Given here from the corrected quarto of 1637.

These prose romances of Greene's, which it is well known are largely autobiographical, our two sonnets in particular being uttered truly 'from the depths,' suggest here the famous pamphlet in which his former friend, Gabriel Harvey, narrates the sad story of the poor dramatist's last hours, and in which occur 'certaine Sonnets' of an exceptional character. This was *Foure Letters, and certaine Sonnets: especially touching Robert Greene, and other parties by him abused:* &c., published in 1592, immediately after Greene's death. The sonnets, of which the 2nd and 5th may be quoted here, occupy the last portion of the volume, under the general title of *Greenes Memoriall.*

HIS MISFORTUN, IN BEING SPITEFULLY INJURIED
BY SOME, WHOM HE PARTIALLY COMMENDED.

Unlucky I, unhappiest on Earth,
That fondly doting upon dainty witts,
And deepely ravish'd with their luring fitts,
Of gentle favours find so hard a Dearth!
Is it my Fate, or Fault, that such fine men
Should their Commender so unkindly bite,
That looves to loove, in spite of rankest Spite,
And hates to hate, with Hart, or Tongue, or Pen?
Sweet Writers, as yee covet to be sweet,
Nor me, nor other, nor your selves abuse;
Humanity doth courteously peruse
Each act of frend, or foe, with favour meet.
Foul Divel, and fouler Malice, cease to rave:
For every fault I twenty pardons crave.

Gabriel Harvey.

THE LEARNED SHOULD LOVINGLY AFFECT THE LEARNED.

I am not to instruct where I may learne,
But where I may persuasively exhort;
Nor over-dissolute, nor over-sterne,
A courteous Honesty I would extort.
Good loathes to damage or upbraid the good;
Gentle how loovely to the gentle wight!
Who seeith not how every blooming budd
Smileth on every flower fairely dyght,
And biddeth fowle illfavouredness God-night?
Would Alciats Embleme, or sum scarlet whood,

Could teach the Pregnant sonnes of shiny Light
To interbrace each other with delight!
Fine Mercury conducts a dainty band
Of Charites and Muses, hand in hand.[1]
Gabriel Harvey.

Samuel Daniel.

'This poet's well-merited epithet,' says Coleridge, 'is that of the "well-languaged Daniel;"[2] but, likewise, and by the consent of his contemporaries, no less than all succeeding critics, the "prosaic Daniel." Yet those who thus designate this wise and amiable writer, from the frequent incorrespondency of his diction with his metre, in the majority of his compositions, not only deem them valuable and interesting on other accounts, but willingly admit that there are to be found throughout his poems, and especially in his *Epistles* and in his *Hymen's Triumph*, many and exquisite specimens of that style, which, as the neutral ground of prose and verse, is common to both.'[3] Knowing his solid worth, Coleridge missed few opportunities of commending this admirable poet, whom Southey also held in equal respect and affection, quoting him often, and that usually with a special word of praise: in *The Doctor*, for example, where on one occasion (p. 121, ed. 1848) he calls him 'one of the sweetest and tenderest of English poets,' and on another 'the tenderest of all tender poets,' the incredulous reader being referred to 'Leigh Hunt, or Wordsworth, or Charles Lamb,' for confirmation; while in the *Specimens* (1831) there occurs this succinct estimate of poet and man: 'Daniel frequently writes below his subject and his strength; but always in a strain of tender feeling, and in language as easy and natural as it is pure. For his diction alone he would deserve to be studied by all students or lovers of poetry, even if his works did not abound with passages of singular beauty. Thoughtful, grateful, right-minded, and gentle-hearted, there is no poet, in any language, of whom it may be inferred with more certainty, from his writings, that he was an amiable, and wise, and good man.' Next to his stainless moral purity,[4] perhaps what most dis-

[1] L. 3 *dissolute* = weak, lax—the original sense. *Alciats Embleme.* In allusion to one of the 'Concordia' emblems in Andrea Alciati's once-popular book, imitated among ourselves by such writers as Francis Quarles, Wither, and Bunyan. Prof. Henry Morley gives a wood-cut and description of one of Alciati's emblems in his *Shorter English Poems.* L. 10 *scarlet whood* = monk, ecclesiastic.

[2] William Browne (*Brit. Past.*, 1625, Bk. ii, Song 2, p. 49).

[3] *Biographia Literaria*, 2nd ed. 1847, ii, 83. See also two letters of Coleridge to Charles Lamb, written on the fly-leaf of Lamb's copy of Daniel, and printed in the Life of Daniel in *Johnson's Lives of the British Poets, Completed by William Hazlitt.* 4 vols. 1854.

[4] Richard Barnfield, a contemporary, in his *Remembrance of Some English Poets*, 1598, discriminates Daniel's 'sweet-chast verse' as his special praise; and Winstanley (*Lives of the Most Famous English Poets*, 1687, p. 109), quoting Fuller, describes him quaintly as 'one of the Darlings of the Muses, a most excellent Poet, whose Wings of

tinguishes Daniel from the majority of his contemporaries—the 'sage and serious' Daniel, as one might call him, appropriating Milton's character of Spenser—is the singular modernness of his style, his love of our language and literature for their own sakes, and the almost Wordsworthian nobleness of spirit in which he followed the Poet's calling. Witness these memorable words in his *Musophilus*, which Professor Lowell has recently declared to be 'the best poem of its kind in the language' (*Among My Books*, 2nd Series, Boston, 1876, p. 138):

> 'Be it that my unseasonable Song
> Come out of time, that fault is in the Time,
> And I must not doe Vertue so much wrong,
> As love her aught the worse for others crime:
> . . . . . .
> And for my part, if onely one allow
> The care my labouring spirits take in this,
> He is to me a Theater large enow,
> And his applause onely sufficient is:
> All my respect is bent but to his brow,
> That is my All, and all I am, is his.
> And if some worthy spirits be pleasèd too,
> It shall more comfort breede, but not more will.
> But what if none? It cannot yet undoo
> The love I beare unto this holy skill:
> This is the thing that I was borne to doo,
> This is my Scene, this part must I fulfill.'

And the prescient passage further on in which he foretells the destinies awaiting his beloved English tongue. Professor Lowell acknowledges the 'kindly prophetic word for us Occidentals.'

> 'And who, in time, knowes whither we may vent
> The treasure of our tongue, to what strange shores
> This gaine of our best glory shall be sent,
> T' enrich unknowing Nations with our stores?
> What worlds in th' yet unformèd Occident
> May come refin'd with th' accents that are ours?
> Or, who can tell for what great worke in hand
> The greatnesse of our stile is now ordain'd?
> What powrs it shall bring in, what spirits command,
> What thoughts let out, what humours keepe restrain'd,
> What mischiefe it may powrefully withstand,
> And what faire ends may thereby be attain'd.'

It is matter for regret that so little of the work of his hand appears in

---

Fancy displayed the Flags of highest Invention: Carrying in his Christian and Sirname the Names of two holy Prophets; which, as they were Monitors to him, for avoyding Scurrility, so he qualified his Raptures to such a strain, as therein he abhorred all Debauchery and Prophaness.'

these pages; but the truth is that the deplorable misconceptions respecting the nature and special function of the sonnet, which Daniel shared in common with his contemporaries—Shakspeare (always exceptional) excepted—cramped and perverted his natural powers as often he essayed this form, leaving his achievements in it but sorry witnesses to his great qualities. One of the examples chosen, however—that on page 24—cannot but be regarded as entirely worthy of his or any genius, and abundantly justifies the eulogy of a critic in *The Quarterly Review* (Art. 'The Sonnet,' January, 1873, p. 195), that for 'mellifluous tenderness and pensive grace of expression' it 'might rank amongst the first in the language.'

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23—XLIV, 10. *thy:* so all eds. except 1623, which reads 'the', possibly intended rather for the 'thy' of l. 9. The two sonnets immediately succeeding this in *Delia* may find a place here. They should be compared with the 58th and 59th of Barnabe Barnes's *Parthenophil and Parthenophe*, 1593 (ed. Grosart, 1875, pp. 39-40).

(37)

But love whilst that thou maist be lov'd againe,
Now whilst thy May hath fild thy lap with flowres,
Now whilst thy beauty beares without a staine;
Now use the Sommer smiles, ere Winter lowers.
And whilst thou spreadst unto the rising sunne
The fairest flowre that ever saw the light,
Now joy thy time before thy sweet be done,
And (Delia) thinke thy morning must have night,
And that thy brightnes sets at length to West,
When thou wilt close up that which now thou show'st,
And thinke the same becomes thy fading best,
Which then shall most invaile and shadow most.
Men do not wey the stalke for that it was,
When once they find her flowre her glory pas.

(38)

When men shall find thy flower, thy glory passe,
And thou with carefull brow sitting alone,
Receivèd hast this message from thy glasse,
That tells the truth, and sayes that all is gone;
Fresh shalt thou see in me the wounds thou madst,
Though spent thy flame, in me the heat remaining;
I that have lov'd thee thus before thou fadst,
My faith shall waxe, when thou art in thy waining.
The world shall finde this myracle in me,
That fire can burne when all the matter's spent:
Then what my faith hath bene thy selfe shall see,
And that thou wast unkinde, thou mayst repent.
Thou maist repent that thou hast scornd my teares,
When winter snowes upon thy sable haires.

Samuel Daniel.

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XLV, 11–14. The 3rd ed. of *Delia* (1594) reads:

'When time hath made a pasport for thy feares,
Dated in age, the Kalends of our death.
But ah! no more, this hath beene often tolde,
And women,' &c.

24—XLVI. *Care-charmer Sleep.* Appropriated, as Mr. Collier pointed out (*Biblio. Acct. Eng. Lit.*, 1865, ii, 556), by B. Griffin in the 15th Sonnet of his *Fidessa*, 1596—an appropriation conceded by Dr. Grosart, Griffin's latest editor (1876), who however acquits his author of all the other charges of plagiarism which Mr. Collier brings against him from Daniel, Gascoigne, and Shakspeare.[1] I subjoin Griffin's sonnet for the reader's gratification, though he may hardly endorse Dr. Grosart's opinion that it 'more than holds its own' beside Daniel's:—

Care-charmer Sleepe, sweet ease in restles miserie,
The captives libertie, and his freedomes song;
Balm of the brusèd heart, mans chiefe felicitie,
Brother of quiet death, when life is too too long.
A Comedie it is, and now an Historie—
What is not sleepe unto the feeble minde?
It easeth him that toyles, and him that's sorrie,
It makes the deaffe to heare, to see the blinde.
Ungentle sleepe, thou helpest all but me,
For when I sleepe my soule is vexèd most;
It is Fidessa that doth master thee:
If she approach (alas) thy power is lost.
But here she is: see how he runnes amaine;
I feare at night he will not come againe.

Bartholomew Griffin.

A little poem of ineffable softness and beauty, sung to music in Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy of *Valentinian*, may also be quoted for its points of resemblance (ed. Dyce, 1844, v, 297):

'Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince; fall, like a cloud,
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers; easy, sweet,
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,

[1] Dr. Grosart has effectually vindicated Griffin's authorship of the sonnet in *The Passionate Pilgrime* (1599)—an unauthoritative miscellany, never in any way acknowledged by Shakspeare—beginning

'Venus, with Adonis sitting by her.'

of which the 3rd in the *Fidessa*, beginning

'Venus, and yong Adonis sitting by her,'

is a superior as well as earlier version.

Pass by his troubled senses ; sing his pain,
Like hollow murmuring wind or silver rain;
Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride.'[1]

The late Mr. Corser notes (*Collectanea Anglo-Poetica*, Pt. II, 1861, p. 369) that Daniel's sonnet has been made rather free with by Richard Brathwaite too, in his poem A Griefe (*Time's Curtaine Drawne*, &c., 1621) :—

'Care charming sleepe, thou sonne of sable night,
That cheares our drowping spirits with delight,
Making us forget care, as if kept under
By some sweete spell, or some Lethean slumber :
Away and leave me,' &c.

and an instance of the initial phrase occurs in Sylvester's Du Bartas (*Fifth Day of First Week*, p. 46, fol. 1641) :

'And when the honey of care-charming sleep
Sweetly begins through all their veines to cre

Brother to Death : an immemorial classical common-place of frequent recurrence in our elder as in our later literature, of which the following selection of examples, in addition to those from Griffin and Beaumont and Fletcher as above, may be useful to the student :— Geo. Chapman's *Cæsar and Pompey* (ed. Lond. 1873, iii, 188) :

'but when death
(Sleepes naturall brother) comes ;'

John Webster's *White Devil* (p. 40, ed. Dyce, 1857) :

'O thou soft natural death, that art joint-twin
To sweetest slumber ;'

Drummond of Hawthornden (*Poems*, p. 46, ed. Turnbull, 1856) :

'If Death Sleep's brother be ;'

Sir Tho. Browne, in allusion to sleep (*Hydriotaphia*, § 4) : 'Since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementos ;' Tho. Washbourne (*Poems*, p. 230, ed. Grosart, 1868) :

'let Death suceed
His elder brother, Sleep ;'

Hon. W. Herbert (quoted by Scott, *Woodstock*, chap. vi, motto) :

'Sleep steals on us even like his brother Death ;'

[1] It may be noticed in passing that these lines have been included, as 'never before printed,' in our best edition of Donne (*Poems of John Donne, D.D.*, ed. Grosart, 1872-3, ii, 246), on the strength of the discovery of an inaccurate transcript of them, signed 'Dr. Donn,' in the library of Trinity Coll., Cambridge (*MS. B.* 14. 22). Nor is this the less curious from the circumstance that Daniel's sonnet was itself once the subject of a similar mistake ; for a draft of *it* having been found among the papers of his friend and correspondent Drummond of Hawthornden, Phillips gave it a place (p. 185) in the posthumous edition of the Scottish poet edited by him in 1656. In that case, however, there was no *obvious* incongruity between the work and the putative workman.

Samuel Daniel.

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Shelley (*Queen Mab*, I):

'How wonderful is Death—
Death, and his brother Sleep!'

Tennyson (*In Memoriam*, lxviii):

'When in the down I sink my head,
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, times my breath;'

Landor (*Last Fruit off an Old Tree*, 1853, p. 402):

'That gentle Power,
Gentle as Death, Death's brother;'

and R. S. Hawker (*Poetical Works*, 1879, p. 161):

'When darkness fills the western sky,
And sleep, the twin of death, is nigh,
What soothes the soul at set of sun?
The pleasant thought of duty done.'

Cf. also Sackville (*Induction*, 1563, xli), R. Southwell (*St. Peter's Complaint*, 1596? st. 121, p. 41, ed. Grosart, 1872), and Davies of Hereford (*Scourge of Folly*, 1610-11, p. 33, ed. Grosart, 1876); and see under CXIV, 14. L. 4 *care:* earlier eds. 'cares'.

23-24—XLIV-XLVI. From *Delia*, first published 1592. The text used is that of the collective quarto, edited by John Daniel, the poet's brother: *The Whole Workes of Samuel Daniel Esquire, In Poetrie.* 1623.[1]

Michael Drayton.

24—XLVII. The 37th Sonnet of *Idea* (1593): *Poems. Newly corrected by the Author*, 1608. In ed. of 1619 *unto* (l. 9) becomes 'else to'. This sonnet, which might have as title the beautiful Scotch saying 'The E'en brings a' hame,'[2] I select chiefly for its magical realization of the feeling of evening. The spirit of the hour, with all its kindliness and peace, was never more perfectly breathed into English verse. It may be linked here with one by that other true Arcadian, the 'sweet singer' of *Britannia's Pastorals* ('Cælia,' 13: *Lansdowne MSS., Brit. Mus., 777, Art. 1, fol. 17):*

[1] This is the text adopted in an elaborate edition of Daniel, in 4 vols., on which Dr. Grosart, assisted by eminent collaborators, has been engaged for some years; and it is gratifying to learn that the work, a real *desideratum*, will not now long be deferred. Are not the poet's own sanguine words being verified? (*Certaine Small Workes heretofore divulged*, &c., 1607: To the Reader):—

'I know I shalbe read among the rest,
So long as men speake english, and so long
As verse and vertue shalbe in request,
Or grace to honest industry belong.'

[2] This has been spiritualized in a poem of much beauty by the author (or authoress, I believe) of an anonymous little volume of verse, entitled *Spring Songs. By a West Highlander*, 1865. (Macmillan).

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Night, steale not on too fast: wee have not yet
Shed all our parting teares, nor paid the kisses,
Which foure dayes absence made us run in debt,
(O, who would absent be where growe such blisses?)
The Rose, which but this morning spred her leaves,
Kist not her neighbour flower more chast then wee:
Nor are the timelye Eares bound up in sheaves
More strict then in our Armes we twisted be;
O who would part us then, and disunite
Twoo harmeles soules, so innocent and true,
That were all honest Love forgotten quite,
By our Example men might Learne Anew.
Night severs us, but pardon her she maye,
And will once make us happyer then the daye.
William Browne.

25—XLVIII. The 61st, *ibid. Poems. With Sondry Peeces inserted never before Imprinted*, 1619. 'From Anacreon down to Moore,' says Henry Reed, speaking of this sonnet (*Lectures on the British Poets*, VII: i, 241, Philadelphia, 1857), 'I know of no lines on the old subject of lovers' quarrels, distinguished for equal tenderness of sentiment and richness of fancy. Especially may be observed the exquisite gracefulness in the transition from the familiar tone in the first part of the sonnet to the deeper feeling and the higher strain of imagination at the close.'

24-25—XLVII-XLVIII. As in the case of Samuel Daniel, with whom, somehow, he is commonly associated, only a scant selection has been made from Michael Drayton,—'that Panegyrist of my native Earth; who has gone over her soil (in his *Polyolbion*) with the fidelity of a herald, and the painful love of a son; who has not left a rivulet (so narrow that it may be stept over) without honourable mention; and has animated Hills and Streams with life and passion above the dreams of old mythology'[1]—the two examples given being perhaps as many out of the 'Sixtie Three Sonnets' composing his *Idea* as may with perfect safety be transplanted hither. Not that many of the others have not their portion of rememberable beauty, or that any of them is undeserving of study. Take the two following, for example, so perfect in their verbal mechanism:—

(23)

Love, banish'd Heav'n, in Earth was held in scorne,
Wand'ring abroad in need and Beggerie;
And wanting Friends, though of a Goddesse borne,
Yet crav'd the Almes of such as passèd by:
I, like a Man, devout and charitable,
Clothèd the Naked, lodg'd this wand'ring Ghest,

[1] Charles Lamb (*Dramatic Specimens*, i, 49, ed. 1849).

Michael Drayton.

With Sighes and Teares still furnishing his Table,
With what might make the Miserable blest.
But this ungratefull, for my good desert,
Intic'd my Thoughts, against me to conspire,
Who gave consent to steale away my Heart,
And set my Brest, his Lodging, on a fire.
Well, well, my Friends, when Beggers grow thus bold,
No marvell then though Charitie grow cold.

(47)

In pride of Wit, when high desire of Fame
Gave Life and Courage to my lab'ring Pen,
And first the sound and vertue of my Name
Wonne grace and credite in the Eares of Men ;
With those the throngèd Theaters that presse,
I in the Circuit for the Lawrell strove,
Where the full Prayse I freely must confesse,
In heat of Bloud, a modest Mind might move :
With Showts and Claps at ev'ry little pawse,
When the proud Round on ev'ry side hath rung,
Sadly I sit, unmov'd with the Applause,
As though to me it nothing did belong :
No publique Glorie vainely I pursue—
All that I seeke, is to eternize you.

And the beautiful 53rd too, which contains some of Drayton's picturesque and luscious epithets, and has the special interest of being a full-hearted tribute in sonnet-form to that native stream which he loved more than all those he was afterwards to celebrate, and which had doubtless been to him what the Derwent was to be two centuries later to Wordsworth, who sings how

'One, the fairest of all rivers, loved
To blend his murmurs with my nurse's song,
And from his alder shades and rocky falls,
And from his fords and shallows, sent a voice
That flowed along my dreams.'[1]

By help of the little poem moreover we shall be able to revisit in imagination the haunt of that melancholy one whom Amiens and his companion overheard moralizing

'as he lay along
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood.'[2]

In the edition used, that of 1619, it is entitled in the margin *Another to the River Ankor*, a previous sonnet, the 32nd, having been addressed to the same stream :—

[1] *The Prelude*, Book I.
[2] *As You Like It*, ii, i, 30.

Cleere Ankor, on whose Silver-sanded shore
My Soule-shrin'd Saint, my faire IDEA lies,
O blessèd Brooke, whose milke-white Swans adore
Thy Cristall streame refinèd by her Eyes,
Where sweet Myrrh-breathing Zephire in the Spring
Gently distills his Nectar-dropping showres,
Where Nightingales in Arden sit and sing,
Amongst the daintie Dew-impearlèd flowres;
Say thus faire Brooke, when thou shalt see thy Queene,
Loe, heere thy Shepheard spent his wandring yeeres;
And in these Shades, deare Nymph, he oft hath beene,
And heere to Thee he sacrific'd his Teares:
Faire Arden, thou my Tempe art alone,
And thou, sweet Ankor, art my Helicon.

None of these, not to mention the two masterpieces in the text, can have been remembered by Mrs. Jameson when she took it upon herself to say that Drayton's sonnets 'have neither poetry, nor passion, nor even elegance.'[1]

Joshua Sylvester.

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25—XLIX. From Davison's *Poetical Rapsody*, 1602, and attributed to Sylvester from the signature *I. S.* affixed to it. Sir Egerton Brydges in his edition of the *Rhapsody*, 1814-17, followed by Sir Harris Nicolas in his, 1826, makes the misleading statement that the signature was withdrawn in the fourth edition of 1621. The explanation is not far to seek. In the first three editions this sonnet and another, beginning 'The Poets fayne that when the world beganne,' each bearing the signature *I. S.*, are separated by a couple of anonymous madrigals (one of them the well-known 'My Love in her Attyre doth shew her witt'), while in the fourth edition, in which the contents underwent an entire re-arrangement and classification, the two sonnets are simply brought together, and the initials in question placed at the end of the second sonnet, so as to serve for both. It may be mentioned, however, that neither of these sonnets was included in the collected Sylvester folio of 1641, from which the three following additional specimens are extracted. The two first belong to that section of the volume to which the old editor (John Vicars?) has prefixed a title whereon the 'fantastick eye' of the dead poet himself must look with pleasure:—*Posthumi. Or Sylvesters Remains: containing Divers Sonnets, Epistles, Elegies, Epitaphs, Epigrams, and other Delightfull Devises, Revised out of the Ashes of that Silver-Tongued Translatour and Divine Poet-Laureat, Master Josuah Sylvester, Never, Till Now, Imprinted.*

[1] *Romance of Biography; or Memoirs of Women Loved and Celebrated by Poets*, 3rd ed., 1837, i, 263.

Joshua Sylvester.

(16)

They say that shadowes of deceasèd ghosts
Doe haunt the houses and the graves about,
Of such whose lives-lamp went untimely out,
Delighting still in their forsaken hostes:
So, in the place where cruell love doth shoote
The fatall shaft that slue my loves delight,
I stalke and walke and wander day and night,
Even like a ghost with unperceivèd foote.
But those light ghosts are happier far then I,
For, at their pleasure, they can come and goe
Unto the place that hides their treasure, so,
And see the same with their fantastick eye;
Where I (alas) dare not approach the cruell
Proud Monument that doth inclose my Jewell.

(20)

Thrice tosse these oaken ashes in the aire,
And thrice three times tie-up this true Loves knot;
Thrice sit thee downe in this enchanted chaire,
And murmure soft, shee will or shee will not.
Goe burn these pòys'ned weeds in that blew fire,
This Cipresse gath'red at a dead man's grave,
These Scriech-owles feathers, and this pricking bryer,
That all thy thorny Cares an end may have.
Then come you Fairies, dance with mee a round:
Dance in this circle, let my love be center,
Melodiously breath out a charming sound;
Melt her hard heart, that some remorse may enter.
In vain are all the charmes I can devise,
Shee hath an Arte to breake them with her eyes.

Like so many other things which have been attributed to Sylvester, the curious love-incantation last given must be regarded as of doubtful authenticity. It is one (Son. 22, p. 634, beginning 'Thou art not faire for all thy red and white,' being another) of those pieces from the posthumous additions to the Sylvester folio which Sir Egerton Brydges, 'on the authority of cotemporary MSS. of the British Museum,' prints as Thomas Campion's (*Excerpta Tudoriana*, i, 1814, 36). The difficulty is to believe that two productions of so strongly-marked a physiognomy as it and its associate above are not from one and the same pen. A specimen of a different order may now be given illustrating Sylvester's more characteristic style; for it was hardly by pictures so ghastly-grim as these that the English Du Bartas earned his appellation of 'the silver-tongued,' but by such qualities as are shewn in this first of two isolated sonnets occupying the page directly following the quaintly-beautiful *Ode to Astræa* in an earlier portion of the folio:—

Sweet mouth, that sendst a muskie-rosèd breath,
Fountain of Nectar, and delightfull Balm;
Eyes cloudy-clear, smile-frowning, stormy-calm,
Whose every glance darts mee a living-death;
Brows, bending quaintly your round Eben Arks,
Smile, that then Venus sooner Mars besots;
Locks more then golden, curl'd in curious knots,
Where, in close ambush, wanton Cupid lurks;
Grace Angel-like, fair fore-head, smoth and high,
Pure white, that dimm'st the Lillies of the Vale;
Vermilion Rose, that mak'st Aurora pale:
Rare spirit, to rule this beauties Emperie,
If in your force Divine effects I view,
Ah, who can blame me, if I worship you?

With this compare a similar piece of fancy portraiture by the author of *Parthenophil and Parthenophe* (Son. 71, ed. Grosart, p. 47):—

Those haires of Angels gold, thy natures treasure,
(For thou by nature Angellike art framed)
Those lovely browes, broade bridges of sweet pleasure,
Arche two cleare springs of graces gratious named;
There graces infinite do bathe and sporte:
Under on both sides those two pretious hilles
Where Phœb'e and Venus have a severall forte:
Her couche with snowie lillyes Phœbe filles,
But Venus with redde Roses her's adorneth;
There they with silent tokens doe dispute,
Whilst Phœbe Venus, Venus Phœbe scorneth,
And all the graces Judgers there sit mute
To give their verdict, till great Jove said this—
Dianaes arrowes wounde not like thy kisse.
Barnabe Barnes.

William Shakspeare.

The controversy on the Sonnets attributed to Shakspeare is a consequence of the obscurity in which everything about him is involved. His day and generation are not so very remote from our own, yet for all that we know of the personal history of this greatest among the children of men, he might almost as well be one of the shadowy figures in Arthurian legend. Hence not a little of what we habitually accept as Shakspeare's biography rests wholly on surmise. If, however, every attempt towards the elucidation, by biographical means, of these 'deep-brained sonnets'[1] must proceed upon the unstable ground of conjecture only, there is one thing of which we may feel absolutely certain,—that they were written by Shakspeare. With a few trifling exceptions every Sonnet bears, in high relief, the image and superscription of him who (without irreverence)

[1] Shakspeare's own epithet: *A Lovers complaint*, 209 (printed at the end of the *Sonnets*).

wrote as never man wrote; while, so far as is known, he never once disavowed the authorship during the seven years which intervened between their surreptitious publication with his name, and his death in 1616. It is when we come to contemplate the feelings and the passions forming the substance of the poems, with the strange, sad, equivocal story told there, and venture on the identification of the person or persons whom the poet addresses or feigns to address, that the grand difficulty confronts us. 'SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS. *Never before Imprinted*,' were published in a small-quarto volume in 1609 by Thomas Thorpe, a bookseller of some note. Prefixed was the following dedication (reduced from the original edition), the enigmatical character of which has occasioned much learned embarrassment, and seems not even yet to have quite lost its power of setting critics by the ears:

TO.THE.ONLIE.BEGETTER.OF.
THESE.INSVING.SONNETS.
Mr. W. H. ALL.HAPPINESSE.
AND.THAT.ETERNITIE.
PROMISED.

BY.

OVR.EVER-LIVING.POET.

WISHETH.

THE.WELL-WISHING.
ADVENTVRER.IN.
SETTING.
FORTH.

T. T.

It were idle to describe the various cuts which have been made at this Gordian knot. Suffice it to say that the initials 'T. T.' have always been understood to be those of the publisher, Thomas Thorpe, and that authorities are now pretty well agreed on the more crucial 'Mr. W. H.' as veiling the family name of the Earl of Pembroke—William Herbert;[1] the inscription reading thus: *Thomas Thorpe, the well-wishing adven-*

[1] This important identification was made by B. Heywood Bright in or about 1819, but first publicly announced by James Boaden in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, Oct. 1832, on independent discovery. See Boaden's work *On the Sonnets of Shakespeare* (1837).

turer,[1] *in setting forth, wisheth to Mr. W. H., the only begetter of these insuing Sonnets, all happiness and that eternity promised by our ever-living poet.* There does not seem to be so insuperable a difficulty in the expression 'onlie begetter' as the quantity of ink which has been shed over it would bespeak. It can bear but two meanings. If, on the one hand, it means that Herbert was the sole *procurer* of the Sonnets for the piratical Thorpe, it is simply a statement of fact on the best authority, which, even if it were not entirely credible, we should be bound to accept. Moreover, it furnishes the only clue we possess as to how the poems ever found their way out of that 'private' circle within which we learn on Meres's testimony they were known prior to 1598,[2] and beyond which Shakspeare doubtless never intended them to go. If, on the other, we are to take 'begetter' in its ordinary and more obvious sense of *the person to whom the poems owed their existence*, the solution is equally simple. In all likelihood Thorpe was not ignorant of the part played by Herbert in the secret drama of the Sonnets, and itched to blab it. True his 'onlie' exaggerates that part, whatever its real extent may have been; but it seems ridiculous to stickle for verbal precision where the writer had so obvious a motive for exaggeration. 'Onlie' was but a bit of flattering homage on the part of the grateful pirate to his noble procurer. 'The onlie begetter'!—Thorpe's expression implies *both* senses—procurer *and* originator—and was no doubt chosen for that reason.

Turning to the more important question of the groundwork or subject-matter of the Sonnets, it will be obvious to those who have any idea of its dimensions that it cannot be discussed within the limits of an Anthology. The reader must pursue it for himself in the elaborate and exhaustive works devoted to the subject, especially those of Mr. Charles Armitage Brown[3] and Mr. Gerald Massey,[4] the protagonists of the two great opposite theories of the Sonnets, as, according to the former, Autobiographic or Personal, and, according to the latter, Dramatic (vicarious) or Impersonal. Whichever of these works may ultimately determine his faith—and I cannot doubt that it will be Mr. Massey's masterly and

[1] On the particular use of the word 'adventurer' about this time, in relation to its occurrence in the inscription, consult Dr. Grosart's Essay prefixed to his edition of Donne's Poems (i, 1873, pp. xlv-xlvii).

[2] Francis Meres (*Palladis Tamia. Wits Treasury*, &c., 1598, f. 281-2): 'As the soule of *Euphorbus* was thought to live in *Pythagoras*: so the sweete wittie soule of *Ovid* lives in mellifluous & hony-tongued *Shakespeare*, witnes his *Venus* and *Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugred Sonnets among his private friends, &c.'

[3] *Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems. Being his Sonnets clearly developed: with his Character drawn chiefly from his works.* 1838.

[4] *Shakspeare's Sonnets never before interpreted*, &c., 1866; and a second edition, *The Secret Drama of Shakspeare's Sonnets Unfolded, with the Characters Identified*, 1872, containing a valuable Supplementary Chapter. The most noteworthy among recent contributions to this literature are the papers of Mr. F. G. Fleay ('On the Motive of Shakspere's Sonnets,' 1-125: *Macmillan's Magazine*, March, 1875), and Mr. T. A. Spalding (*Gentleman's Magazine*, March, 1878).

luminous exposition—there is one grand principle, insufficiently recognised in either, which the reader embarking on this vast and perilous inquiry will do well to keep steadfastly before him. It was well put by the late Robert Bell in an introduction to the Sonnets: 'All poetry is autobiographical. But the particle of actual life out of which verse is wrought may be, and almost always is, wholly incommensurate to the emotion depicted, and remote from the forms into which it is ultimately shaped. We should remember, also, that poets draw upon two sources—experience and observation; and who shall undertake to separate the realities from the creations?'[1] Mr. Bell said an equally true thing some ten years later when he said of the Shakspeare theories generally, that they 'help materially to spoil our enjoyment of him.'[2] That the poems themselves, and not the excogitations of theorists on them, are his primary and proper concern, is a score on which the reader need have no misgivings. An earnest study of any portion of them will teach him more of the mind and heart of Shakspeare and bear him further into the poet's inmost soul than all the brain-spun systems that ever were written. So Shelley seems to have been taught, if, entertaining a recent happy suggestion,[3] we take that most exquisite fragment of his to have been evoked by the Sonnets:—

'I am as a spirit who has dwelt
Within his heart of hearts; and I have felt
His feelings, and have thought his thoughts, and known
The inmost converse of his soul, the tone
Unheard but in the silence of his blood,
When all the pulses in their multitude
Image the trembling calm of summer seas.
I have unlocked the golden melodies
Of his deep soul, as with a master-key,
And loosened them, and bathed myself therein—
Even as an eagle in a thunder-mist
Clothing his wings with lightning.'[4]

The following are a few of the more noteworthy opinions which have been recorded of Shakspeare's Sonnets. 'There is extant a small Volume of miscellaneous Poems in which Shakespeare expresses his own feelings in his own Person. It is not difficult to conceive that the Editor, George Steevens, should have been insensible to the beauties of one portion of that Volume, the Sonnets;[5] though there is not a part of the writings of

[1] *The Poems of William Shakspeare.* Edited by Robert Bell. 1855, p. 152.
[2] *The Fortnightly Review*, August 1st, 1866: Art. 'Shakespeare's Sonnets.'
[3] *Notes and Queries*, 5th S. VI, Nov. 4, 1876.
[4] Mr. Garnett's *Relics of Shelley*, 1862, p. 81.
[5] Steevens's *Advertisement* to the 1793 edition of the Plays, vol. i, p. vii: 'We have not reprinted the Sonnets, &c., of Shakspeare, because the strongest act of Parliament

this Poet where is found in an equal compass a greater number of exquisite feelings felicitously expressed.'—*Wordsworth.*[1]

'These Sonnets, like the Venus and Adonis, and the Rape of Lucrece, are characterized by boundless fertility and laboured condensation of thought, with perfection of sweetness in rhythm and metre.'—*Coleridge.*[2]

'The transcendent beauty of Shakespeare's Sonnets is now universally felt and acknowledged; and the insolent contempt with which Steevens presumed to speak of them, is only remembered to the injury of the critic's reputation. They contain such a quantity of profound thought as must astonish every reflecting reader; they are adorned by splendid and delicate imagery; they are sublime, pathetic, tender, or sweetly playful; while they delight the ear by their fluency, and their varied harmonies of rhythm. Amid so much excellence, their occasional conceits and quaintness are forgotten.'—*Dyce.*[3]

'There is nothing more remarkable or fascinating in English poetry. . . . We read them again and again, and find each time some new proof of his almost superhuman insight into human nature; of his unrivalled mastery over all the tones of love. We cannot bring ourselves to wish that "Shakspeare had never written them,"[4] or that the world should have wanted perhaps the most powerful and certainly the most singular, utterances of passion which Poetry has yet supplied.'—*F. T. Palgrave.*[5]

'Shakespeare's Sonnets are so heavily laden with meaning, so double-shotted, if one may so speak, with thought, so penetrated and pervaded with a repressed passion, that, packed as all this is into narrowest limits, it sometimes imparts no little obscurity to them; and they often require to be heard or read not once but many times, in fact to be studied, before they reveal to us all the treasures of thought and feeling which they contain.'—*Dr. Trench.*[6]

I conclude these introductory remarks with a word-portrait of Shakspeare by Ben Jonson which is much less generally known than it deserves to be. Mr. Massey quoting it in his later work on the Sonnets, observes: 'If it had not been for the persistent endeavour to prove Shakspeare a lawyer, and too confidently assumed that the character, or rather the name, of "Ovid," in the *Poetaster* (produced at Shak-

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that could be framed, would fail to compel readers into their service.' Steevens had reproduced the Sonnets with commendable accuracy seven-and-twenty years before (*Twenty of the Plays of Shakespeare*, &c., 4 vols., 1766).

[1] *Essay, Supplementary to the Preface.* Wordsworth's *Poems*, 1815, i, 352.

[2] *Specimens of the Table Talk of S. T. C.*, 1835, ii, 181.

[3] *Specimens of English Sonnets*, 1833, p. 213.

[4] 'Notwithstanding the frequent beauties of these Sonnets . . . it is impossible to wish that Shakspeare had never written them.'—Hallam's *Literature of Europe*, iii, 264.

[5] *Songs and Sonnets by William Shakespeare.* Edited by Francis Turner Palgrave, 1865, p. 243.

[6] *A Household Book of English Poetry*, 2nd ed., 1870, p. 395 (earlier, *The History of the English Sonnet*: Dublin Afternoon Lectures, [1866], iv, 144).

speare's theatre, 1601), was intended for Shakspeare, it would have been seen that it is in the character of "Virgil" that Jonson has rendered the nature of the man, the quality of his learning, the affluence of his poetry, the height at which the poet himself stood above his work, in the truest, best likeness of Shakspeare extant.' The interlocutors are Cæsar, Horace, Gallus, and Tibullus. Note that 'Horace' represents Ben himself, and is singled out by Cæsar for his opinion as being 'the poorest, and likelyest to envie, or to detract' (*Poëtaster, Or his Arraignement*, Act v, sc. i: Workes, folio, 1616, p. 332) :—

CÆSAR.

Say then, lov'd Horace, thy true thought of Virgil.

HORACE.

I judge him of a rectified spirit,
By many revolutions of discourse
(In his bright reasons influence) refin'd
From all the tartarous moodes of common men;
Bearing the nature and similitude
Of a right heavenly bodie: most severe
In fashion and collection of himselfe,
And then as cleare and confident as Jove.

GALLUS.

And yet so chaste and tender is his eare
In suffering any syllable to passe
That he thinkes may become the honour'd name
Of issue to his so-examin'd selfe,
That all the lasting fruits of his full merit
In his owne Poemes he doth still distaste:
As if his mindes peece, which he strove to paint,
Could not with fleshly pencils have her right.

TIBULLUS.

But, to approve his workes of soveraigne worth,
This observation (me thinkes) more then serves,
And is not vulgar: That which he hath writ
Is with such judgement labour'd and distill'd
Through all the needful uses of our lives,
That could a man remember but his lines,
He should not touch at any serious point,
But he might breathe his spirit out of him.

CÆSAR.

You meane, he might repeat part of his workes,
As fit for any conference he can use?

TIBULLUS.

True, royall Cæsar.

CÆSAR.

Worthily observ'd:
And a most worthie vertue in his workes.
What thinks materiall Horace of his learning?

HORACE.

His learning savours not the schoole-like glosse
That most consists in ecchoing wordes and terms,
And soonest wins a man an empty name;
Nor any long or far-fetcht circumstance,
Wrapt in the curious generalties of artes:
But a direct and analyticke summe
Of all the worth and first effects of artes.
And for his Poesie, 'tis so ramm'd with life,
That it shall gather strength of life with being,
And live hereafter more admir'd then now.[1]

As Mr. Massey well says on citing these lines, how cordially one can repeat their author's epitaph—

'O RARE BEN JONSON!'

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26—L. *Music to hear*, &c. = O thou whom it is music to hear, why hear'st thou, &c. *confounds* = confoundest—an inflection dictated by euphony in the case of verbs ending in *d* or *t*. So *2 Hen. VI*, i, 1, 19: 'O Lord that lends me life.'

9. 'If two strings are tuned in perfect unison, and one only is struck, a very sensible vibration takes place in the other. This is called sympathetic vibration.'—*Knight*. See Mr. Massey's interesting chapter in which he contends that this and other sentiments and arguments in the earliest group of the Sonnets were derived from the 3rd Book of Sidney's *Arcadia*.

27—LII, 3-4. Cp. Drummond, CXVIII, 5-6, and Wordsworth, CCXV, 12-14.

LIII. 'Compare this sonnet with *In Memoriam* lxxv-lxxvii' [= lxxiv-lxxvi, the earlier eds.]—*Tennysoniana*, 2nd ed., 1879, p. 59.

28—LIV. *that fair thou ow'st* = that beauty thou ownest.

LV. *Making a couplement*, &c. *E.g.*, Spenser's *Amoretti*, 9 (*supra*, p. 243) and 64; and the following: Daniel's *Delia*, 19:—

Restore thy tresses to the golden Ore,
Yeeld Cithereas sonne those Arkes of love;
Bequeath the heavens the starres that I adore,
And to th' Orient do thy Pearles remove;
Yeeld thy hands pride unto th' Ivory white,
T' Arabian odors give thy breathing sweete,
Restore thy blush unto Aurora bright,
To Thetis give the honour of thy feete;
Let Venus have thy graces her resign'd,
And thy sweet voice give back unto the Spheares;

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[1] L. 31 *savours* (1640): 'labours' (1616)

William Shakspeare.

But yet restore thy fierce and cruell mind
To Hyrcan Tygres, and to ruthles Beares.
Yeeld to the Marble thy hard hart againe;
So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to paine.
Samuel Daniel.

Barnes's *Parthenophil and Parthenophe*, Son. 48, ed. Grosart, p. 32:—

I wish no rich-refinde Arabian gold,
Nor Orient Indian pearle, rare natures wonder,
No Diamondes th' Aegiptian surges under,
No Rubyes of America deare sold,
Nor Saphyres which rich Affrike sandes enfold—
Treasures far distant, from thise Isle asunder;
Barbarian Ivories in contempt I hold;
But onely this, this onely Venus graunt,
That I my sweet Parthenophe may get:
Her heires no grace of golden wyers want,
Pure pearles with perfect Rubines are in set,
True Dyamondes in eyes, Saphires in vaynes,
Nor can I that soft Ivory skinne forget:
England in one small subject such containes.
Barnabe Barnes.

Madrigal 4, *Ibid*, p. 10:—

There had my Zeuxes place and time to draw
My mistresse pourtraict, which on plantane table
With nature matching colours as he saw
Her leaning on her elbow, tho not able,
He gan with vermil, gold, white, and sable
To shadow forth: and with a skilfull knuckle
Lively set out my fortunes fable,
On lippes a rose, on hand an hony-suckle.
For nature fram'd that arbour in such orders
That roses did with woodbynes buckle,
Whose shadow trembling on her lovely face
He left unshadow'd: there arte lost his grace,
And that white lillie leafe with fringèd borders
Of Angels gold vayled the skyes
Of myne heavens hierarchie which clos'd her eyes.
Barnabe Barnes.

and Davies of Hereford's *Wittes Pilgrimage*, [1610?], Son. 73:—

Thy Beauties blush, like fairest Morne in Maie,
(Faire-Honied Sweet) doth so intrance mine Eies
That while thou dost those Roses rich display
They see Heav'ns hue through thy skins Christal skies;
And did my fault nor thine enforce the same,
I stil could wish to see that Heav'nly Blush:
Yea, I would see that glory to my shame,
So that my faces shame would cause that flush.
Then blame me not if (when thy Cheeks I see
Died in a Tincture that is so divine)

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My Cheeks in selfsame Colour Dyèd be
To make thine spread their Dy, by dying mine:
Then, blush thou not, for blushing in this wise
Sith that Hue from, and for thy grace doth rise.
John Davies.

29—LVI. Cp. Sidney's song in the 3rd Book of the *Arcadia*, beginning

'My true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one for the other giv'ne,'[1]

and the 47th Son. of Barnes's *Parthenophil and Parthenophe*. Read also Spenser's *Amoretti*, 45.

LVII. *fight:* quarto 'worth'. The present reading was supplied by Theobald, who also suggested that if 'worth' were retained, *forth* should be substituted for 'quite' in l. 11.

30—LVIII, 1-2. Mr. Fleay (article named, p. 279, foot-note) sees in this passage an allusion to what he maintains was Shakspeare's own occasional employment about the time when it is supposed the first series of the Sonnets (1-125) was written: 1594-1596. 'Here,' he observes, 'the double meaning of "travel", as then spelt ['travaill'], is clearly played on by the poet. . . . Travelling is clearly what we should call strolling.' See under LXXXVII, p. 295. 11-12. Cp. *Romeo and Juliet*, i, 5, 47:

'She hangs upon the cheek of Night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear.'

LIX, 7. Cp. LXII, 8 (with note). 11-12. Cp. *Cymbeline*, ii, 3:

'Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings.'

13-14. Cp. Drummond (CXXX, 13-14):

'From this so high transcending rapture springs,
That I, all else defaced, not envy kings;'

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[1] I subjoin the version of this 'ditty made by the noble knight Sir Philip Sidney,' as given in Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589 (Lib. iii, chap. xix, p. 188), and adopted by Ellis (*Specimens*, 4th ed. 1811, ii, 263) and Mr. Palgrave (*Golden Treasury*, 1861, p. 15):—

'My true love hath my heart and I have his,
By just exchange one for another geven:
I holde his deare, and mine he cannot misse,
There never was a better bargaine driven.
My true love hath my heart and I have his.

My heart in me keepes him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and sences guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his owne,
I cherish his because in me it bides.
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.'

Puttenham adduces the song as an example of '*Epimone*, or the Love-burden,' whence Mr. Palgrave infers (*Academy*, July 7th, 1877) that he had Sidneian authority for his text, which certainly 'differs greatly in poetical effect from that of the *Arcadia*;' but to me it seems more probable that the old critic altered the original arrangement to suit his own immediate purpose.

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on which see note, p. 330. 14. Cp. S. Daniel (*Civile Wars*, 1595, Bk. iii, st. 64, fol. 55):

'Nor chaung his state with him that Scepters weildes.'

31—LX, 5. Cp. B. Griffin (*Fidessa*, 1596, Son. 30):

. . . 'eyes . . . drowned
In your own teares.'

And moan the expense of many a vanished sight: i.e., the loss or disappearance of, &c.; 'expense' being used in precisely the same sense as the verb-form terminating the 107th Son. (XCIV, p. 48):

'When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.'

The passage has been overlaid by the perverse ingenuity of commentators, who have insisted on regarding *sight* as an instance of the old form of 'sigh'. Only a pedant could ever for a moment mistake the poet's meaning. Cp. Tennyson's

'touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.'

In this affecting sonnet—keeping out its glad ending—we recognize the same sad mood as that which finds such unique expression in Charles Lamb's *Old Familiar Faces*, or the 'Tears, idle tears' of the Laureate. But modern poetry is only too full of such sorrowing. In connexion with the passage specially under notice and the 'ladies dead' of XCIII (p. 47) we may recall Browning's pathetic cry *(A Toccata of Galuppi's)*:

'Dear dead women, with such hair, too—what's become
of all the gold
Used to hang and brush their bosoms?'

LXI. *obsequious tear* 'Besides the obvious sense, is here used with reference to the *obsequies* of the dead.'—*F. T. Palgrave.* So Lucius to Marcus (*Titus Andronicus*, v, 3, 151):

'draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.'

dear-religious love. 'That is, "love *making a religion of its affections*," says Walker (*Crit. Exam.* &c., vol. i, p. 36), at whose suggestion I have inserted the hyphen. He compares our author's *Lover's Complaint* [247–250]:

"The accident which brought me to her eye
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly:
Religious love put out Religion's eye." '—*Dyce.*

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32—LXII. *Reserve* = preserve, keep. 8. Cp. LIX, 7. Shakspeare, when occasion offers, does not hesitate to speak out boldly his assurance of fame. He *knew* he had 'laid great bases for eternity' (Son. 125); and that he valued the lasting remembrance of posterity as his dearest inheritance is as plainly evidenced in the Sonnets as if, with a later immortal, he had openly chanted the prayer (*The Legend of Jubal and Other Poems*, by George Eliot, 2nd ed. 1874):

> 'O may I join the choir invisible
> Of those immortal dead who live again
> In minds made better by their presence: live
> In pulses stirred to generosity,
> In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
> For miserable aims that end with self,
> In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
> And with their mild persistence urge man's search
> To vaster issues.'

But from such passages as these we see that with that assurance was joined an ardent recognition of the merits of others. It will probably never be conclusively demonstrated who the 'better spirit' of the 80th Sonnet was; but to whomsoever we choose to assign the honour,—whether to Daniel with Boaden, Marlowe with Mr. Massey, Chapman with Mr. Minto, or Nash with Mr. Fleay—it furnishes us with a memorable instance of that noble modesty, that exaggerated sense of intellectual indebtedness which would seem to be characteristic of the very greatest natures. The reader will call to mind Burns's tribute to Robert Fergusson, Coleridge's to Bowles, Scott's to Miss Ferrier, &c.

LXIII. *rack*. 'The winds in the upper region (which move the clouds above, which we call the rack, and are not perceived below) pass without noise.'—Bacon's *Sylva Sylvarum*, cent. ii, § 115 (quoted by Clark and Wright: *Hamlet*, Clarendon Press ed.). So *Hamlet*, ii, 2, 468:

> 'But as we often see, against some storm,
> A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
> The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
> As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
> Doth rend the region,' &c.

and Fairfax, quoted in *England's Parnassus* (Park's *Heliconia*, iii, 448):

> 'Still was the ayre, the racke nor came nor went.'

It would seem to include in its meaning also the *motion* of the clouds, or what in Scotland is known as 'the carry,' used with poetical licence by Tannahill for the firmament:

> 'No a starn in a' the carry;'

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with which cp. a passage in *The Raigne of King Edward the Third*, ii, 1, 3 (Capell's *Prolusions*, 1760, Pt. II, p. 15):

'And changing passions, like inconstant clouds,—
That, rackt upon the *carriage* of the winds,
Increase, and die.'

Elsewhere in Shakspeare the word is employed as an intransitive verb, to stretch or separate, as clouds with the wind,—'the racking clouds' (*3 Hen. VI*, ii, 1, 27)—a particular sense in which it is still current in Scotland. But the word has not yet dropped out of English poetry: Shelley's fragment (ed. Rossetti, 1870, ii, 335):

'Driving along a rack of wingèd Clouds;'

Keats (*Hyperion*, Bk. i, 302):

'And all along a dismal rack of clouds;'

and M. Arnold (*Stanzas in Memory of the Author of 'Obermann'*):

'The autumn storm-winds drive the rack.'

The region cloud = that overspreading the region or domain of the air; as in Milton (*Paradise Lost*, vii, 425):

'Part loosely wing the region.'

Observe the coincidence of the words 'region' and 'rack' in close proximity in Bacon and Shakspeare, as quoted above. Prof. Holmes might have included it in his chapter of parallelisms (*Authorship of Shakespeare*. New York: 1866). *stain* is a neuter verb here. With Shakspeare's sonnet may be compared Wordsworth's, beginning

'Who but is pleased to watch the moon on high.'

34—LXVI. *canker-blooms* = dog or hedge-roses, which, beautiful as they are, yet lack the rich perfume of the damask roses, and cannot therefore like these be used for the purpose of distilling. 6. Cp. Barnabe Barnes (*The Devil's Charter*, 1607, quoted by Dr. Grosart, Intro. to the Poems, 1875, p. xxxvi) who has as constant and loving references to roses as Shakspeare himself:

'*Lucretia.* I must delay this colour: is it carnation right?
Motticilla. Oh, the true tincture of a damask rose.'

unrespected = unregarded. So B. Griffin (*Fidessa*, Son. 37):

'Wayling alone my unrespected love.'

fade . . . vade. One of many examples of the distinction between these words may be cited from R. Barnfield's *Complaint of Chastitie*, 1594, st. 9:

'For what are Pleasures but still-vading joyes?
Fading as flowers.'

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See also Dr. Grosart's complete eds. of Barnfield, printed for the Roxburghe Club, 1876, p. 55, and John Davies of Hereford, *Chertsey Worthies' Liby.*, 1878, Glossarial Index, *s. v.* 14. *by:* 'my' (Malone).

34—LXVII, 1-2. Cp. Florio, XXVI, 9-11.

35—LXVIII, 13. *will.* Mr. Massey classes this sonnet in the Herbert series, and accordingly prints the word in capitals as a proper name. The quarto has 'Will.'

LXIX, 1-3. Imitated by William Roscoe in his Sonnet to Dr. Currie (*Poetical Works*, Liverpool, 1853, p. 92):

> 'As, on the margin of the breezy shore,
> Waves after waves successive rise and die,
> Thus pass the transient race of human kind.'

5. 'When a star has risen and entered on the full stream of light.'—*F. T. Palgrave.* 6. Formerly, periods of eclipse, especially of the moon, were held to be peculiarly unpropitious for the conception or execution of lawful, and favourable to evil enterprises; hence '*crooked* eclipses.' So Milton of the ill-fated ship in which his friend was lost (*Lycidas*, 100):

> 'It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
> Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
> That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.'

parallels. Cp. the beginning of the 2nd Sonnet:

> 'When fortie Winters shall beseige thy brow,
> And digge deep trenches in thy beauties field.'

times in hope = the future, the 'age unbred' (XCI, 13, p. 46), times as yet only *in promise*, as in LXXXVII, 10 (p. 44) '*hope* of orphans,' &c., in the sense of *promise* of orphans, &c.

36—LXX, 7. According to the theory enunciated by Mr. Fleay (footnote, *supra*, p. 279), the '*shame*' which Shakspeare so often speaks of as attaching to him is 'nothing more than the feeling produced by unfavourable critical opinions concerning his productions; such, for instance, as that the *Romeo and Juliet* or *Richard II* was inferior to the contemporaneous poem of *Venus and Adonis*, or that the *Lucrece* was far superior in *kind and quality* to the dramatic works that succeeded it, probably *Richard III*, if not the refashioned *Henry VI.* . . . We must remember that Shakspere's poems were for a considerable time thought superior to his plays.' Mr. Fleay thus explains the '*idle hours*':—'In the Epistle to Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, prefixed to the *Venus and Adonis*, Shakspere says: "I vow to take advantage of all *idle hours* till I have honoured you with some graver labour;" and in the similar document prefixed to the *Rape of Lucrece*, he says: "What I have done is yours"

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(that is, the two poems just mentioned); "what I have to do is yours: being part in all I have, devoted yours." And he never dedicated any work to any other person. Hence Southampton was the only person who had a right to have any "jealousy" as to Shakspere's idleness: to "pry into his deeds," to "find out in him shame and idle hours." Shakspere had promised him another poem and had not fulfilled his promise; he had been writing for the stage instead.' 8. *tenour* (Malone): quarto 'tenure'.

36—LXXI. Observe that there is no grammatical subject, or objective, here; the predicate being extended to such a length (ll. 3–5) to necessitate a fresh presentment of the thought with l. 6. Failing to analyse the sonnet correctly, Mr. Bulloch (*Studies on the Text of Shakespeare:* Aberdeen, 1878) has been tempted into the fatal 'emendation' of 'Aghast' for *Against* in l. 1.

37—LXXII, 5–7. The author of *Tennysoniana* matches this passage with *In Memoriam*, cxxiii:

> 'There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
> O earth, what changes hast thou seen!
> There where the long street roars, hath been
> The stillness of the central sea.'

Drummond finely amplifies the thought in sonnet-form (*Flowres of Sion*, ed. 1630, p. 23):

> *EARTH, AND ALL ON IT, CHANGEABLE.*
>
> That space where raging Waves doe now divide
> From the great Continent our happie Isle,
> Was some-time Land; and where tall Shippes doe glide,
> Once with deare Arte the crooked Plough did tyle:
> Once those faire Bounds stretcht out so farre and wide,
> Where Townes, no, Shires enwall'd, endeare each mile,
> Were all ignoble Sea and marish vile,
> Where Protens Flockes danc'd measures to the Tyde.
> So Age, transforming all, still forward runnes;
> No wonder though the Earth doth change her face!
> New Manners, Pleasures new, turne with new Sunnes,
> Lockes now like Gold grow to an hoarie grace:
> Nay, Mindes rare shape doth change, that lyes despis'd,
> Which was so deare of late, and highlie pris'd.
>
> *William Drummond.*[1]

Cp. Shakspeare again, *2 Hen. IV*, iii, 1, 45–51; John Davies of Hereford (*The Muses Sacrifice*, 1612, ed. Grosart, ii, 51):

> 'Now swels the Sea, where erst faire Cities stood;
> So, where Men walkt, now huge Sea-monsters swim:
> And, where the Earth was cover'd with her Floud,
> Now Citties stand, unneere the Oceans Brim.'

[1] *deare Arte the crooked:* 'laborious Art the' (1623).

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and Mr. Swinburne's *Erectheus*, 1876, 33:

'But now
Would this day's ebb of their spent wave of strife
Sweep it to sea, wash it on wreck, and leave
A costless thing contemned; and in our stead,
Where these walls were and sounding streets of men,
Make wide a waste for tongueless water-herds
And spoil of ravening fishes; that no more
Should men say, Here was Athens.'

37—LXXIII. Observe the ellipsis of *there is neither* after 'Since' in l. 1; for other instances of which see Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 403. *Time's chest:* in which he is feigned to conceal his treasures. So Ulysses (*Troilus and Cressida*, iii, 3, 145):

'Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion.'

Leigh Hunt varies the metaphor in his pretty rondeau, *Jenny kiss'd me:*

'Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.'

38—LXXIV, 11. Cp. Spenser (*Colin Clouts come home againe*, 1595, sig. D 3):

'Whiles single Truth and simple honestie
Do wander up and downe despys'd of all.'

The anomalies enumerated in this sonnet (which should be compared with the great soliloquy in the 3rd act of *Hamlet*) are unhappily too common to require illustration by specific examples; yet it may be remarked how appositely Prof. Lowell applies ll. 8–9 to the case of Keats and his critics, and l. 11 to Wordsworth's. (*Among My Books*, 2nd Series, as before, p. 312). Mr. Hales, quoting the sonnet in his Introduction to the Clarendon Press ed. of Milton's *Areopagitica*, 1874, says: 'Not other are the visions Milton sees in his *Areopagitica*:—"What is it but a servitude, like that imposed by the Philistines, not to be allowed the sharpening of our own axes and coulters, but we must repair from all quarters to twenty licensing forges? . . . What advantage is it to be a man over it is to be a boy at school, if we have only scapt the ferular to come under the fescue of an imprimatur?" But these things do not "tire" and dishearten Milton. Rather they inflame him with a noble rage.'

37–38—LXXII–LXXIV. 'These three sonnets form one poem of marvellous power, insight, and beauty.'—*F. T. Palgrave.*

38—LXXV. *suspect* = suspicion—as in the Hamburg pseudo-Shakspearian poem (Collier's *New Particulars*, &c., 1836, p. 66; or, Memoir of T. L. Beddoes, prefixed to *Poems*, 1851, p. lxx):

'And love is sweetest, seasoned with suspect.'

William Shakspeare.

PAGE There seems to be something of the sentiment as well as of the phraseology of this sonnet in the following passage from Humfrey Gifford's *Posie of Gilloflowers* (1580), ed. Grosart, 1875, p. 40: 'I coulde heere bring to your memorie, with how many hatred[s] and enimities the worldly promotions are invironed, so that nothing is sure in them, nothing without suspect,' &c. *(An Epistle of Claudius Ptholomæus &c. englished by H. G.).* 6. *Thy* (Capell MS.): quarto 'Their'. *being wooed of Time:* that is, unless I wholly misapprehend the phrase (of which, observe, the subject is *thou* understood, not 'worth' as Malone, or 'slander' as Steevens misjudged) = being still in the season of youth, passing through that *time* of life in which the allurements (*wooings*) to evil are strongest :—

'For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love.'

For *Time* the late Mr. Staunton (Unsuspected Corruptions of Shakspeare's Text: *Athenæum*, Jan. 31, 1874) proposed to read 'crime', and strengthened his conjecture (possibly suggested by Malone's 'void of crime') by pointing to the 144th Sonnet, which he believed to have some affinity with this 70th, particularly in the lines :

'To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.'[1]

kingdoms of hearts. Cp. the 'worldes of harts' of B. Barnes's sonnet under CII (p. 300), and H. Constable's *Diana*, Son. 27 :

'Thou of a world of hearts in time shalt be
A monarch great;'

of which Shakspeare's phrase was possibly a reminiscence. *owe* = own.

39—LXXVI. Cp. Miss Rossetti's fine sonnet (*Poems*, 1875, p. 105):

REMEMBER.

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you planned:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.

[1] Cp. Drayton (*Idea*, Son. 20):

'An evill spirit your beautie haunts Me still,
Wherewith (alas) I have beene long possest,
Which ceaseth not to tempt Me unto Ill,
Nor gives Me once but ong poore minutes rest.'

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Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.
Christina G. Rossetti.

39—LXXVII. 'How exquisitely worthy of him who told of Macbeth's "way of life, fallen into the sere and yellow leaf," is such a sonnet as this!'—*Henry Reed.* Ll. 5–8 recall an unpublished sonnet by a young living poet in which similar imagery is employed with equal naturalness and beauty. It is entitled

VANISHINGS.

As one whose eyes have watched the stricken day
Swoon to its crimson death adown the sea,
Turning his face to eastward suddenly
Sees a lack-lustre world all chill and gray,—
Then, wandering sunless whitherso he may,
Feels the first dubious dumb obscurity,
And vague foregloomings of the Dark to be,
Close like a sadness round his glimmering way;
So I from drifting dreambound on and on
About strange isles of utter bliss, in seas
Whose waves are unimagined melodies,
Rose and beheld the dreamless world anew:
Sad were the fields, and dim with splendours gone
The strait sky-glimpses fugitive and few.
William Watson.

40—LXXVIII. *consecrate.* For a list of verbs which, ending in *te*, *t*, and *d*, do not take *ed* in the participle, see Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 342. A modern instance occurs in Shelley's sonnet *To Wordsworth* given under CCLXXII:

'Songs *consecrate* to truth and liberty.'

With l. 10 cp. CV, 7; and with 11, LXXI, 9–12.

LXXIX. *a noted weed* = a familiar dress. This sonnet breaks a sequence observable in the three preceding and the one succeeding it in the text. It should be read with Sonnets 105 (XCII, p. 47) and 108, in which the poet falls back into the same strain.

41—LXXX, 1–8. The following sonnet affords an interesting comment on this and other passages in Shakspeare's writings from which it has sometimes been supposed that he was unconscious of the immortality that awaited him. (*Dublin University Review and Quarterly Magazine*, January, 1833):—

SHAKSPEARE.

Who says that Shakspeare did not know his lot,
But deem'd that in time's manifold decay

William Shakspeare.

His memory should die and pass away,
And that within the shrine of human thought
To him no altar should be rear'd ? O hush !
O veil thyself awhile in solemn awe !
Nor dream that all man's mighty spirit-law
Thou know'st; how all the hidden fountains gush
Of the soul's silent prophesying power.
For as deep Love, 'mid all its wayward pain,
Cannot believe but it is loved again,
Even so strong Genius, with its ample dower
Of a world-grasping love, from that deep feeling
Wins of its own wide sway the clear revealing.
Sir Wm. R. Hamilton.

10. The author of *Tennysoniana* notes the parallel in *In Memoriam* (Conclusion):

'Which shall be read
By village eyes as yet unborn.'

It may here be remarked that throughout the Sonnets there are evidences of Shakspeare's having read those in which, as Meres describes them, 'Daniel hath divinely sonetted the matchlesse beauty of his *Delia*.' Through this LXXX, for example, he can be pretty clearly traced to the 41st and 52nd of that collection, the latter of which may find a place here for comparison, notwithstanding its somewhat ungracious glance at 'the poets' poet,' whose *Faerie Queene* was then a new book. (*Whole Workes in Poetrie*, as before, 1623):—

Let others sing of Knights and Palladines
In aged accents and untimely words,
Paint shadowes in imaginary lines,
Which well the reach of their high wits records;
But I must sing of thee and those faire eies
Autentique shall my verse in time to come,
When yet th'unborne shall say, Lo where she lies
Whose beauty made him speake that else was dombe.
These are the Arkes, the Trophies I erect,
That fortifie thy name against old age;
And these thy sacred vertues must protect
Against the darke and times consuming rage.
Though th' error of my youth in them appeare,
Suffice they shew I liv'd, and lov'd thee deare.
Samuel Daniel.

Cp. also Drayton's *Idea*, Son. 44. Hartley Coleridge (*Essays and Marginalia*, 1851, i, 123) on quoting the sonnet under notice, exclaims: 'Alas! the greatest poets are but indifferent prophets after all, and often fail in securing the immortality of their subjects, even while they achieve their own.' According to a learned theory of

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the Sonnets, however, in which it is sought to prove that they and the principal contemporaneous sonnet-systems were written in conformity to the recondite love-philosophy of the schools, such sentiments as those in the text merely express a step in the *scala amoris*. I refer to the late Richard Simpson's *Philosophy of Shakespeare's Sonnets*, 1868, of which, in this connexion, see page 50.

41—LXXXI. *determinate*: a legal word applied to a bond. 3-4. The legal style recalls Barnes again (*Parthenophil and Parthenophe*, Son. 15):

> 'So shalt thou pawne to me signe for a signe
> Of thy sweete conscience, when I shall resigne
> Thy loves large Charter, and thy bondes againe.'

upon misprision growing = given unadvisedly, unintentionally, or in error. The author of *Tennysoniana* places this sonnet over against the 62nd section of *In Memoriam* ('Tho' if an eye,' &c.), and notes as remarkable that the last stanza of the immediately preceding section closes with Shakspeare's name. 13-14. Cp. *Cymbeline*, v, 4, 123-9.

43—LXXXV, 5-10. Cp. *In Memoriam*, cxi, 2, 5.—*(Tennysoniana)*.

44—LXXXVI. *base . . . basest.* For *base*, Staunton, suspecting that it had been caught from *basest*, would read 'foul'; while Sidney Walker suggests 'barest' for *basest*. 14. This entire line, and the expression 'basest need' as well, occur in *The Raigne of King Edward the Third*, ii, 1—a play first published in 1596, included by Capell in his *Prolusions* (1760) as probably Shakspeare's, and recently re-claimed for him, wholly or in part, by Mr. Collier, Mr. Fleay and others. The truth as to its parentage has doubtless been found for us by Mr. Swinburne (*Gentleman's Magazine*, August, 1879), who argues that the author was some now indistinguishable 'devout student and humble follower of Christopher Marlowe.' Shakspeare, we know, would borrow the master's words on occasion, no less happily than tenderly (*As You Like It*, iii, 5, 81):

> 'Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
> "Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"'

then wherefore not those of so worthy a disciple when they served?' 'With the tone of this Sonnet compare Hamlet's "Give me that man That is not passion's slave," &c. Shakespeare's writings show the deepest sensitiveness to passion:—hence the attraction he felt in the contrasting effects of apathy.'—*F. T. Palgrave.*

LXXXVII. One of Mr. Fleay's propositions is—'That the "absence", the "journey", the "travel" [see note on LVIII, p. 285], so largely dwelt on in these compositions, do not refer to any actual journey at all; but merely to the separation between Southampton and Shakspere caused by the metaphorical unfaithfulness of the latter

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to the former, in producing, not poems dedicated to him, but only dramas destined for the multitude instead.' *hope of orphans*=promise of, &c. (see note on LXIX, 13, p. 289). Staunton, failing 'to make any good sense' of this expression, asks if we should not read '*crop* of orphans.' The emendation is surely needless.

45—LXXXVIII. *heavy Saturn*='The gloomy side of Nature; or, the saturnine spirit in life.'—*F. T. Palgrave.*

LXXXIX, 6 = I accused the lily of stealing its whiteness from thy hand. The late Prof. George Wilson, illustrating from many passages Shakspeare's perception of the power which odours, agreeable or disagreeable, possess of exciting in us feelings of pain and of pleasure, gives this sonnet as 'the most exquisite of all'—'it so beautifully weaves together the eye, the nostril, and the ear, each as it were like instruments in an orchestra, in turn playing the air, and then falling back into an accompaniment, so that now it is colour which is most prominent before us, and then smell, and then sound, and thereafter through colour we return to sound and fragrance again.' (*The Five Gateways of Knowledge*, p. 78, 2nd ed. 1857). It has points of contact with Constable's sonnet *Of his Mistress* (p. 18), Spenser's *Amoretti*, 64, and Shakspeare's own 21st (LV, with note p. 283) and 130th. Mr. Palgrave observes: 'This Sonnet contains fifteen lines: a variation which suggests how the sonnet-form might be judiciously expanded.' The precedent of Shakspeare was probably recollected by Procter, who has some unpublished lines, evidently intended for a sonnet, in which he avails himself of a similar latitude:—

TO JOHN FORSTER.

I do not know a man who better reads
Or weighs the great thoughts of the Book I send,—
Better than he whom I have called my friend
For twenty years and upwards. He who feeds
Upon Shakesperian pastures never needs
The humbler food which springs from plains below;
Yet may he love the little flowers that blow,
And him excuse who for their beauty pleads.
Take then my Shakespeare to some sylvan nook;
And pray thee, in the name of Days of Old,
Good-will and Friendship, never bought or sold,
Give me assurance thou wilt always look
With kindness still on Spirits of humbler mould;
Kept firm by resting on that Wondrous Book,
Wherein the Dream of Life is all unrolled.
1856. *Barry Cornwall.*[1]

[1] Inscribed in his autograph on the fly-leaf of a gift-copy of the second folio Shakspeare (1632), now in the Forster Collection at South Kensington.

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Other instances of this license are not wanting; *e.g.*, Henry Sutton, under CCCXXXI–CCCXXXII, and Tennyson's early poem, *Love and Death*.

44–45—LXXXVII–LXXXIX. These three sonnets form one perfect love-poem.

46—XC, 8. *her:* quarto 'his'. The late Mr. Housman was the first to supply the right word. (*A Collection of English Sonnets*, 1835).

47—XCII. See remark under LXXIX (*supra*, p. 293).

XCIII. Dr. Grosart in his reprint of Barnes (Intro. p. xvi) marks the following passage (Canzon 1) as a Shakspearian reminiscence:

> 'These papers . . .
> Whose lasting Chronicles shall time out-weare;'

and indicates another in the dedicatory sonnet to the Earl of Northumberland:

> . . . 'your thrise noble house: which shall out weare
> Devouring time it selfe, if my poor muse
> Devine aright'—

which, it will be noticed, contains the initial phrase of Shakspeare's 19th Sonnet. With 9–10 cp. Constable's 7th Sonnet:—

> 'Miracle of the world! I never will denye
> That former poets prayse the beautie of theyre dayes
> But all those beauties were but figures of thy prayse,
> And all those poets did of thee but prophecye.'

14. Cp. Herrick and Browning as under XXXI, pp. 255–6.

48—XCIV. *subscribes* = submits—as in Greene, XLII, 14. For a startling elucidation of this sonnet see Mr. Massey's work on the Sonnets. The argument is that the poem was Shakspeare's congratulation to the Earl of Southampton upon his release from the Tower on the death of Elizabeth—the *mortal Moon* ('Cynthia')—to which he had been committed for participation in the Essex conspiracy.

XCV, 11. 'The word *preposterously* admonishes us to read "strained"; *preposterous*, in its old and true sense, meaning a deviation from the rational order of procedure, as here, *by giving all for nothing*. The misprint is probably due to the appearance of *stain* just above.'—*Staunton*.

49—XCVI. *blenches* = deviations. Apropos of this sonnet, Henry Reed in his essay on English Sonnets (*Lectures*, &c., as before, ii, 262), remarking on the special uses to which the sonnet-form has been put, observes: 'When Shakspeare meditated upon his theatrical profession, it was in the sonnet that he breathed out his sense of degradation in that beautiful lament, of which the tone is a little louder than a sigh and yet not so harsh as a murmur. It is here

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that his genius, no longer embodied in its creations, appears to us in its individual nature;—he walks upon the earth in his own personal form. What poem can boast of greater interest?'

49—XCVII, 6–7. It was doubtless a recollection of this characteristically Shakspearian image (not to mention *Paradise Lost*, iv, 425-6) that gave form to Shelley's (*The Cenci*, iii, 1):

> 'Should the offender live?
> Triumph in his misdeed? and make by use
> His crime, whate'er it is (dreadful, no doubt),
> Thine element? until thou mayst become
> Utterly lost, subdued even to the hue
> Of that which thou permittest?'

Indeed it is somewhat significant that Shelley (Garnett's *Relics*, p. 81) has 'a note on the original MS. of the preface' to his tragedy, in which these very words of Shakspeare's are quoted from memory, and which, though in all likelihood originally meant, as Mr. Forman presumes, to form part of the passage in that preface on style in dramatic composition, may not be without some bearing on the note on another passage in which one conscious plagiarism is acknowledged. See Mr. Forman's *Shelley*, ii, 14–15. For other imitations of Shakspeare in *The Cenci*, see an article by 'J. B. B.' in the (old) Shakespeare Society's Papers, Vol. i, 1844, p. 54.

10. *eisel* (quarto 'Eysell') = vinegar. To quote Henry Reed again (*ibid.*, ii, 263): 'This would be sweet language from any lips; but what can be deeper than the pathos of it, when you reflect that it is the grief of one whose wisdom, for more than two centuries, has been reverently quoted by statesmen, philosophers, and divines, whose plots have wound round so many hearts and moistened so many eyes, whose pictures of passions have moved such sympathies, and whose wit has gladdened so many faces? It is in his sonnets that you find the conclusive proof that he was "the *gentle* Shakspeare."'

50—XCVIII. *It is the star:* 'Apparently, whose stellar influence is unknown, although his angular altitude has been determined.'—*F. T. Palgrave.* 'It would be difficult,' says Henry Reed (*Lectures*, &c., as before, ii, 253), 'to cite a finer passage of moral poetry than this description of the master-passion. How true and how ennobling to our nature! We at once recognise in it the abstraction of that conception which has found a dwelling and a name in the familiar forms of Desdemona, Juliet, Imogen, Cordelia,—of Romeo, and of Othello too, if that character be correctly understood. If this sonnet was written before his dramas, then it was the pregnant thought from which were destined to spring those

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inimitable creations of female character that have been loved, as if they were living beings, by thousands. If, as is most probable, it was written afterwards, it is Shakspeare's own comment, and might be prefixed as a most apposite motto to those dramas in which he has given life and motion to the conception.'[1]

50—XCIX, 6. *time.* Staunton would read 'them'.—*Unsuspected Corruptions*, &c., Athenæum, Jan. 31, 1874.

51—C. *jacks* = keys of the virginals, or spinnet, the prototype of the piano.

CI, 3-4. Cp. *Pericles*, i, 1, 137:

> 'One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
> Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke:
> Poison and treason are the hands of sin.'

In the Lecture before quoted (*vide* foot-note 6, p. 281) Dr. Trench marks out this sonnet for special comment:—'The subject, the bitter delusion of all sinful pleasures, the reaction of a swift remorse which inevitably dogs them, Shakespeare must have most deeply felt, as he has expressed himself upon it most profoundly. I know no picture of this at all so terrible in its truth as in *The Rape of Lucrece* the description of Tarquin after he has successfully wrought his deed of shame. But this sonnet on the same theme is worthy to stand by its side.'

52—CII. Probably a reminiscence of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, 7, beginning

> 'When Nature made her chiefe worke, Stellas eyes,
> In colour blacke why wrapt she beames so bright?'

Indeed Mr. Massey contends that both poems were addressed to one and the same person—the illustrious Stella. It is not a little remarkable that in a sonnet addressed directly to her by Barnes, whose sonnets abound in analogies to those of Shakspeare, there occurs an almost equally beautiful characterization of the evening star (*Parthenophil*, &c., Son. 95):—

> Thou bright beame-spreading loves thrise happy starre,
> Th' arcadian shepheard Astrophills cleare guide:
> Thou that on swift wing'd Pegasus doest ride,
> Auroraes harbenger, surpassing farre
> Aurora caried in her rosie carre:
> Bright Planet, teller of cleare evening-tide,
> Starre of all starres, fayre favor'd nightes cheefe pride,
> Which day from night, and night from day doest barre:

[1] I am not aware whether it has ever been pointed out that in *The Book of the Sonnet*, edited by Leigh Hunt and S. Adams Lee (2 vols. Boston and London: 1867), this and many other portions of Reed's admirable Lectures appear as foot-notes, without quotation-marks or any species of acknowledgment whatever.

William Shakspeare.

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Thou that hast worldes of harts with thine eyes glaunce
To thy loves pleasing bondage taken thrall;
Behold where graces in loves circles daunce,
Of two cleare starres, out-sparkling Planettes all:
For starres her bewties arrow-bearers bee;
Then be the subjectes, and superiour shee.
Barnabe Barnes.

52—CIII. Cp. another version in *The Passionate Pilgrime*, 1599, adopted in the second edition of the Sonnets (*Poems: Written by Wil. Shake-speare. Gent.* 1640. 12mo. sig. B). I avail myself of this reference to *The Passionate Pilgrime*, the surreptitious character of which is well known, to present the following sonnet, erroneously printed therein as Shakspeare's, and frequently attributed to him still. The real author was Richard Barnfield, whose poems have recently been edited by Dr. Grosart for the Roxburghe Club, 4to, 1876. The sonnet, given here from that reprint (page 189), stands first among the *Poems: In divers humors* (1598), and is not, as in the old miscellany, without a heading:—

TO HIS FRIEND MAISTER R. L. IN PRAISE OF
MUSIQUE AND POETRIE.

If Musique and sweet Poetrie agree,
As they must needes (the Sister and the Brother),
Then must the Love be great twixt thee and mee,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is deare, whose heavenly tuch
Upon the Lute doeth ravish humaine sense;
Spenser to mee, whose deepe Conceit is such
As, passing all Conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'st to heare the sweete melodious sound
That Phœbus Lute (the Queene of Musique) makes;
And I in deepe Delight am chiefly drownd
When as himselfe to singing he betakes.
One God is God of Both (as Poets faigne),
One Knight loves Both, and Both in thee remaine.
Richard Barnfield.[1]

53—CIV, 14. Cp. Barnes (*Parthenophil*, &c., Son. 87):

'And kill me with thy lookes, if they would kill.'

CV, 1–2. The quarto has:

'Poore soule the center of my sinfull earth,
My sinfull earth these rebbell powres that thee array.'

[1] *Maister R. L.* = 'Probably Richard Linch or Lynch, whose "Diella: certaine Sonnets" (1596) deserves revival.'—*Grosart.* Dr. Grosart has since performed this task himself (1 vol. 4to, 1877). *Dowland* = 'John Dowland, whose "Bookes" of "Songs or Ayres," 1597 onward, are still renowned.—*G. One Knight.* 'One longs to know who he was.'—*G.* The sonnet should be compared with Milton's to H. Lawes (CXLIII, p. 72), and those on modern composers given under it in the Notes.

For the repeated phrase (evidently a printer's blunder) Malone proposed to read in l. 2 *Fool'd by those*, and Steevens *Starv'd by the*. Others have since suggested *Thrall to these*, *Slave to these*, *Foil'd by these*, *Hemmed with these*,—the last the proposal of Mr. Furnivall (*Academy*, Sept. 11, 1875), who quotes *Venus and Adonis*, 1022, for the expression :

> 'Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear
> As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves;'

while Mr. Massey, simply by the excision of the words *that thee*, considers that he has restored the true reading, 'without losing the added touch of solemnity that is given, and obviously intended, by the repetition of *my sinful earth*.' The correction of Mr. Bulloch of Aberdeen ought also to be noted (*Studies on the Text of Shakespeare*, 1878, p. 294): which consists in the substitution of the single word 'sins' for the second *sinfull earth*, thus putting l. 2 in apposition to l. 1. I follow Malone as amended by Dyce. 7. Cp. LXXVIII, 10. *aggravate* = augment, increase. 14. Cp. Donne, CXI, 14 (with note). An anonymous sonnet printed by Joseph Hunter has a special interest in this connexion (*New Illustrations*, &c., as before, i, 113): 'There is in the church of Abington a regular sonnet which appears to me of great beauty, so that it might almost be attributed to Milton, which I will cite for the double purpose of drawing it forth from its obscurity, and for the illustration it affords of the character of Sir John Bernard's mother,[1] on whose tomb it is inscribed :'—

SCIO CUI CREDIDI.

> Earth unto Earth is now returned : a doom
> Long since decreed ; yet what was more divine
> In me—my purer soul—this narrow room
> Nor can, nor must this hollow vault confine.
> Only to God that gave 't I that resign,
> Reposing here my Dust, whose smallest grain
> Even He that bought it will revive again.
> How long and when shall that blest union be,
> And I enjoy that I do most aspire,
> Most sure it is ; and I will wait to see
> Performed that promise, nor will I inquire :
> Death cannot rob or frustrate my desire.
> Eternal life will come with Christ mine Head ;
> Nor can I then but live that now am dead.
>
> *Anon.*

[1] This lady died in 1634. Her son, Sir John Bernard, became, in 1649, the husband of Elizabeth Hall, Shakspeare's granddaughter and last surviving descendant. Lady Bernard had no issue, and on her death in 1670 'there was,' as Hunter remarks, 'an utter extinction of the progeny of William Shakespeare, which thus endured only fifty-four years after his decease.'

William Shakspeare.

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Shakspeare's sonnet should be compared with Sidney's 'Leave me, O Love' (XXXIII, p. 17), Barnes's *Divine Centurie*, 49 and 97, Griffin's *Fidessa*, 27 and 29, and others presenting the same spiritual attitude; as, for example, the two following: Davies of Hereford (*Wittes Pilgrimage*, Son. 13, sig. K1):—

> Whiles in my Soule I feel the soft warme Hand
> Of Grace, to thaw the Frozen dregs of Sin,
> She, Angell (arm'd,) on Edens Walls doth stand
> To keep out outward Joyes that would come in:
> But, when that holy Hand is tane away,
> And that my Soule congealeth (as before),
> She outward Comforts seeks (with Care) each way,
> And runs to meete them at each Sences Doore.
> Yet they but at the first sight only please;
> Then shrink, or breed abhor'd Satiety:
> But divine Comforts (far unlike to These)
> Do please the more, the more they stay, and Be:
> Then, outward Joyes I inwardly detest,
> Sith they stay not, or stay but in unrest.
>
> *John Davies.*[1]

and Nicholas Breton (*The Soules Harmony*, 1602, ed. Grosart, 1876, p. 5):

> The worldly prince doeth in his Septer hold
> A kind of heaven in his authorities:
> The wealthy miser, in his masse of gold,
> Makes to his soule a kind of Paradice:
> The Epicure that eates and drinkes all day,
> Accounts no Heaven, but in his hellish rowtes:
> And she, whose beauty seemes a sunny day,
> Makes up her heaven but in her babies clowtes.[2]
> But my sweete God, I seeke no Princes power,
> No misers wealth, nor beauties fading glosse;
> Which pamper sin, whose sweetes are inward sowre,
> And sorry gaynes, that breed the spirits losse.
> No, my deare Lord, let my Heaven onely bee
> In my Loves service, but to live to thee.
>
> *Nicholas Breton.*

54—CVI. *censures* = judges. 8. So punctuated by Dyce and the 'Globe' editors (Lettsom's conjecture)—"taking *eye* as a pun on 'Ay'" (for an instance of which practice see the close of Son. 100, Barnes's *Parthenophil*, &c.). The usual reading, in agreement with the quarto, is

> 'Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,
> How can it?' &c.

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[1] Cp. Shelley (*Adonais*, xl):

> 'And that unrest which men miscall delight.'

[2] *babies clowtes* = childish clothes.

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of which, as Sidney Walker observes (*Crit. Exam.*, iii, 368), 'the flow seems not to be Shakesperian.'

26-54—L-CVI. From *Shake-Speares Sonnets. Never before Imprinted.* 1609. In addition to those particularized, I have silently adopted a few corrections by Malone, Sewell, and others, where the old copy was palpably corrupt.

John Davies of Hereford.

54—CVII. From *Wittes Pilgrimage, (by-Poeticall Essaies) Through a World of amorous Sonnets, Soule-passions, and other Passages, Divine, Philosophicall, Morall, Poeticall, and Politicall.* n.d. (Son. 30, sig. L1, Grenville copy). Davies's 'Complete Works' have just been 'for the first time collected and edited' by Dr. Grosart (*Chertsey 'Worthies' Liby.*, 2 vols., 1878), who in his Memorial-Introduction (p. xviii) justly characterizes the present sonnet as 'noble, almost Shakespearean-ringing lines.'

Barnabe Barnes.

55—CVIII. Now that Barnes's secular poems are removed from the category of unattainable things, and a study of them becomes practicable, Dr. Grosart having recently (1875) reprinted and edited, from the unique exemplar in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, the long-hidden and all but unheard-of *Parthenophil and Parthenophe* (1593), there can be little doubt that this fine old singer, hitherto so strangely neglected, and known only to the few by his later *Divine Centurie* (also reprinted by Dr. Grosart) as a minor but sweet and fervid voice in England's antiphon, is at length on the eve of having justice rendered him. It may be predicted with some confidence that it is on the recovered treasure that Barnes's fame will henceforth mainly rest. The Sonnets, of which it largely consists, are of special importance in a study of the development of that species of composition in our literature. Apart from their essential poetical qualities, which, though considerable and undoubted, are surpassed by those of the Odes and Madrigals, with their passionate adoration of beauty, their sensuous delight, their glories of pure and lovely colour, and fragrance of choice flowers, they entitle Barnes to rank as one of the most artistic sonneteers of Elizabeth's reign; for while on every side the sonnet-form was deteriorating, we find this poet habitually, though not invariably, employing in the service of his Parthenophe a stanza as obedient to technical prescription—the inevitable riming couplet of the period always excepted—as those in which Laura's name is laid

up for ever, or those Mr. Rossetti has given us towards *The House of Life*. The *Parthenophil and Parthenophe* has therefore a two-fold claim on the attention of the literary historian; and the ultimate verdict will probably confirm that of Professor Dowden, who (*Academy*, 2nd September, 1876) congratulates Dr. Grosart on having brought into notice 'a volume of Renaissance poetry far more a work of genius than the Ἑκατομπαθία of Watson, or Constable's sonnets.' An additional interest attaches to this important reproduction from the circumstance, which no one with any perception of analogies will doubt, that it was probably studied by Shakspeare, and not infrequently in his thoughts when writing the immortal Sonnets given to the world sixteen years later. This conjecture is founded, not on a few superficial resemblances observable between the two collections, but on a striking community of sentiment and mood, together with numerous verbal coincidences of which even those falling in our way are not easily explicable on any hypothesis but that the one writer was read by the other. Of course it may reasonably enough be contended that since, as we saw on page 279, Shakspeare's Sonnets had a limited circulation long before they came into print, Barnes may have been the reader, and Shakspeare, as usual, the read; but until an earlier date than that of the *Parthenophil and Parthenophe* can be made out for that circulation, and some species of evidence transpires linking Barnes with the coterie of 'private friends' whose eyes were blessed with a sight of the 'sugred Sonnets' in MS., we must disclaim that assumption, and abide by the respective dates of publication as settling the point. To the sensitive ear even subtler analogies than those we have marked will be audible,—in the movement and music of the verse, and the characteristic manner in which the sense overflows and spreads from one poem to another, sonnet upon sonnet coming away from the poet's bosom, as Coleridge finely said of Shakspeare's, 'sigh after sigh.' Take the close of the 58th and the opening of the 59th for example:—

> 'Then love betimes; these withered flowers of yore
> Revive: thy bewtie lost returnes no more.'
>
> 'Ah me, sweet bewtie lost returnes no more.'

In addition to 'Ah, sweet Content' (Barnes's 66th), which, as Dr. Grosart truly says (Intro. p. xvi), might have gone into the *Arcadia* for its 'sweet, soft simpleness,' and with which the reader may have had a previous acquaintance, in a mutilated form, from Beloe,[1]

[1] *Anecdotes of Literature*, &c., 1807, ii, 77.

Bliss,[1] or Willmott,[2] the three following examples—Sons. 60, 65, and 67 of the *Parthenophil*—may not be unacceptable, since for many readers the reprint must be as inaccessible as the original; and I place 65 first in order, since it directly precedes and is prelusive of the sonnet in our text. Notwithstanding its language of conventional pastoralism, let us not doubt that the very emotions of Burns are finding voice in it—the same passionate love and regret:

> '*Had we never loved sae kindly,*
> *Had we never loved sae blindly,*
> *Never met—or never parted,*
> *We had ne'er been broken-hearted.*'

Oh that I had no hart, as I have none,
(For thou mine hartes full spirite hast possessed,)
Then should myne argument be not of mone,
Then under loves yoke should I not be pressed:
Oh that without myne eyes I had been borne,
Then had I not my mistresse bewtie vewed,
Then had I never been so farre forlorne,
Then had I never wep't, then never rewed:
Oh that I never had been borne at all,
Or beeing, had been borne of shepheardes broode,
Then should I not in such mischances fall,
Quyet my water and content my foode:
But now disquieted, and still tormented,
With adverse fate perforce must rest contented.

Whilst some the Trojane warres in verse recount,
And all the Grecian Conquerours in fight,
Some valiant Romaine warres bove starres do mount,
With all their warlike leaders, men of might:
Whilst some of Bryttish Arthures valure sing,
And register the prayse of Charlemayne:
And some of doughtie Godfrey tydinges bring,
And some the Germaine broyles, and warres of Spayne.
In none of those, my selfe I wounded finde,
Neither with horseman, nor with man on foote:
But from a cleare bright eye, one captaine blinde
(Whose puisance to resist did nothing boote)
With men in golden armes, and dartes of golde,
Wounded my hart, and all which did beholde.

If Cupid keepe his quiver in thine eye,
And shoote at over-daring gasers hartes,
Alas, why be not men afrayde, and fllye
As from Medusaes, doubting after smartes?

[1] Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.*, 1815, ii, col. 48-49. Bliss notes: 'Having never seen any of Barnes's poetical works in their original form, I am compelled to be satisfied with the following lines from his *Parthenophel* [*sic*], extracted by Beloe. They give so favourable an idea of his style, that it is to be lamented the editor of the *Anecdotes of Literature* did not oblige his readers with a more particular analysis of, and further specimens from, a volume of as great merit as rarity.'

[2] *Lives of the Sacred Poets*, 1834, p. 17.

Barnabe Barnes.

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An, when ne drawes his string, none sees his bow,
or heares his golden fethred arrowes sing;
me, till it be shot no man doth know,
ıtill his hart be prickèd with the sting:
ke semblance beares the musket in the field—
hittes, and killes unseene, till unawares
death the wounded man his body yeeld;
ıd thus a pesant Cæsars glorie darès:
is diffrence left, twixt Mars his field, and loves,
at Cupids souldior shot, more torture proves.[1]

cc—cix. The 70th of *A Divine Centurie of Spirituall Sonnets*, 1595. I subjoin the 88th also, on which Park, their first editor (*Heliconia*, 1815, ii. 62), having connected l. 4 with *Psalm* xix, 5, annotates: 'This is an excellent sonnet. It blends the liquid sweetness of rhyme with the varied cadence of blank verse, and dignity of thought with felicity of expression.'

The worldes bright comforter (whose beamesome light
Poore creatures cheereth) mounting from the deepe,
His course doth in prefixèd compasse keepe,
And as courageous Gyant takes delight
To runne his race, and exercise his might,
Till him downe galloping the mountaynes steepe,
Cleere Hesperus, smoothe messenger of sleepe,
Views; and the silver ornament of night
Foorth bringes, with starres past number in her trayne:
All which with Sunnes long borrowed splendour shine.
The Seas (with full tyde swelling) ebbe agayne;
All yeeres to their olde quarters newe resigne;
The windes forsake their mountayne-chambers wilde,
And all in all thinges with Gods vertue filde.

These favourably exemplify Barnes's religious muse, and, with the few others of a similar character belonging to the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., given elsewhere, represent a vast body of devotional literature produced at that time in sonnet-form which can be turned to little account by the anthologist; and which unfortunately appears to all the greater disadvantage by the side of the contemporaneous secular poetry with which one involuntarily contrasts it. To the reader who desires a typical example of this alleged disproportion of quantity and quality—'mass *versus* genius,' in Mr. Emerson's phrase—I recommend with all confidence the *Sundrie Sonnets of Christian Passions* (over three hundred and twenty in number) of Henry Lok (1597). There is one nameless singer, however, to whom we must listen here for a moment (*Ancient Devotional Poetry:*

[1] 'Dainty and quaint' assuredly, as Dr. Grosart remarks (Intrd. p. xvi).

Now first published from a Manuscript of the XVIth or XVIIth Century. Lond. 1846) :[1]

Up, sluggish Soule, awake, slumber no more,
This is no time to sleepe in sin secure;
If once the Bridegroome passe and shutt the dore
No entrance will be gaind, thou maist bee sure.
Now thou art up, fill up thy lampe with oile,
Hast thee and light it at the fire of love;
Watch, and attend; what is a little toile
To gaine thee entrance to the joies above?
Go, meete the Bridegroome with low reverence,
Humbly, with patience, waite upon his grace;
Follow his steppes with love and diligence,
Leave all for Him, and only Him embrace:
So shalt thou enter with him into rest,
And at his heavenlie table sit and feast.

Anon.

Sonne of the Virgin most immaculate,
Who, to sett ope the heavenlie kingdome's gate
To true beleevers, diddest tread alone
The winepresse, and so God and man attone;
O let one drop of that most pretious juice,
Which from thy side did flow as from a sluce,
Fall to my share: one drop will satisfie
My soule, O Lord; do not a drop denie.
Give to my thirstie soule, that waites on thee,
A tast how sweete thy saving mercies bee.
Give, for I meritt not; my faith relies
On thy free grace which never did despise
The sinner that repented, and forsooke
The evill waies that formerly hee tooke.

Anon.

John Donne.

56—CX. Dr. Trench has a note on this sonnet, which contains an admirable summary of Donne's character (*A Household Book of English*

[1] In the *Catalogue of the Collection of Manuscripts formed by the late Benjamin Heywood Bright, Esq.*, sold in June, 1844, by Messrs. S. Leigh, Sotheby, and Co., the article No. 186 is thus described:—'Poems of the time of Queen Elizabeth, written in a beautiful clear hand on vellum; they are of a religious character, and appear not to have been printed.' The MS., which consists of one hundred and six poems, chiefly sonnets of the native English type, subsequently became the property of George Stokes, Esq., of Cheltenham, by whom it was edited for the Religious Tract Society, the poems being regarded as valuably illustrative of the principles of the immediate successors of the English Reformers. He justly observes: 'The general tone of doctrine, with the sentiments pervading the whole, will, it is trusted, amply satisfy the reader, if any part should not fully meet his wishes, either as to the matter or the manner in which it is set forth. The rhythm is often rugged, as is usual in other poetry of that day; but it is free from the false glitter, affected antithesis, and laborious pedantry, which characterize most of the contemporaneous versification, while the force, beauty, and simplicity of many expressions, give this little work a high place among ancient English poetry.' The writer of an article on this publication in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for March, 1847, thinks the poems bear stronger marks of the early part of the 17th than the 16th century.

John Donne.

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Poetry, 1868, p. 403):—'A rough rugged piece of verse, as indeed almost all Donne's poetry is imperfect in form and workmanship; but it is the genuine cry of one engaged in that most terrible of all struggles, wherein, as we are winners or losers, we have won all or lost all. There is indeed much in Donne, in the unfolding of his moral and spiritual life, which often reminds us of St. Augustine. I do not mean that, noteworthy as on many accounts he was, and in the language of Carew, one of his contemporaries,

> "A king who ruled as he thought fit
> The universal monarchy of wit,"

he at all approached in intellectual or spiritual stature to the great Doctor of the Western Church. But still there was in Donne the same tumultuous youth, the same entanglement in youthful lusts, the same conflict with these, and the same final deliverance from them; and then the same passionate and personal grasp of the central truths of Christianity, linking itself as this did with all that he had suffered, and all that he had sinned, and all through which by God's grace he had victoriously struggled.' It may be added that whereas it has been usual to assign Donne's principal *Divine Poems* to his 'last best dayes,' his latest editor, Dr. Grosart, demonstrates that most of them belong, not to the close, but to the commencement of his poetic period, while he was still a Roman Catholic.

56—CXI, 5. Cp. CXIV, 14. 5-6. He is thinking of Cicero's argument (*Tuscul. Disput.*, i, 38): 'Habes somnum imaginem mortis,' &c. Cp. Shakspeare (*Measure for Measure*, iii, 1, 17):

> 'Thy best of rest is sleep,
> And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
> Thy death, which is no more.'

soonest = most willingly (*rathest*, as he might have said, had not the form already been allowed to drop). Or did he mean (literally) earliest, in allusion to the proverbial 'Whom the gods love die young?' *swell'st* = boastest—or 'brag', as Shakspeare's word was in LIV (p. 28):

> 'Nor shall Death *brag* thou wander'st in his shade.'

An instance of the adjectival form, as in Scripture and in Shakspeare frequently, may be cited from the posthumous version of Drummond's sonnet, CXXIV (*Poems*, ed. 1656, p. 103):

> 'A *swelling* Thought of holding Sea and Land.'

14. Cp. *Rev.* xxi, 4, and the metrical *Paraphrase* thereof, together

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with Shakspeare again, Son. 146 (CV, 14, with note). Later, in his *Elegie on Mris. Boulstred*, we have Donne's palinode:

> 'Death, I recant, and say, Unsaid by mee
> What ere hath slip'd that might diminish thee.'

On the fly-leaf of his copy of Donne (first ed.) the late Mr. Dyce notes in reference to the present sonnet: 'When I was preparing my *Specimens of English Sonnets*, Wordsworth wrote to me to request that I would not overlook this one, which he thought very fine.' Wordsworth's words were (*Prose Works*, 1876, iii, 332): 'The 10th sonnet of Donne, beginning "Death, be not proud," is so eminently characteristic of his manner, and at the same time so weighty in the thought, and vigorous in the expression, that I would entreat you to insert it, though to modern taste it may be repulsive, quaint, and laboured.'

56—CX–CXI. Nos. 1 and 6 of a group of twelve 'Holy Sonnets' (augmented to sixteen in later editions): *Poems, by J. D. With Elegies on the Authors Death*, 1633.

William Drummond.

'Shall I be thought fantastical, if I confess, that the names of some of our poets sound sweeter, and have a finer relish to the ear—to mine, at least—than that of Milton or of Shakspeare? It may be, that the latter are more staled and rung upon in common discourse. The sweetest names, and which carry a perfume in the mention, are, Kit Marlowe, Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden, and Cowley.'—*Charles Lamb.*[1]

'The next best sonnet-writer to Shakespeare, in point of time, is Drummond of Hawthornden; and he has a value of his own. I use the old local designation in speaking of him, for we have not too many such, and it would be an especial pity in his case to let it drop, for he was a genuine lover of trees and bowers, and deserved the good fortune—rare for a poet—of possessing an estate in the bosom of them. Drummond's sonnets, for the most part, are not only of the legitimate order, but they are the earliest in the language that breathe what may be called the habit of mind observable in the best Italian writers of sonnets; that is to say, a mixture of tenderness, elegance, love of country, seclusion, and conscious sweetness of verse. We scent his "muskèd eglantines," listen to his birds, and catch glimpses of the "sweet hermitress" whose loss he deplored. Drummond was not without the faults of prototypes inferior to those writers. His Italian scholarship in some measure seduced, as well as inspired him; but upon the whole his taste was excellent; and he

[1] *The Last Essays of Elia*, 1833, p. 49.

William Drummond.

leaves upon his readers the impression of an elegant-minded and affectionate man.'—*Leigh Hunt.*[1]

'His Sonnets are in the highest degree elegant, harmonious, and striking. It appears to me that they are more in the manner of Petrarch than any others that we have. . . . I cannot but think that [they] come as near as almost any others to the perfection of this kind of writing.'—*Hazlitt.*[2]

'Exquisitely tender, picturesque, and harmonious.'—*Dyce.*[3]

'Through the greater part of his verse we hear a certain muffled tone of the sweetest, like the music that ever threatens to break out clear from the brook, from the pines, from the rain-shower,—never does break out clear, but remains a suggested, etherially vanishing tone. His is a *voix voilée*, or veiled voice of song.'—*Dr. George MacDonald.*[4]

Professor Masson in his recent monograph observes: 'What strikes us throughout in Drummond's pieces is the combination of a certain poetic *sensuousness*, or delight in the beauty of scenery, colours, forms, and sounds, with a tender and rather elevated *thoughtfulness*.' Having exemplified the former by quotations, he continues: 'It is an essential element of poetic genius; but in some poets it is so pronounced as almost to seem in excess. Keats's poetry, for example, is a perfect maze, an endlessly-rich wilderness, of such luxuriances of sound and colour, such sensuous verbal sweets. Drummond, with more of monotony, is yet Keats-like in as far as he possessed, in a pleasing degree, and in sufficient variety, that love of delicious imagery and phraseology which almost always marks a real poet. At the same time the general effect was tempered, redeemed from mere lusciousness, and perhaps thinned, by a considerable presence in his mind of the other, and more intellectual, element (which Keats also possessed in no ordinary degree) of pensive reason, or *thoughtfulness*. In many of his poems this domination of the artistic sensuousnes by a philosophical pensiveness may be distinctly observed, and not least in some of his sonnets. Drummond, whether from his intimacy with the Italian poets, or from other causes, was especially fond of this form of composition, and wrote so much in it, and so well, that he came to be named, even in his life-time, "the Scottish Petrarch."'[5]

Drummond has often been blamed for appropriation; and it must be confessed that both the matter and the manner of others are somewhat freely reproduced in his writings. But was the practice in degree or in

[1] *The Book of the Sonnet*, i, 78.
[2] *Lectures on the Literature of the Age of Elizabeth*, ed. 1870, pp. 177-181.
[3] *Specimens of English Sonnets*, 1833, p. 214.
[4] *England's Antiphon*, p. 146.
[5] *Drummond of Hawthornden: The Story of his Life and Writings*, 1873, p. 66.

kind such as to justify the charge of literary theft against him? Assuredly not. The truth is that Drummond's mind was peculiarly plastic and imitative, and, like some greater writers whose originality will hardly be questioned—Milton and Coleridge, for example—he habitually permitted, consciously and intentionally no doubt, recollections of his reading to shape and colour much that he wrote. This mental trait in men of such calibre, is rather an amiability than a reproach. In Drummond's case at all events it must be attributed to something very different from necessity. He was only too diffident, too modest, and the occasions on which, losing sight of his foreign models, he expresses his own thoughts and feelings in his own way, make us regret that he ever saw one of them, or at least that he did not think less of them and more of himself. From a passage in the *Eikonoklastes* (chap. xxiii) we learn incidentally what Milton recognized as the necessary condition of legitimate 'new-dressing,' as contradistinguished from 'plagiary,'—that the thing 'borrowed' be 'bettered by the borrower.' Now, with the exception perhaps of Milton himself, who was a great 'borrower'—our poet not the least of his creditors—it would be difficult to name any writer between Shakspeare and Tennyson who fulfils that condition more perfectly than Drummond. Tried by the principle that

'The thought is his at last who says it best,'

he has infinitely more to gain than to lose in a comparison with those writers to whom he is alleged to have been so much indebted. The Italian, French, and Spanish sources from which he drew have been more particularly cited against him; but his writings evince an equal affection for our 'homely wits,' of whose works, as we know from his library-catalogue which has been preserved, he owned a considerable collection. Of these none gained such an ascendency over him as Sir Philip Sidney, whom he held to have 'surpast Petrarch.' Yet if it cannot be denied that he did repair rather frequently to that fountain—drenching himself (to apply Crashaw's metaphor) in

'Sydnæan showers
Of sweet discourse'—

it must be conceded that he gave them off again sublimated and beautified by his own genius,—'quintessenced in a finer substance,' as he puts it himself in some remarks on this very question.[1] Nor ought it to be

[1] *Heads of a Conversation betwixt the Famous Poet Ben Johnson, and William Drummond of Hawthornden, January, 1619:* printed in *The Works of William Drummond of Hawthornden. Consisting of those which were formerly Printed, and those which were design'd for the Press. Now Published from the Author's Original Copies.* Edinburgh, fol., 1711, p. 226. This edition was published under the superintendence of Bishop Sage (who wrote the *Life*) and Thomas Ruddiman. See also the 'Shakespeare Society' ed. of the *Conversations*, edited by the late David Laing, 1842, p. 49.

forgotten that in thus excelling his English master, Drummond achieved for Scotland the distinction of having brought to perfection the style inaugurated by Wyat and Surrey a hundred years before.

Drummond's collection of books, gifted by him to the University of Edinburgh in 1627–1630, included two of Shakspeare's plays, from which, as Prof. Masson points out, he made appropriations 'almost bordering on plagiarism.' One of these cases may be particularized by way of illustration,—the powerful image employed in a description of sunrise (*Poems*, 1616, sig. E2):

> 'Night like a Drunkard reeles
> Beyond the Hills to shunne his flaming Wheeles.'

This will be instantly recognizable by many who may never have read a line of Drummond; yet even here it might fairly be questioned whether the Scottish poet has not improved on his original (*Romeo and Juliet*, 1599, sig. D4):

> 'And fleckeld darknesse like a drunkard reeles,
> From forth daies path, and Titans burning wheeles.'[1]

Prof. Masson, like others earlier, inclines to think that Drummond knew Shakspeare's Sonnets also; but, excepting a reminder that these had been published in 1609, he offers nothing in support of his opinion. I have however marked several passages apparently confirmatory of it, one of which in particular (CXXX, 13–14, note, p. 330) it is difficult to regard otherwise than as reminiscent of the close of Shakspeare's 29th Sonnet (p. 30); though perhaps no evidence was needed further than what, to me at least, has always seemed a very obvious allusion to the famous quarto of 1609: viz. in the 'Character of several Authors, given by Mr. Drummond' (1613–1616?), where Sir William Alexander 'and Shakespear' are included in an enumeration of English amatory sonneteers, and described as having 'lately published their Works.'[2]

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[1] I quote from Drummond's own copy, preserved in the Library of the University of Edinburgh. Like many of the other volumes in that most interesting collection, it contains numerous markings in the poet's handwriting, but there is none at this passage. Dr. Grosart notes a remembrance of the Friar's words, in the opening of Crashaw's poem *On a Foule Morning* (Complete Works, i, 1872, 235):

> 'Where art thou Sol, while thus the blind-fold Day
> Staggers out of the East, loses her way
> Stumbling on Night?'

[2] *Notes of Ben Jonson's Conversations*, &c., Shak. Soc. ed., p. 48. A specific parallel of the most decisive character is pointed out in *Notes and Queries*, 28 Oct., 1876: viz. between stanza 3 of *A Lovers complaint* (printed with the *Sonnets*, 1609):

> 'Oft did she heave her Napkin to her eyne,
> Which on it had conceited charecters:
> Laundring the silken figures in the brine,
> That seasoned woe had pelleted in teares'—

Drummond, like 'a true worke-man in so great affaire,' showed much solicitude as to the verbal niceties of his art; and the various readings printed during his lifetime justify, in some measure, the conclusion that the numerous and important textual changes of the London posthumous edition of 1656, (edited by Milton's nephew, Edward Phillips,[1] and generally followed in the Edinburgh folio of 1711,) were of the poet's own making. For this reason, and because it is, *me judice*, a case of exceptional interest, I had carefully collated all the printed texts, together with, in many instances, by courteous permission, Drummond's own MSS., as preserved by the late Mr. Laing's good care in the Library of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries; but an increasing scepticism as to the perfect authenticity of these editions—especially the later, which frequently emits a distinctly eighteenth century sound—determines me on adhering exclusively (a word or two excepted) to those that last passed under the poet's own hand. They are, almost invariably, the best.

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57—CXII, 10. *oft* (1656): 'of' (1616).

CXIII. An eloquent critic (*Retrospective Review*, 1824, ix, 359) characterizes this sonnet as 'one of the finest in the language.'

58—CXIV, 3. This fine characterization of Sleep—with which cp. Sidney's (XXIX, 4, p. 15)—recalls the King's invocation, *2 Hen. IV*, iii, 1, as perhaps its most appropriate comment. Drummond almost repeats himself, speaking of Death (An Hymne of the Fairest Faire: *Flowres of Sion*, 1623, p. 36):

'Indifferent Umpire unto Clownes and Kings.'

spares = spar'st—in the sense of refrain, as in Milton (CL, 13, p. 76). *the image of my death.* The thought (see under CXI, 5–6, p. 308) may have been familiarized to many English readers through T. Warton's famous epigram, 'Somne levis, quanquam certissima mortis imago,' &c., which was originally written for a statue of Somnus in the

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and a sonnet of Drummond's (*Poems*, 1616, sig. H3):

. . . 'deare Napkin, doe not grieve
That I this Tribute pay thee from mine Eine,
And that (these posting Houres I am to live)
I laundre thy faire Figures in this Brine.'

[1] There seems something of the irony of fate in the circumstance that the task of editing the Tory Drummond's poems should fall into the hands of the kinsman of Milton,—into Milton's own, in a sense. It was no doubt to his uncle that Phillips primarily owed his acquaintance with and admiration of the poems; and to me Milton's inspiration—if not his very language—is as clearly discernible in his nephew's eulogistic preface to Drummond as in the article on Shakspeare in the subsequent *Theatrum Poetarum* (1675). Phillips's notice of Drummond in the latter may be quoted, as it is brief, and not without force still (p. 192): 'William Drummond of Hawthornden, a Scotch Gentleman of considerable note and esteem, Flourishing in K. James his Reign; who imitating the Italian manner of versifying, vented his Amours in Sonnets, Canzonets and Madrigals, and to my thinking, in a style sufficiently smooth and delightful; and therefore why so utterly disregarded, and layd aside at present, I leave to the more curious palats in Poetry.'

garden of Harris the philologist, and of which many translations have been made, that by Wolcot—'produced in a few minutes,' says Polwhele, for whom it was done (see his *Theocritus*, 1811, ii, 113)—being as graceful as any, if about the least literal:

> 'Come, gentle sleep, attend thy votary's prayer,
> And, though death's image, to my couch repair;
> How sweet, thus lifeless, yet with life to lie,
> Thus, without dying, O how sweet to die!'

Drummond, who as usual may have had a verse of Sir Philip's in his memory (*Arcadia*, Lib. 3, p. 260, ed. 1598):

> 'A dull desire to kisse the image of our death,'

repeats the expression (*Poems*, 1616, sig. I):

> 'When I, whose Eyes no drowsie Night could close,
> In Sleepes soft Armes did quietly repose,
> And, for that Heavens to die mee did denie,
> Deaths Image kissèd, and as dead did lie.'

The following list of instances, which, like that under XLVI, might be indefinitely extended, may prove useful:—Virgil (*The Æneids*, transl. William Morris, 1876, vi, 522), who describes Sleep as a

> 'Deep rest and sweet, most like indeed to death's
> own quietness;'

Shakspeare (*Macbeth*, ii, 3, 81):

> 'Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit;'

(*A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, iii, 2, 364):

> 'Death-counterfeiting sleep;'

(*Cymbeline*, ii, 2, 31):

> 'O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!'

John Dowland's (*First Booke of Songes or Ayres*, 1597, xx):

> 'Come, heavy sleepe, the image of true death;'

John Davies of Hereford (*Microcosmos*, 1603, ed. Grosart, i, 33):

> 'Dead sleepe, Deathe's other name and Image true;'

Earl of Sterline (*Aurora*, 1604, Son. 29):

> 'Whil'st I embrac'd the shadow of my death;'

Donne (CXI, 4–5, p. 56):

> . . . 'rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be;'

(*Woman's Constancy*, ed. Grosart, ii, 1873, p. 161):

> 'Sleepe, Death's image;'

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Sir Thomas Browne (*Religio Medici*, § 12): 'In fine, so like death, I dare not trust it without my prayers;' and, lastly, Cowley (*On the Death of Mr. William Hervey:* Works, 1681, p. 18):

'When Sleep, Death's image, left my troubled breast.'

The whole invocation, an imitation of the 'O del Silentio figlio' of Marini, whose *Rime* had been read by Drummond in 1613, should be compared with XXIX, and those enumerated under it, p. 254. The melancholy which pervades the greater part of Drummond's writings was not the factitious emotion of a riming amourist, but came of a real experience, the bereavement referred to under CXX, p. 319; and some of his most inimitable little pieces were produced under its shadow,—in moods when he seems to have been, like Keats, 'half in love with easeful Death.' One highly characteristic 'Madrigall' may be quoted (*Poems*, 1616, sig. H4):

'My Thoughts hold mortall Strife,
I doe detest my Life,
And with lamenting Cries,
(Peace to my Soule to bring)
Oft calles that Prince which here doth Monarchise;
But Hee, grimme grinning King,
Who Catives scornes, and doth the Blest surprise,
Late having deckt with Beauties Rose his Tombe,
Disdaines to croppe a Weede, and will not come.'

58—CXV, 4. *to:* 'too' (1656). *steepy:* 'steppie' (1616) = steep, declining: as in R. Chester's *Love's Martyr* (1601), ed. Grosart, 1878, p. 5: 'Environ'd with a high and steepie mountaine;'

and Shakspeare's 23rd Son. (p. 36):

. . . 'when his youthfull morne
Hath travailed on to Ages steepie night.'

10. Cp. his *Cypresse Grove* (p. 81, ed. 1630): 'Dayes are not to bee esteemed after the number of them, but after the goodnesse.' Read in this connexion Whately's annotation on the opening sentence of Bacon's Essay *Of Youth and Age*.

59—CXVI. *cinoper* = cinnabar. Nares quotes Ben Jonson (*The Alchemist*, i, 3):

'I know you have arsnike,
Vitriol, sal-tartre, argaile, alkaly,
Cinoper.'

See also Blount's *Glossographia*, 1656, *s.v.*, and a note by Park, *Heliconia*, 1815, ii, 151. Among some charming inedited criticisms contributed by Leigh Hunt to *The True Sun* daily newspaper, between August 19th and December 25th, 1833, there is one on Cunningham's edition of Drummond, in which he remarks: 'Drum-

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mond had the eye of a painter. He is fond of colours, and knows where to lay one colour upon another; which is a secret of the art of a higher cast than that of mere contrast and opposition.' He instances the following 'pretty picture' (*Poems*, 1616, sig. N3):

OF PHILLIS.

In Peticote of Greene,
Her Haire about her Eine,
Phillis beneath an Oake
Sate milking her faire Flocke:
Among that strainèd Moysture (rare Delight!)
Her Hand seem'd Milke in Milke, it was so white.

Between the present sonnet and the next in the text comes one which seems to have caught Milton's ear (*Poems*, 1616, sig. D2):

Deare Quirister, who from those Shaddowes sends
(Ere that the blushing Dawne dare show her Light)
Such sad lamenting Straines, that Night attends,
Become all Eare, Starres stay to heare thy Plight;
If one whose Griefe even Reach of Thought transcends,
Who ne're (not in a Dreame) did taste Delight,
May thee importune who like Case pretends,
And seemes to joy in Woe, in Woes Despight;
Tell me (so may thou Fortune milder trie,
And long long sing) for what thou thus complaines,
Sith (Winter gone) the Sunne in dapled Skie
Now smiles on Meadowes, Mountaines, Woods, and Plaines?
The Bird, as if my questions did her move,
With trembling Wings sobb'd forth, 'I love, I love.'[1]

59—CXVII. *grain* = colour, dye. So B. Barnes (Sestine 2):

'Thy cheekes and forhead disaray
The rose and lillyes of their grayne;'

and Milton (*Comus*, 750) of colourless cheeks:

'Cheeks of sorry grain.'

'It has the Epithet of *Tyrium*, because *Tyre*, a City of Phœnicia, was famous for the Fishery of the *Murex*, which was the Shell-fish yielding this Purple Liquor.'—*Note in Lord Preston's translation of Boethius, 2nd ed., 1712, p. 80.* 10. Elsewhere (*Teares on the Death of Mœliades*, 1613) Drummond thus refers to the hyacinth in its mythological character (*Poems*, Maitland Club ed., 1832, p. 8):

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[1] *Become all Eare:* an orientalism, as in Milton (*Par. Lost*, iv, 410, and ed. 1674):

'When Adam first of men
To first of women Eve thus moving speech,
Turnd him all eare to hear new utterance flow.'

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'O hyacinths, for ay your AI keepe still:
Nay, with moe markes of woe your leaves now fill;'

again, in the later *Epitaph* (p. 83):

'Th' immortall amaranthus, princely rose,
Sad violet, and that sweet flowre that beares
In sanguine spots the tenor of our woes;'

which of course Milton remembered when he assimilated the markings on the sedge with those of the hyacinth—*aî aî* = alas! alas!—(*Lycidas*, 106):

'Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.'

Cp. also the flower-passage further on in *Lycidas*, where Drummond is not less evidently recalled.

60—CXVIII. With l. 5 cp. Shakspeare's 'All the world's a stage,' &c. (*As You Like It*, ii, 7); Thos. Newton's recommendatory verses prefixed to *The Mirour for Magistrates*, 1597:

'Certes this worlde a stage may well be calde,
Whereon is playde the parte of ev'ry wight;'

Spenser's sonnet to Gabriel Harvey, dated 1586, printed at the end of Harvey's *Foure Letters*, &c., 1592: 'this worlds stage;' and *Amoretti*, 54: 'this worlds Theatre;' and with ll. 5–6, Shakspeare's Son. 15, 3–4 (p. 27):

'When I consider every thing that growes
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth nought but showes
Whereon the Stars in secret influence comment.'

In another early sonnet (*Poems*, 1616, sig. L4) Drummond speaks of

'those blacke Artes
By which base Mortalles vildely play their Parts,
And staine with horride Actes Earths stately Stage.'

12. Not the only instance in Drummond of this thought, which, clothed in almost exactly the same words, was common among writers in and about his time. See an interesting note, with examples, by Dr. Hannah, on Bacon's use of it (*Courtly Poets*, p. 235).

14. Cp. Shakspeare (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, i, 1, 42):

'In the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells;'

and Son. 70 (p. 38):

'For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love.'

With this sonnet read another a little further on, unequalled for pathos (*Poems*, 1616, sig. G4):

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O ! it is not to mee, bright Lampe of Day,
That in the East thou shew'st thy rosie Face;
O ! it is not to mee thou leav'st that Sea,
And in these azure Lists beginst thy Race.
Thou shin'st not to the Dead in any Place,
And I (dead) from this World am gonè away,
Or if I seeme (a Shadow) yet to stay,
It is a while but to bemone my Case.
My Mirth is lost, my Comforts are dismay'd,
And unto sad Mis-haps their Place doe yeeld;
My Knowledge doth resemble a bloudie field,
Where I my Hopes and Helps see prostrate layd.
So painefull is Lifes Course which I have runne,
That I doe wish it never had begunne.

60—CXIX, 5. *snaky eye:* a Sidneian phrase. But indeed the entire materials of this sonnet, as of CXXVIII, will be found in the 'Asclepiadikes' sung by Dorus at the close of the second book of the *Arcadia* (p. 233, ed. 1598):

'O sweet woods the delight of solitarinesse!'

themselves taken from Pietro Bembo. With Drummond's version cp. one by the author of CCLVII (*Sonnets by Rev. Charles Strong*, No. xciii, 2nd ed., 1862). *pace* (1656): 'Peace' (1616 and 1711). *silent horrors:* the emotion produced by the silence, not less than the sound, of a forest being that of a kind of horror or awe. Dryden (*Astræa Redux*, 7) has 'horrid stillness;' and the phrase 'horrid shade'—with which cp. the 'horrific woods' of Thomson (*Autumn*)—is quite classical. 'Horror' is derived from *horreo*, to bristle, or stand erect, as hair, &c.; hence its so frequent use in poetical descriptions of trees and, with equal propriety, of warriors' plumed helmets. Cp. Milton (*Comus*, 1st ed., 1637, p. 2):

'their way
Lies through the perplex't paths of this dreare wood,
The nodding horror of whose shadie brows
Threats the forlorne and wandring Passinger.'

Chapman (*Iliades of Homere*, bk. iii, 346, ed. Hooper, 1857):

'And on his head his glorious helm he set,
Topp'd with a plume of horse's hair, that horribly did dance,
And seem'd to threaten as he mov'd.'

Fairfax (*Godfrey of Boulogne*, i, 39, p. 9, 2nd ed., 1624):

'And horrid helmes high on their heads they beare,
When their fierce courage they to war incline.'

11. Cp. Gray's *Elegy*, 73:

'Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife.'

This is the neuter verb = to be mad, as in Wiclif (*Dedis*, c. 26, *apud* Richardson): 'Festus seide with greet voice, Poul, thou maddest, many lettres turnen thee to woodnesse. And Poul seide, I madde not, thou best Festus, but I speak out the wordes of treuthe and sobrenesse.'. So too Sir Tho. Browne (*Hydriotaphia*, § 4): 'Vaine ashes . . . emblems of mortal vanities, antidotes against pride, vain-glory, and madding vices.' The leading sentiment of this sonnet and CXXVIII—the joy of freedom, the blessedness of the man who, 'of bondage free,' 'doth live his own'—should be compared with the keynote of Sir Henry Wotton's noble lines on The Character of a Happy Life (*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, 1651, p. 522), beginning

'How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will!'

which, Drummond tells us, Ben Jonson had 'by heart.'

61—CXX. *musked:* 'musket' (1616). The *Sweet hermitress*—Miss Cunninghame of Barns, 'a fine Beautiful young Lady'—was betrothed to Drummond; but 'when the Day for the Marriage was appointed, and all Things ready for the Solemnization of it, she took a Fever, and was suddenly snatched away by it, to his great Grief and Sorrow' (*Life*, prefixed to the folio, p. iii). 14. This familiar sentiment, not ungracefully expressed by Drummond, was most probably recollected from Dante (*Inferno*, V, 121–3)—himself indebted, it is supposed, to Boethius (*De Consol. Phil.*, Lib. ii, Prosa 4): 'In omni adversitate fortunæ infelicissimum genus est infortunii fuisse felicem et non esse'—[1]

'Nessun maggior' dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria'[2]

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[1] Old Sir Richard Barckley gives it even an earlier parentage (*A Discourse of the Felicitie of Man*, 1598, bk. v, p. 522): '*Alexander Severus* was used to say: There is no kind of mis-hap so unfortunate, as for a man to call to remembrance, that in times past hee had beene fortunate. Adversity never dismayed any but such as prosperity deceaved.' A memorable modern instance may be recalled from the brief soldier-life of Coleridge, who was only expressing his own experience when he inscribed on his stable wall, or door: 'Eheu! quam infortunii miserrimum est fuisse felicem!'

[2] But cp. the higher philosophy of a living poet (*Laurella and Other Poems*, 1876, p. 228):

NESSUN MAGGIOR' DOLORE!

No greater grief! Is it then always grief
Remembering happier times in times of sorrow?
Does one day of delight ne'er bring relief
To the sick soul on a despairful morrow?
Past joys are a possession. Oft we borrow
Strength for our present pain from out the brief
Bright moments garnered long in memory's sheaf,—
August's rich grains make glad December's furrow.
Have once mine eyes beheld in vision blest
Beauty's dread form, or Love's death-conquering face,
My heart leaped up transfigured, as she sung,
Who raised to life my life, whose gentle breast
From the world's rush was my one resting-place,—
Blind, deaf, and old—I see, hear, still am young.

John Todhunter.

William Drummond.

Dante is reproduced thus by Chaucer (*Troylus and Cryseyde*, Lib. 3, ccxxvi) :

'For of fortunes scharp adversite
The worste kinde of infortune is this—
A man to han ben in prosperite,
And it remembren when it passid is.'

Cp. *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, by Tho. Hughes, 1587 (Dodsley's *Old English Plays*, ed. Hazlitt, iv, 336, 1874) :

'Of all misfortunes and unhappy fates
Th' unhappiest seemes to have been happy once;'

Lord Brooke (*Workes*, 1633, p. 233) :

. . . 'he most wretched is
That once most happy was'[1]

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[1] *Cælica*, 'Sonnet' 83 (= 84), of which Sir Edward Dyer's *Fancy*—imitated, in its turn, or, as the quaint old heading has it, 'turned to a sinner's complaint,' by Southwell—is an adaptation. For all three poems see Dr. Grosart's edition of Brooke (4 vols. 1870), I, xlviii, II, lxxi, and III, 104–112, 145–154; or Dr. Hannah's *Courtly Poets*, pp. 154–173, where Dyer's poem, not Brooke's, is treated as the original. While this 'deep-brained' old writer (whom Wordsworth knew how to value) is before us, he may be brought under contribution to a small extent here. The greater number of the hundred and ten pieces—'Sonnets,' as their author calls them—composing the *Cælica*, of which the three following are the 16th, 17th, and 88th (misnumbered 87 in old copy), forfeit all right to that denomination by their informalities of structure; but they have a representative value, and seem to supply a kind of link between the Italian form employed by his friend Sidney, with whom they were 'written in familiar exercise,' and the domestic English or Shakspearian type. They have also, as Dr. Grosart notes, 'all that belongs to the Cumberland word "sonn," which means to think deeply.'

Fye foolish Earth, thinke you the heaven wants glory,
Because your shadowes doe your selfe benight?
All's darke unto the blind, let them be sory;
The heavens in themselves are ever bright.
Fye fond Desire, thinke you that Love wants glory,
Because your shadowes doe your selfe benight?
The hopes and feares of lust, may make men sorie,
But Love still in her selfe finds her delight.
Then Earth stand fast, the skye that you benight
Will turne againe, and so restore your glory;
Desire be steady, hope is your delight,
An orbe wherein no creature can be sorie;
Love being plac'd above these middle regions,
Where every passion warres it selfe with legions.
Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke.

Cynthia, whose glories are at full for ever,
Whose beauties draw forth teares, and kindle fires,
Fires which kindled once are quenchèd never:
So beyond hope your worth beares up desires.
Why cast you clouds on your sweet-looking eyes?
Are you afraid they shew me too much pleasure?
Strong Nature decks the grave wherein it lyes:
Excellence can never be exprest in measure.
Are you afraid, because my heart adores you,
The world will thinke I hold Endymion's place?
Hippolytus, sweet Cynthia, kneel'd before you,
Yet did you not come downe to kisse his face.
Angells enjoy the heavens' inward quires:
Starre-gazers only multiply desires.
Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke.

and as noted by Mr. Collier from *Evordanus Prince of Denmark*, 1605 (*Biblio. Acct.*, i, 264): 'In misery there is no greater griefe than to call to minde forepassed pleasure.' Keats also glances at it in one of his lesser poems ('In a drear-nighted December'):

> 'But were there ever any
> Writhed not at passèd joy?'—

and it has been beautifully woven into Thomas Davidson's song The Auld Ash Tree (*Life of a Scottish Probationer*, &c., 2nd ed. 1878, p. 69):

> 'Oh, I wad fain forget them a';
> Remembered guid but deepens ill,
> As gleids o' licht far seen by nicht
> Mak' the near mirk but mirker still;'

but it will doubtless be identified henceforth with him who has at length fixed it in imperishable English verse (Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*):

> 'A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.'

Elsewhere (in the song 'Sad Damon beeing come:' *Poems*, 1616, sig. H) Drummond exclaims pathetically:

> 'O! that the Cause which doth consume our Joy
> Remembrance of it too would too destroy!
> What doth this Life bestow
> But Flowrs on Thornes which grow?
> Which though they sometime blandishing delighte,
> Yet afterwards us smite?
> And if the rising Sunne them faire doth see,
> That Planet setting, too beholdes them die.'

The sonnet before us—with which cp. Petrarca's 85th, 'Avventuroso più d'altro terreno'—is addressed to William Alexander, Earl of Sterline, who was Secretary of State for Scotland from 1626 to 1640, and himself a poet of a masculine order. Drummond and he

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> When as Man's life, the light of humane lust,
> In soacket of his earthly lanthorne burnes,
> That all his glory unto ashes must:
> And generations to corruption turnes;
> Then fond desires that onely feare their end,
> Doe vainly wish for life, but to amend.
> But when this life is from the body fled,
> To see it selfe in that eternal glasse,
> Where Time doth end, and thoughts accuse the dead,
> Where all to come is one with all that was;
> Then living men aske how he left his breath,
> That while he livèd never thought of death.
> *Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke.*

With the phrase 'eternal glasse' in this last, cp. st. 58 of his *Treatise of Religion* (ed. Grosart, i, 258), where the Bible is described as

> 'that eternal glass
> *Where all men's souls behold the face they bring.*'

were fast friends through life, and called each other by the pastoral names of Damon and Alexis in their correspondence and poems. Besides his tragedies, two of which were read and remembered by Shakspeare, the Earl wrote many sonnets and other short lyrical pieces in which Campbell (*Specimens*, p. 159, ed. 1841) might, to say the least, have found something more than mere 'elegance of expression,' as the three following examples will show. They are the 10th, 33rd, and 103rd of *Aurora: Containing the first fancies of the Authors youth, William Alexander of Menstrie*, 1604:—

I sweare, Aurora, by thy starrie eyes,
And by those golden lockes whose locke none slips,
And by the Corall of thy rosie lippes,
And by the naked snowes which beautie dyes;
I sweare by all the jewels of thy mind,
Whose like yet never worldly treasure bought,
Thy solide judgement and thy generous thought,
Which in this darkened age have clearely shin'd:
I sweare by those, and by my spotlesse love,
And by my secret, yet most fervent fires,
That I have never nurc'd but chast desires,
And such as modestie might well approve.
Then since I love those vertuous parts in thee,
Shouldst thou not love this vertuous mind in me?
W. Alexander, Earl of Sterline.[1]

O if thou knew'st how thou thy selfe dost harme,
And dost prejudge thy blisse, and spoile my rest;
Then thou would'st melt the yce out of thy brest,
And thy relenting heart would kindly warme.
O if thy pride did not our joyes controule,
What world of loving wonders should'st thou see!
For if I saw thee once transform'd in me,
Then in thy bosome I would poure my soule,
Then all thy thoughts should in my visage shine;

[1] Cp. Wither, Son. 3 (*Faire-Virtue, The Mistresse of Phil'Arete. Written by Him-Selfe*, 1622, sig. K4):

Faire, since thy Virtues my affections move,
And I have vowd, my purpose is to joyne,
(In an eternall Band of chastest Love)
Our Soules, to make a Mariage most divine.
Why (thou maist thinke) then, seemeth he to prize,
An outward Beauties fading hew so much?
Why doth he read such Lectures in mine eyes?
And often strive my tender palme to touch?
Oh pardon my presuming: For I sweare
My Love is soyled with no lustfull spot:
Thy Soules perfections through those vailes appeare,
And I halfe faint that I embrace them not.
No foule Desires doth make thy touches sweet:
But, my Soule striveth with thy Soule to meet.
George Wither.

And if that ought mischanc'd, thou should'st not mone
Nor beare the burthen of thy griefes alone;
No, I would have my share in what were thine.
And whil'st we thus should make our sorrowes one,
This happie harmonie would make them none.
W. Alexander, Earl of Sterline.[1]

To yeeld to those I cannot but disdaine,
Whose face doth but entangle foolish hearts;
It is the beautie of the better parts
With which I mind my fancies for to chaine.
Those that have nought wherewith mens mindes to gaine,
But onely curlèd lockes and wanton lookes,
Are but like fleeting baites that have no hookes,
Which may well take, but cannot well retaine.
He that began to yeeld to th' outward grace,
And then the treasures of the mind doth prove:
He who as 't were was with the maske in love,
What doth he thinke when as he sees the face?
No doubt being lim'd by th' outward colours so,
That inward worth would never let him go.
W. Alexander, Earl of Sterline.

Here too may be presented a good sonnet by another contemporary Scottish poet, the common friend of Drummond and Alexander, Sir Robert Ayton of Kinaldie, in Fifeshire, who was private secretary to James's queen, Anne of Denmark, and of whose friendship for Ben Jonson there is a brief record in the Hawthornden *Conversations*: 'That Sir R. Aiton loved him dearly.' Author of a number of sonnets, and of some very beautiful lyrics not in sonnet-form, 'he was,' says Professor Masson, 'perhaps the first Scotchman who wrote verses in the genuine English of Spenser and his contemporaries.' I might refer the reader to a recent paper on this poet in the *London Quarterly Review*, July, 1878. Our specimen is given from his *Poems*, edited by Dr. Charles Rogers, 1871, p. 73:—

ON THE LOSS OF HIS MISTRESS.

Lo! how the sailor in a stormy night
Wails and complains till he the star perceive
Whose situation and assurèd height
Should guide him through the strong and wat'ry wave.
As many motives, wretched soul, I have
For to regret, as few as to rejoice,
In seeing all things, once this sight I crave,
Since I the load-star of my life did lose,—
And what is worse, amidst those many woes,
Amidst my pain, which passes all compare,

[1] Mr. Palgrave transposes the *thy* and *my* of l. 9, printing thus (*Golden Treasury*, p. 15):— 'Then all my thoughts should in thy visage shine.'

William Drummond.

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No help, no hope, no comfort, no repose,
No sun appears to clear these clouds of care,
Save this, that fortune neither may nor dare
Make my mishaps more hapless than they are.
Sir Robert Ayton.

61—CXXI. Cp. Petrarca's 296th Sonnet, 'Dolce mio caro,' &c.

62—CXXII. *ramage* = wild-song, wood-song: see Blount's *Glossographia* and Nares's *Glossary*, s.v. 11. Cp. Dorus's song in the *Arcadia* referred to under CXIX, p. 318: 'Each sight [=sigh] draws on a thought.' 12. Cp. Cowley's use of a similar idea (*The Mistress*, Spring, 2, p. 6, ed. 1681):

'How could it be so fair, and you away?
How could the Trees be beauteous, Flowers so gay?
Could they remember but last year
How you did Them, they you, delight,
The sprouting leaves which saw you here,
And called their Fellows to the sight,
Would, looking round for the same sight in vain,
Creep back into their silent Barks again.'

and Shelley's exquisite expansion in the lines *To a Lady, with a Guitar*. When composing this sonnet Drummond may as usual have had Sidney in his thoughts (*Arcadia*, Lib. iii, p. 356, ed. 1598):

'My Lute, within thy selfe thy tunes enclose,
Thy mistresse song is now a sorows crie;'

but its sombre beauty is all his own.

CXXIII. *thy mantle bright with flowers*. Cp. the opening of Spenser's 70th Son. (XX, p. 11), to which, however, it would be too much to say that Drummond was indebted primarily for the image. Among his posthumous papers there is one containing brief notes of his reading—written, according to Masson, mainly between 1613 and 1616—in which he speaks thus disparagingly of the *Amoretti*: 'As to that which Spenser calleth his Amoretti, I am not of their opinion who think them his; for they are so childish, that it were not well to give them so honourable a father' (*Conversations*, as before, p. 50). 1–5. *turn'st* = *re*turn'st. The sonnet immediately succeeding this contains some fine verses (*Poems*, 1616, sig. H3):

What doth it serve to see Sunnes burning Face,
And Skies enamell'd with both the Indies Gold,
Or Moone at Night in jettie Charriot roll'd,
And all the Glorie of that starrie Place?
What doth it serve Earths Beautie to behold—
The Mountaines Pride, the Meadowes flowrie Grace,
The statelie Comelinesse of Forrests old,
The Sport of Flouds which would themselves embrace?

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What doth it serve to heare the Sylvans Songs,
The wanton Mearle, the Nightingalles sad Straines,
Which in darke Shades seeme to deplore my Wrongs?
For what doth serve all that this World containes,
Sith shee for whome those once to mee were deare
No Part of them can have now with mee heere?[1]

57–62—CXII–CXXIII. From *Poems: By William Drummond, of Hawthorne-denne. The Second Impression.* Edinburgh, 1616.

63—CXXIV. *fabulous:* 'fabling' (1623).

CXXV. *By darkness would:* 'Hastes darkely to' (1623).

64—CXXVI, 1. So the admirable Samuel Daniel, in a tract which, though wanting in this instance, ordinarily forms part of one of the volumes presented by Drummond to his College (Works, 1602: *A Defence of Ryme*, sig. G6): 'It is not bookes, but onely that great booke of the world, and the all-overspreading grace of heaven that makes men truely judiciall.' And George Wither (*Withers Motto*, 1621, sig. D):

'For many bookes I care not; and my store
Might now suffice me, though I had no more
Then Gods two Testaments, and therewithall
That mighty Volume, which the World we call.'

13. *our minds do muse:* 'we stay our Mindes' (1623). 9–14. Drummond seems to have so thoroughly steeped his mind in Sidney's sweets that he probably reproduced them sometimes unconsciously to himself. Cp. *Astrophel and Stella*, 11:

'In truth, O Love, with what a boyish kind
Thou doest proceed in thy most serious wayes:
That when the heav'n to thee his best displayes,
Yet of that best thou leav'st the best behinde.
For like a child that some faire booke doth find,
With guilded leaves or colourd Velume playes,
Or at the most on some fine picture stayes,
But never heeds the fruit of writers mind;
So when thou saw'st in Natures cabinet
Stella,' &c.

The present sonnet is wanting in Turnbull's edition of Drummond (1856).

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[1] 2. *both the Indies:* 'the Indian' (1656). 10. Drummond's association of these 'Sylvans' recalls *The Merle and the Nychtingaill* of grand old Dunbar, wherein occurs one of the truest notes that ever came from poet's lips (*Poems*, ed. Laing, 1834, i. 217):

'Nevir suetar noys wes hard with levand man
Na maid this mirry gentill Nychtingaill;
Hir sound went with the rever as it ran
Out throw the fresche and flureist lusty vaill:
O Merle! quoth scho, O fule! stynt of thy taill,
For in thy song gud sentens is thair none,
For boith is tynt, the tyme and the travaill
Of every Luve bot upone God allone.'

William Drummond.

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64—CXXVII. *blossoms:* 'Locusts'; *young:* 'there'; *marble:* 'flintie' (1623). In this arresting sonnet Drummond himself is, unconsciously, the herald of a king,—of Song. On reading it we inevitably bethink us of the greater than he who is at hand; and it has always appeared to me one of the felicities of arrangement visible in every page of Mr. Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* that Drummond is there presented in this relation to Milton. But even before Drummond a stern Voice had been heard crying in Scottish poetry,—one with which we have proof that he was not unacquainted, and of which indeed the influence is quite apparent in his verse: that, namely, of Alexander Montgomery, whose sonnets are not unworthy of the author of *The Cherrie and the Slae* (1597). How like Drummond is this solemn adjuration

TO M. P. GALLOWAY.

Sound, Galloway, the trompet of the Lord;
The blissit brethren sall obey thy blast;
Then thunder out the thretnings of the word
Aganst the wicked that auay ar cast.
Pray that the faithfull in the fight stand fast.
Suppose the Divill the wickeds hairts obdure,
Zit perseveir, as in thy preichins past,
For to discharge thy conscience and cure.
Quhat Justice sauld! vhat pilling of the pure!
Quhat bluidy murthers ar for gold forgivin!
God is not sleipand, thoght he tholde, be sure.
Cry out, and he shall heir the from the Hevin;
And wish the king, his court, and counsell clenge,
Or then the Lord will, in his wrath, revenge.

Alexander Montgomery.[1]

This 'Baptist' sonnet belongs to a little group of Scriptural poems from which I take the two following sonnets: old-fashioned and quaint a little, may be, but truly amongst 'the sweetest anthems that have reached the skies.' (*Flowres of Sion*, ed. 1630, pp. 5–6). They are the only 'Flowres' of Drummond's selected by Mr. Emerson for his charming anthology, *Parnassus* (Boston, 1875).

[1] *The Poems of Alexander Montgomery: with Biographical Notices, by David Irving, LL.D.* Edin., 1821, p. 66. The real editor of the volume was the late Mr. Laing; and the most of the miscellaneous poems, including the sonnets, are printed therein for the first time from a manuscript in which alone they are supposed to exist, part of Drummond's munificent gift of books and MSS. to his *Alma Mater*. A considerable selection of the sonnets had been given in Dr. Irving's earlier work, *The Lives of the Scotish Poets*, &c., 2 vols., Edin., 1804; and in Sibbald's *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry*, &c., 4 vols., Edin., 1802. It occasions some surprise that a poet who formerly received special attention at Dr. Irving's hands should be all but ignored in his posthumous work, *The History of Scotish Poetry*, Edited by John Aitken Carlyle, 1861.

FOR THE NATIVITIE OF OUR LORD.

THE ANGELS.

Runne (Sheepheards) run where Bethleme blest appeares;
Wee bring the best of newes, bee not dismay'd—
A Saviour there is borne, more olde than yeares,
Amidst Heavens rolling hights this Earth who stay'd:
In a poore Cotage Inn'd, a Virgine Maide
A weakling did him beare, who all upbeares;
There is hee poorelie swadl'd, in Manger lai'd,
To whom too narrow Swadlings are our Spheares:
Runne (Sheepheards) runne, and solemnize his Birth;
This is that Night, no, Day growne great with Blisse,
In which the power of Sathan broken is;
In Heaven bee glorie, Peace unto the Earth.
Thus singing through the Aire the Angels swame,
And Cope of Starres re-echoèd the same.[1]

THE SHEEPHEARDS.

O than the fairest Day, thrice fairer Night!
Night to best Dayes in which a Sunne doth rise,
Of which that golden Eye, which cleares the Skies,
Is but a sparkling Ray, a Shadow light:
And blessèd yee (in sillie Pastors sight)
Milde Creätures, in whose warme Cribe now lyes
That Heaven-sent Yongling, holie-Maide-borne Wight,
Midst, end, beginning of our Prophesies:
Blest Cotage that hath Flowres in Winter spred;
Though withered, blessèd Grasse, that hath the grace
To decke and bee a Carpet to that Place.
Thus sang, unto the Soundes of oaten Reed,
Before the Babe, the Sheepheards bow'd on knees;
And Springs ranne Nectar, Honey dropt from Trees.[2]

Passing to our next selected 'Flowre,' some profoundly thoughtful and impressive verse challenges notice. I give two of the sonnets (*ibid.*, pp. 22–24):—

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[1] *Heavens rolling hights*: 'the rolling Heaven;' *is hee poorelie swadl'd*: 'he is swadl'd in Cloathes' (1623). 1-9. Masson notes the echo in Milton (*On the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, 24: Poems, 1645, p. 2):

> 'See how from far upon the Eastern rode
> The Star-led Wisards haste with odours sweet:
> O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
> And lay it lowly at his blessèd feet.'

[2] I have ventured to supply the title in this instance for the sake of uniformity. It may be observed that these *Flowres of Sion* titles appear in the 1630 edition only, and are placed, not over the respective poems, but in *A Table of the Hymnes and Sonnetes, with their Arguments*, at the end of the volume. Hence perhaps the 'For' with which they occasionally begin. 14. One of Drummond's frequent recollections of Daniel, whom he read much, and discriminatingly 'censured' as 'for sweetness in ryming second to none.' Cp. the lovely 'Pastorall' (*Delia*, p. 30, ed. 1602):

> 'O happie golden Age!
> Not for that Rivers ranne
> With streames of milke, and hunny dropt from trees,' &c.

William Drummond.

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MANS KNOWLEDGE, IGNORANCE IN THE MISTERIES OF GOD.

Beneath a sable vaile, and Shadowes deepe,
Of Unaccessible and dimming light,
In Silence ebane Clouds more blacke than Night,
The Worlds great King his secrets hidde doth keepe:
Through those Thicke Mistes when any Mortall Wight
Aspires, with halting pace, and Eyes that weepe,
To pore, and in his Misteries to creepe,
With Thunders hee and Lightnings blastes their Sight.
O Sunne invisible, that dost abide
Within thy bright abysmes, most faire, most darke,
Where with thy proper Rayes thou dost thee hide;
O ever-shining, never full-seen marke,
To guide mee in Lifes Night, thy light mee show:
The more I search of thee, the lesse I know.[1]

THE COURT OF TRUE HONOUR.

Why (worldlings) do ye trust fraile honours dreams,
And leane to guilted Glories which decay?
Why doe yee toyle to registrate your Names
On ycie Pillars, which soone melt away?
True Honour is not heere: that place it clames,
Where blacke-brow'd Night doth not exile the Day,
Nor no farre-shining Lamp dives in the Sea,
But an eternall Sunne spreades lasting Beames;
There it attendeth you, where spotlesse Bands
Of Spirits stand gazing on their Soveraigne Blisse,
Where yeeres not hold it in their canckring hands,
But who once noble, ever noble is.
Looke home, lest hee your weakned Wit make thrall,
Who Edens foolish Gardner earst made fall.[2]

65—CXXVIII. *solitary:* 'solitare, yet' (1616). '*Nunquam minus solus,*

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[1] *King:* 'Minde'; *pore:* 'prye' (1623).

[2] *guilted:* 'guilded'; *On ycie Pillars:* 'In ycie Columnes' (1616). *farre-shining Lamp* = planet—as in his *Cypresse Grove* (Flowres of Sion, p. 85): 'But (my Soule) what aileth thee, to bee thus backward and astonished at the remembrance of Death, sith it doth not reach Thee, more than Darknesse doth those farre-shining Lampes above?' 8–12. Cp. his *Shadow of the Judgement* (ibid., p. 47):

> 'About his Throne
> (Like to those Beames Days golden Lamp hath on)
> Angelike Splendors glance, more swift than ought
> Reveal'd to sence, nay, than the winged Thought,
> His will to practise: here doe Seraphines
> Burne with immortall love, there Cherubines,
> *With other noble people of the Light,*
> As Eaglets in the Sunne, delight their Sight.'

See a remark on this sonnet under CXXVIII. Some may consider that its closing couplet alone were sufficient to disqualify it for an anthology; but the Editor will be content with the approval of those to whom the noble and inspiring thought and perfect simplicity of expression of the 11th and 12th verses fully compensate any mediocrity elsewhere.

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quam cum solus,' says Cowley in his charming Essay *Of Solitude* (Works, ed. 1700, p. 83), 'is now become a very vulgar Saying. Every Man, and almost every Boy, for these seventeen hundred years, has had it in his mouth. But it was at first spoken by the Excellent Scipio, who was without question a most Eloquent and Witty Person, as well as the most Wise, most Worthy, most Happy, and the Greatest of all Mankind.' *hoarse:* 'soft' (1616); *evil* = ill (as under XXXIII, p. 257); *embalmed:* 'perfum'd'; *new-born:* 'doe the'; *troubles:* 'Falshoods'; *harmless:* 'silent' (1616). This sonnet (and 'Why, worldlings,' under CXXVII) had already appeared, with the slight variations specified, in that portion of the *Poems*, 1616, entitled *Urania, or Spirituall Poems*. It and CXIX may be compared with CCXLVIII (p. 126) and another of Lord Thurlow's sonnets in praise of the sylvan life (*Poems on Several Occasions*, 2nd ed., 1813, p. 199).

65—CXXIX. This sonnet is partly an echo of Petrarca's 317th, 'Vago augeletto,' &c. 10–14. Headley (*Select Beauties of Ancient English Poetry*, 1810, ii, 125) notes the parallel in Walton's *Compleat Angler*, 1653, chap. i (5th ed., 1676, p. 11): 'But the Nightingale (another of my Airy Creatures) breaths such sweet loud musick out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think Miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight (when the very labourer sleeps securely) should hear (as I have very often) the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the redoubling and redoubling of her voice,[1] might well be lifted above earth, and say: Lord, what Musick hast thou provided for the Saints in Heaven, when thou affordest bad men such musick on Earth!' Dr. Nathan Drake (*Mornings in Spring*, 1828, i, 272) has described Drummond's sonnet as 'a strain of hallowed gratitude which seems worthy of ascending to the throne of heaven.' We had occasion (p. 326) to bring Drummond and Montgomery together. It is interesting to find them again associated, and in so pretty a theme as this of the nightingale and her song (Montgomery's *Poems*, as before, p. 88):

> Suete Nichtingale! in holene grene that han[ts,]
> To spoft thy self, and speciall in the spring;

[1] Cp. kindred descriptions in the contest between the lutanist and the nightingale (from Strada's original) in Ford's *Lover's Melancholy* (1629) and Crashaw's *Musick's Duell* (1646). In daintiness, vigour, and quaint fancy, they are all surpassed by the anonymous author—'H. A.' (= A. Hawkins?), an English Catholic—of a little prose volume published at Paris in 1633, *Partheneia Sacra, or The Mysterious and Delicious Garden of the Sacred Parthenes* (p. 138). Very possibly both Walton and Crashaw saw the book, especially the latter, being a fellow-churchman of the author's. See an article on and extracts from it, under the heading 'Flowers from a Neglected Garden,' pp. 58–65, *Deliciae Literariae: A New Volume of Table-Talk* [by Dr. Joseph Robertson], 1840.

William Drummond.

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Thy chivring chirlis, vhilks chan [ginglie thou chants,]
Maks all the roches round about the ring;
Vhilk slaiks my sorou, so to heir the sing,
And lights my louing langour at the leist;
Zit thoght thou sees not, sillie, saikles thing!
The piercing pykis brods at thy bony breist.
Euin so am I, by plesur lykuyis preist,
In gritest danger vhair I most delyte:
But since thy song, for shoring, hes not ceist,
Suld feble I, for feir, my conqueis quyt?
Na, na,—I love thé, freshest Phœnix fair,
In beuty, birth, in bounty but compair.
Alexander Montgomery.[1]

66—CXXX. *cruel:* '(shamelesse)'; *so cannot:* 'can not so' (1623). 13–14. If, as we have seen, Drummond was acquainted with Shakspeare's Sonnets, there need be no difficulty in tracing this couplet to its fountainhead—LIX, 13–14, p. 30:

'For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.'

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[1] *holene* = holly. The words in brackets are supplied from conjecture, the MS. having been mutilated by the binder. Montgomery's was a name to invoke with in Drummond's day. Among the specimens from the sonnets and other poems of his contemporary, Sir William Moore, of Rowallan (author of *The True Crucifixe for True Catholickes*, Edin., 1629, to which Drummond prefixed a daintily-touched commendatory sonnet), given in Thomas Lyle's *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, &c., Lond. and Glasgow, 1827, there are some lines in which Rowallan describes his own muse as one

'quhich noght doth challenge worthy fame,
Save from Montgomery sche her birth doth clayme;'

and printed with them *Twa Sonets sent by my Freind, A. S., two remarkably spirited poems, in the second of which he is thus charged:*

'Sprang thou from *Maxwell and Montgomeries muse*
To let our poets perisch in the West?
No, no! brave youth, continow in thy kynd;
No sueitar subject sall thy Muses fynd!'

It has been conjectured by Fullarton, the editor of the section of Lyle's book in which these sonnets occur, that the initials *A. S.* were those of Alexander Sempill, a connexion of the Sempills of Beltrees, who has a sonnet, similarly constructed, in Sir James Sempill's *Pack-Man's Paternoster*, 1669 (*Poems of the Sempills of Beltrees*, edited by James Paterson, 1849, p. 11); but that would require confirmation. As the first of the *Twa Sonets* is not only spirited, but beautiful, and contains an early tribute to a river which carries poetry 'in the mention,' I subjoin it here:

Thou kno's, brave gallant, that our Scottich braines
Have ay bein England's equals every way;
Quhair als rair muse, and martiall myndis remaines,
With als renounèd records to this day.
Thoght we be not enrol'd so rich as they,
Zit have we wits of worth enrich'd more rare:
As for thair Sidneyes science, quhich they say
Surpasseth all in his Arcadian air,—
Cum, I have found our westerne feelds als fair;
Go thou to work, and I schall be thy guyde,
And schew the of a sueitar subject thair—
Borne Beuties wonder on the banks of Clyd!
Philocle and Pamela, those sueit twain,
Quho lake bot thee to eternize thair name.

A. S.

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But he had Daniel also in his library (*Works*, 1602, fol. 42):

> 'Other then what he is he would not bee,
> Nor chaunge his state with him that Scepters weildes.'

This noble sonnet, of Miltonic grandeur and power, anticipates Coleridge's sublime consolation, that notwithstanding he had been through a large portion of his life a sufferer, 'sorely afflicted with bodily pains, languors, and manifold infirmities,' his intellect had ever remained unclouded; or, as in the *Table Talk* it is recorded: 'For one mercy I owe thanks beyond all utterance,—that, with all my gastric and bowel distempers, my head hath ever been like the head of a mountain, in blue air and sunshine.' I cull one more (the last) of these sacred sonnet-'Flowres' (*ibid.*, p. 28):—

THE BLESSEDNESSE OF FAITHFULL SOULES
BY DEATH.

Let us each day enure our selves to dye,
If this (and not our Feares) be truely Death—
Above the Circles both of Hope and Faith
With faire immortall pinniones to flie;
If this be Death—our best Part to untie,
(By ruining the Jaile) from Lust and Wrath,
And every drowsie languor heere beneath
It turning deniz'd Citizen of Skie;
To have more knowledge than all Bookes containe,
All Pleasures even surmounting wishing Powre,
The fellowship of Gods immortall Traine,
And these that Time nor force shall er'e devour:
If this be Death, what Joy, what golden care
Of Life, can with Deaths ouglinesse compare?[1]

63–66—CXXIV–CXXX. From the second, or 1630 impression of *Flowres of Sion: by William Drummond of Hawthorne-denne. To which is adjoyned his Cypresse Grove.* [Eden-Bourgh] 1623.[2] Following the *Cypresse Grove* in both editions are several short poems, among them this sonnet to his friend Sir William Alexander, 'the pathos of which,' observes Professor Masson, 'and its autobiographic precision have made it oftener quoted in sketches of Drummond than any other:'—

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[1] *deniz'd*, i.e., denizened=naturalized—as in Sidney, XXVII, 8, p. 14. With l. 9 cp. Shelley (*To a Skylark*):

> 'Better than all treasures
> That in books are found.'

[2] These two editions show interesting variations in the text, and as it is just a question whether the later readings were always improvements, I have given the results of a collation. Throughout the copy of the first edition 'Giuen to the Colledge of King James in Edenbroŭgh by the Author, 1624,' narrow slips of paper with the 1630 readings printed thereon have in many instances been neatly pasted over the original ones, apparently by the poet himself.

William Drummond.

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TO S. W. A.

Though I have twice beene at the Doores of Death,
And twice found shoote those Gates which ever mourne,
This but a lightning is, Truce tane to Breath;
For late borne Sorrowes augure fleete returne.
Amidst thy sacred Cares and courtlie Toyles,
Alexis, when thou shalt heare wandring Fame
Tell Death hath triumph'd o're my mortall Spoyles,
And that on Earth I am but a sad Name;
If thou e're helde mee deare, by all our Love,
By all that Blisse, those Joyes Heaven heere us gave,
I conjure Thee, and by the Maides of Jove,
To grave this short Remembrance on my Grave:
Heere Damon lyes, whose Songes did some-time grace
The murmuring Eske; may Roses shade the place.

66—CXXXI. From *Poems, by that most Famous Wit, William Drummond of Hawthornden.* London: 1656. This sonnet—with that on *The Baptist* finely exemplifying Drummond's native strength, freed from Petrarcan bands—will recall more than one of Shakspeare's thoughtfullest utterances in like form. It and another among the posthumous *Miscellanies*, beginning 'All good hath left this age,' possess peculiar biographic and historic interest, being referable to the last year of Drummond's life, when, political events having culminated in the awful tragedy at Whitehall, the poet, a staunch and sincere Royalist, had in consequence fallen into a state of deep and settled despondency, which it is difficult to regard as altogether unconnected with his death. I may note that the word *Ply* in l. 8, very distinctly 'Plye' in the Hawthornden MSS. (*Ex. Lib. Anti. Soci. Scot.*, vol. x), and correctly printed by Phillips, is unwarrantably altered to 'Fly' in the folio of 1711, and also in the sumptuous quarto edited for the Maitland Club in 1832 by Lord Dundrennan and Dr. Irving, who profess to follow the original editions. Drummond seems to have bestowed even more than *his* usual pains on the sonnet, there being several tentative drafts of it throughout the MSS. In one of these (vol. x, fol. 13) the line runs

'*Are* like a feather *set to* storme and wind.'

67—CXXXII. 'It would have been very gratifying to have been able to ascertain on what Poem this very beautiful Sonnet was written. For solemn grandeur, it may be compared with the best of Milton's sonnets; and the mention of the "Sacred Band" may suggest to the Reader his fine words,

"And the repeated air
Of sad Electra's Poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare."'

These words are from a Paper read by the late Mr. Laing before the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, 14th January, 1828 (*Archæologia Scotica*, iv, 1831, 102); and, as he informed me not long before his death, no further light was ever thrown on the subject. Mr. Laing recalled a conversation with Wordsworth on the Hawthornden 'treasure-trove,' when the poet made particular enquiry regarding this sonnet, which he greatly admired.

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67—CXXXIII.—The 3rd of a group of fourteen remarkable sonnets of the native English type, entitled 'Cælia', by the poet of *Britannia's Pastorals* and *The Shepheard's Pipe*, whose collected works were edited by Mr. W. C. Hazlitt in 1868-9 (2 vols. 4to). 'Perhaps,' says Mr. Hazlitt, in reference to the 'Cælia,' 'on the whole, of all Browne's minor poems these may be regarded as the best, whether we regard their harmony of versification, command of language, chastity of style and sentiment, or fervent sincerity of tone.' I subjoin the 1st of the group, which opens in his revered master Spenser's manner, with the 2nd, 5th, and 6th also, merely remarking that the lady celebrated under the pseudonym of Cælia appears to be the same whom the poet apostrophizes in his own shepherdess Marina's name in the Third Book of the *Pastorals*, which, unlike Books I and II, published in 1613 and 1616 respectively, and republished together in 1625, still during the author's lifetime, remained in MS. until 1852, when it was edited for the Percy Society by T. Crofton Croker; and that, notwithstanding the paucity of biographical materials, there would seem to be in the case of this poet more than ordinary reason for suspecting that the conventional exterior of his verse veils a real love-history.

> '*For coulde I thincke she some Idea weare,*
> *I still might love, forgett, and have her heere;*
> *But such she is not.*'
> Brit. Past., *Booke 3, Song 1.*

Loe, I the man, that whilome lov'd and lost,
Not dreading losse, doe sing againe of love;
And like a man but latelie tempest-tost,
Try if my starres still inauspicious prove:
Not to make good that poets never can
Long time without a chosen Mistris be
Doe I sing thus, or my affections ran
Within the Maze of Mutabilitie;
What best I lov'de was beauty of the mind,
And that lodgd in a Temple truely faire,
Which ruyn'd now by death, if I can finde
The Saint that livd therein some otherwhere,

I may adore it there, and love the Cell
For entertaining what I lov'd so well.

Why might I not for once be of that Sect,
Which hold that soules, when Nature hath her right,
Some other bodyes to themselves elect;
And sunlike make the daye, and license Night?
That soul, whose setting in one Hemispheare
Was to enlighten streight another part,
In that Horizon, if I see yt there,
Calls for my first respect and its desert;
Her vertue is the same and may be more;
For as the Sun is distant, so his powre
In operation differs, and the store
Of thick clowds interposed make him lesse owr.
And verely I thinke her clymate such,
Since to my former flame it adds soe much.[1]

Wer't not for you, here should my pen have rest
And take a long leave of sweet Poesye;
Britannias swaynes, and rivers far by west,
Should heare no more mine oaten melodye;
Yet shall the song I sing of them, awhile
Unperfect lye, and make noe further knowne
The happy loves of this our pleasant Ile,
Till I have left some record of mine owne.
You are the subject now, and, writing you,
I well may versify, not poetize:
Heere needs no fiction; for the graces true
And vertues clipp not with base flatteryes.
Heere should I write what you deserve of praise,
Others might weare, but I should win the bayes.

Sing soft, ye pretty Birds, while Cælia sleepes,
And gentle gales play gently with the leaves;
Learne of the neighbour brookes, whose silent deepes
Would teach him feare that her soft sleep bereaves.
Mine Oaten reed, devoted to her praise,
(A theame that would befit the Delphian lyre)
Give way, that I in silence may admire.
Is not her sleepe like that of innocents,
Sweet as her selfe? and is she not more faire,
Almost in death, then are the Ornaments
Of fruitfull trees which newly budding are?
She is, and tell it, Truth, when she shall lye
And sleep for ever—for she cannot dye![2]

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[1] 12. *owr* = ours—'and perhaps the correcter form.'—*Hazlitt.*

[2] Drummond has 'neighbour Brookes' (*Poems*, 1616, sig. K3). It will be observed that there are only thirteen lines in this sonnet. The seventh line, which should rime with 'praise,' is wanting in the MS.—I could not bring myself to exclude it on that account. It is so like Burns's 'Flow gently, sweet Afton.'

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68—CXXXV, 5–6. Browne's favourite flower: cp. *Brit. Past.*, Booke 2, Song 3, ed. 1625:

> 'The Daizy scattred on each Mead and Downe,
> A golden tuft within a silver Crowne,—
> Faire fall that dainty flowre! and may there be
> No Shepherd grac'd that doth not honour thee!'

CXXXIV–CXXXV. The 5th and 6th of a group of seven (one lost) dainty and charming little poetical apologues, which every lover of poetry will read with delight. It was doubtless in imitation of his master Spenser that the poet entitled them *Visions*. I select two more, the 3rd and 7th :—

> I saw a silver swan swim downe the Lee,
> Singing a sad Farwell unto the Vale,
> While fishes leapt to hear her melodie,
> And on each thorne a gentle Nightingale,
> And many other Birds forbore their notes,
> Leaping from tree to tree, as she along
> The panting bosome of the torrent floates,
> Rapt with the musick of her dyeing Song:
> When from a thick and all-entangled spring
> A neatheard rude came with noe small adoe,
> (Dreading an ill presage to heare her sing,)
> And quickly strooke her slender neck in two;
> Whereat the Birds (me thought) flew thence with speed,
> And inly griev'd for such a cruell deed.

> A Gentle shepherd, borne in Arcadye,
> That well could tune his pipe, and deftly playe
> The Nimphs aslęepe with rurall minstralsye,
> Me thought I saw, upon a summer's daye,
> Take up a little Satyre in a wood,
> All masterlesse forlorne as none did know him,
> And nursing him with those of his owne blood,
> On mightye Pan he lastlie did bestowe him;
> But with the god he long time had not been,
> Ere he the shepherd and himselfe forgott,
> And most ingratefull, ever stept between
> Pan and all good befell the poore mans lott:
> Whereat all good men griev'd, and strongly swore
> They never would be fosterfathers more.

The credit of having first printed Browne's sonnets and other minor poems, from the Lansdowne MSS. in the British Museum, belongs to Sir Egerton Brydges (*Original Poems, never before published, by William Browne, of the Inner Temple, Gent.* With a Preface and Notes. Lee Priory Press: 1815, 4to), who in his 'Advertisement' observes: 'There is a simplicity, a chasteness, a grace, a facility, a sweetness, in some of the present short poems, which to me is full of attraction and delight; and is the more surprising when it is contrasted with the corrupt and

William Browne.

absurdly-metaphysical style of most of Browne's cotemporaries.' It is to be regretted that the only existing editions of this charming poet's minor pieces are so incorrectly printed. I have found it necessary, even for these few examples, to go to the originals. They are therefore given, I trust with absolute accuracy, from the poet's own manuscript (*MSS. Lansdowne, Brit. Mus.* 777. *Art.* 1. *fol.* 12–10).

George Herbert.

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69—CXXXVI, 8. Cp. Drummond's Hymne of the Fairest Faire (*Flowres of Sion*, 1623, p. 34):

> The Organes of thy Providence divine,
> Bookes ever open, Signes that clearelie shine.

George Herbert, 'that sweet singer of *The Temple*,' the most familiar and best-beloved of the five Worthies whose biographies engaged Piscator's 'antique pen'—

> 'Satellites burning in a lucid ring
> Around meek Walton's heavenly memory'—

wrote but few sonnets, and these of the illegitimate order; but the unique excellences of the one in our text (*The Temple. Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations.* Cambridge, 1633, p. 37) will ensure a welcome for the following additional specimen, which, if not one of his very best poems, is yet very good, and eminently characteristic of its author (*ibid.*, p. 162):—

THE SONNE.

Let forrain nations of their language boast
What fine varietie each tongue affords;
I like our language, as our men and coast;
Who cannot dresse it well, want wit, not words.
How neatly doe we give one onely name
To parents issue and the sunnes bright starre!
A sonne is light and fruit; a fruitfull flame
Chasing the fathers dimnesse, carri'd farre
From the first man in th' East, to fresh and new
Western discov'ries of posteritie.
So in one word our Lords humilitie
We turn upon him in a sense most true;
For what Christ once in humblenesse began,
We him in glorie call, The Sonne of Man.[1]

[1] *coast* = land, country (*vide* Eastwood and Wright's *Bible Word-Book*, Davies's *Bible English*, and Grosart's *Sidney*, 1877, i, 43, note 3). 14. *Sonne* = the Sun. 'There was nothing irreverent in this kind of serious punning.'—*Grosart* (whose 'Aldine' ed. of Herbert, 1876, p. cxiii, consult for further instances).

Coleridge (*Biographia Literaria*, 2nd ed., 1847, ii, 102), illustrating the perfection of simplicity of style in poetry, adduces the sonnet on *Sinne*, and remarks of it that it is 'equally admirable for the weight, number, and expression of the thoughts, and for the simple dignity of the language; unless, indeed, a fastidious taste should object to the latter half of the sixth line.' Elsewhere (*The Friend*, 4th ed., 1850, *i*, 52) he writes: 'Having mentioned the name of Herbert, that model of a man, a gentleman, and a clergyman, let me add that the quaintness of some of his thoughts (not of his diction, than which nothing can be more pure, manly, and unaffected) has blinded modern readers to the great general merit of his poems, which are for the most part exquisite in their kind.' And again (*Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare*, &c., 1849, ii, 264): 'I find more substantial comfort now in pious George Herbert's *Temple*, which I used to read to amuse myself with his quaintness, in short, only to laugh at, than in all the poetry since the poems of Milton.'

William Habington.

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69—CXXXVII. From *Castara:* The Third Edition. Corrected and Augmented, 1640. This work, 'one of the most elegant monuments ever raised by genius to conjugal affection,' says Mrs. Jameson (*Loves of the Poets*, 1829, ii, 110), was first published in 1634. For an account of Habington's life and writings see Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, ed. Bliss, vol. iii, 1817, Brydges's *Censura Literaria*, vol. viii, 2nd ed., 1815, and the editions of *Castara* edited by Charles A. Elton (Bristol: 1812) and Mr. Arber (1870); and for a critical estimate of his poetry, Masson's *Life of Milton*, i, 1859, 453–8.

John Milton.

'Milfon's English Sonnets are only seventeen in all:

"Soul-animating strains, alas! too few."

They are so far beyond all question the noblest in the language that it is a matter of curious interest to note the utter incapacity of Johnson to recognize any greatness in them at all. The utmost which he will allow is that "three of them are not bad;" and he and Hannah More once set themselves to investigate the causes of their badness, the badness itself being taken for granted. Johnson's explanation of this contains a lively illustration: "Why, Madam," he said, "Milton's was a genius that could hew a Colossus out of a rock, but could not carve heads on cherry-stones."'—*Dr. Trench.*[1]

[1] *A Household Book of English Poetry*, p. 397, ed. 1870. It seems that Milton's sonnets are one less 'few' than we ordinarily reckon them,—at least if Wordsworth

John Milton.

'The sonnets of Milton are few; but they rendered this important service:—that they enlarged the sphere of that form of verse, showing that it was not confined to amatory poetry; that it was fitted not only for the expression of tender emotions, but for the utterance of a statesmanly philosophy, dignified rebuke, the deep, Christian meditation, and whatever else belongs to poetry's grandest and most majestic tones.'—*Henry Reed.*[1]

'Few his words, but strong,
And sounding through all ages and all climes.
He caught the Sonnet from the dainty hand
Of Love, who cried to lose it; and he gave
The notes to Glory.'
Walter Savage Landor.[2]

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70—CXXXVIII, 1. An unnoted recollection of Sylvester may be mentioned (*Fift Day of First Weeke*, ed. 1613, p. 132):

'Thence thirty steps, amid the leafie Sprayes,
Another Nightingale repeats her Layes.'

'*Warblest* is printed "Warbl'st" in the First and Second editions, and is to be pronounced accordingly.'—Masson (Milton's *Poetical Works*, 1874, iii, 465). 5-7. Newton cites Chaucer on this superstition (*Cuckow and Nightingale*, 46–50), and under an instance in Webster's comedy, *A Cure for a Cuckold*, act iv, sc. 1, ed. 1857, Dyce quotes Milton and notes: 'He who happened to hear the cuckoo sing before the nightingale was supposed not to prosper in his love-affairs.' As the sonnet is supposed to have been written in 1633, either the species of augury professed is somewhat faulty, or in Milton's case the 'twofold shout' continued for ten years longer to forestall the nightingale's song: he remained unmarried until 1643. Mr. Keightley goes into raptures over this sonnet (*Life of Milton*, 1855, p. 270): 'In *our* eyes [it] is absolute perfection, and most certainly equal to anything of the kind in the Italian or any other language.'

CXXXIX. This sonnet occurs in a letter of Milton's written, according to Masson, in December, 1631, or in the early part of 1631–2, which 'was sent, or meant to be sent, to some friend in Cambridge, his senior in years, who had been remonstrating with him on his

was right in what he is reported to have said about one being hidden away somewhere in the *Paradise Lost*. 'I wish,' says Henry Crabb Robinson (*Diary*, 1869, iii, 86), 'I could here write down all that Wordsworth has said about the Sonnet lately, or record here the fine fourteen lines of Milton's "Paradise Lost," which he says are a perfect sonnet without rime, and essentially one in unity of thought.' Milton's Italian sonnets, six in number, were last translated by Dr. George MacDonald (*Exotics*, 1876).

[1] *Lectures*, &c., as before, i, 221.

[2] *Last Fruit off an Old Tree*, 1853, p. 473.

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aimless course of life at the University.' It is thus introduced: 'Yet, that you may see that I am something suspicious of myself, and do take notice of a certain belatedness in me, I am the bolder to send you some of my nightward thoughts some while since, because they come in not altogether unfitly, made up in a Petrarchian stanza, which I told you of.' (*Life of Milton*, i, 291). 1. Keightley (*Milton's Poems*, 1859, i, 37) compares Shakspeare (Son. 77):

'Times theevish progresse to eternitie.'

8. Possibly the fame of Cowley's precocious genius had reached Milton's ears. The *Poetical Blossoms, by A. C.* did not appear until 1633, his fifteenth year, but the prodigy had actually written an epical romance on the story of Pyramus and Thisbe as early as his eleventh. 9–14. 'The *It* which is the subject of the last six lines is his *Ripeness:* it will keep pace with his approaching lot; when it arrives he will be ready for it, whatever it may be. The will of heaven is his happy fate. Even at three-and-twenty, "he that believeth shall not make haste." Calm and open-eyed, he works to be ripe, and waits for the work that shall follow.'—*England's Antiphon*, p. 197.

—CXL. The occasion was when the King, having after the battle of Edgehill succeeded in occupying Brentford, seemed determined with Prince Rupert on an immediate assault upon London; and the citizens made their famous march to Turnham Green to arrest his approach (November, 1642). The poet's house was then in Aldersgate Street. In the Milton MS. folio preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, an amanuensis has headed the sonnet 'On his dore when ye citty expected an assault;' but that title is scored through, and the present one substituted in Milton's own hand. *The Emathian conqueror* = Alexander, at the sack of Thebes, B.C. 335. *repeated* = recited, sung. 'Plutarch relates that when the Lacedemonian general Lysander took Athens [B.C. 404], it was proposed in a council of war intirely to rase the city, and convert its site into a desert. But during the debate, at a banquet of the chief officers, a certain Phocian sung some fine anastrophics from a chorus of the *Electra* of Euripides; which so affected the hearers, that they declared it an unworthy act to reduce a place so celebrated for the production of illustrious men, to total ruin and desolation.'—T. Warton (*Milton's Minor Poems*, 2nd ed., 1791, p. 335). Todd notes in his edition of Milton (1801, v, p. 464) that the epithet *sad* had already been applied to Electra by Drummond (*Teares on the Death of Mœliades*):

'And sad Electras sisters which still weepe.'

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Keightley remarks that Collins in his *Ode to Simplicity* uses the phrase more correctly of Sophocles.

71—CXLI. *Ruth . . . ruth.* In Italian and other Latin languages, words identical in sound, and even in orthography, are permissible as rimes, provided the sense be different. Chaucer and Spenser (*e.g.* XX, p. 11, *make . . make*) frequently used the license of which Milton here avails himself. Even Mr. Tennyson in the earlier editions of *In Memoriam* makes

'This holly by the cottage eave'

rime with

'And sadly falls our Christmas eve.'

pity and ruth. Chaucer and Spenser again, and Drummond (CXXI, p. 61), have this combination; as also Julian Fane (CCCCXLIX, p. 227). *growing virtues:* 'blooming vertue' (MS.). 11–14. Cp. the first of the anonymous sonnets on page 307. See under CLIII for a remark on this and other sonnets of Milton's addressed to women.

72—CXLII. The title is from the Cambridge MS. 'This Lady,' Phillips tells us (*Life of Mr. John Milton*, 1694, p. xxiii), 'being a Woman of great Wit and Ingenuity, had a particular Honour for him [Milton], and took much delight in his Company, as likewise her Husband Captain Hobson [of the Isle of Wight], a very Accomplish'd Gentleman.' She was the fifth daughter of Sir James Ley, the eminent lawyer, afterwards first Earl of Marlborough, who died at Lincoln's Inn, March 14th, 1628–9,—'exactly four days,' observes Masson, 'after that ominous dissolution of Charles's third Parliament which announced his determination to have done with Parliaments and begin the reign of "Thorough."' *that old man eloquent* = Isocrates, the Athenian orator, who is said to have voluntarily starved himself, unable to survive the defeat of his countrymen by Philip of Macedon at Chæroneia, B.C. 338; and the same whose Λόγος Ἀρεοπαγιτικός suggested the style and title of Milton's own glorious *Areopagitica.*

70–72—CXXXVIII–CXLII. These constitute the English sonnet-portion of *Poems of Mr. John Milton, both English and Latin, Compos'd at several times. Printed by his true Copies.* 1645. This was the first edition of Milton's poems. Immediately succeeding our CXLII in the next edition, published twenty-eight years later, which I use for text throughout, come two sonnets, headed in the Cambridge MS. 'On the Detraction which followed upon my writing certain Treatises,' the second of which may be given here. They were probably written towards the close of 1645, about a year after the pub-

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lication of the *Tetrachordon* and *Colasterion*, the last of the tracts on Divorce, and, as Masson remarks, may be regarded as Milton's 'poetical farewell' to that subject. (*Poems*, 1673, p. 56):—

> I did but prompt the age to quit their cloggs
> By the known rules of antient libertie,
> When strait a barbarous noise environs me
> Of Owles and Cuckoes, Asses, Apes and Doggs.
> As when those Hinds that were transform'd to Froggs
> Raild at Latona's twin-born progenie
> Which after held the Sun and Moon in fee.
> But this is got by casting Pearl to Hoggs;
> That bawle for freedom in their senceless mood,
> And still revolt when truth would set them free.
> Licence they mean when they cry libertie;
> For who loves that, must first be wise and good;
> But from that mark how far they roave we see
> For all this wast of wealth, and loss of blood.[1]

72—CXLIII. Henry Lawes, 'Gentleman of the King's Chappel, and one of His Majesties private Musick,' was perhaps the most popular musical composer of his time. He composed the music of the songs in *Comus* and other masques, and part of that of the magnificent one 'got up by the lawyers of the four Inns of Court in February, 1633-4,' under the management of Selden, Attorney-General Noy, Bulstrode Whitlocke, Hyde, and others. Lyrics by Carew, Herrick, Waller, Cartwright, and other poets were also set to music by him. The reader will remember Herrick's tribute-verses, 'Touch but thy Lire, my *Harrie*,' and those to his brother also, 'M. William Lawes, *the rare Musitian*.' Henry died in 1662, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, 'after having lived,' says Masson, 'to see the Restoration, to have the honour of composing the Coronation Ode for Charles II, and to be replaced in his position near Royalty, while his friend Milton, then the blind ex-Secretary of Cromwell, was in danger and disgrace.' *not to scan With Midas ears.* 'That is, not to mis-match short syllables with long syllables (from the Latin sense of *committere* in such a phrase as *committere pugiles*, to match gladiators in the circus); which was the kind of scanning of which Midas [Ovid, *Metam.* xi] may be supposed to have been guilty when he decided in favour of Pan in the musical contest between that god and Apollo, and had his faulty ears changed into those of an ass in consequence. The reference seems to be to the common fault of musical composers in

[1] 5-7. Ovid, *Metam.* vi, 337-381. 11-12. Cp. a passage towards the beginning of *The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates* (1648-9): 'For indeed none can love freedom heartily, but good men: the rest love not freedom, but licence.' The thought has been amplified in sonnet-form by Hartley Coleridge (*Poems*, 2nd ed., 1851, i, 149, and ii, 50).

paying no attention to the words they are setting, and so laying the musical stress often on insignificant and non-emphatic syllables; from which fault Lawes is declared to be free.'—*Masson.* L. 9. *lend* (MS.): 'send' (1673). 13–14. 'Dante, on his arrival in Purgatory [from Hell,—hence '*milder* shades'] sees a vessel approaching the shore, freighted with souls under the conduct of an angel, to be cleansed from their sins and made fit for Paradise. When they are disembarked, the poet recognizes in the croud his 'old friend Casella the musician. The interview is strikingly imagined, and in the course of an affectionate dialogue, the poet requests a soothing air; and Casella sings, with the most ravishing sweetness, Dante's second Canzone, "Amor, che nella mente mi ragiona."'—*T. Warton.* The sonnet, which had previously appeared in the brothers' *Choice Psalms*, &c., 1648, and of which one of the MS. headings is 'To my friend Mr. Hen. Laws, Feb. 9, 1645,' should be compared with Barnfield's *To his friend Maister R. L.*, page 300, and the two following on modern composers.

TO BEETHOVEN.

O Master, if Immortals suffer aught
Of sadness like to ours, and in like sighs
And with like overflow of darkened eyes
Disburden them, I know not; but methought,
What time to-day mine ear the utterance caught
Whereby in manifold melodious wise
Thy heart's unrestful infelicities
Rose like a sea with easeless winds distraught,
That thine seemed angel's lamentation, heard
Down inaccessible midnight wandering:
Nay, as some soul's from forth her star unsphered
Of utmost heaven, and through the unknown of Space
Foredoomed to roam as roams the wind, and sing
Of her lost glories and lost dwelling-place.

William Watson.[1]

TO MENDELSSOHN.

[ON HEARING ONE OF HIS CONCERTOS.]

O for a spell-built palace, by the craft
Of Afreets reared, with sumptuous chambers high,
Upheld on many a quaintly-carven shaft,
And arabesqued with cunningest tracery;
Where tempered sunshine should fall dreamily,
Charming a crystal fountain to repose,
And the celestial fragrance of the rose
Should wafted come from shadowy courts hard by.
There let thy music wake with fervid flow
Of rhythmic undulations—like the sweep

[1] From an unpublished MS.

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Of wind through midnight tree-tops,—murmuring low,
In tenderest melancholy, or trances deep
Of utterless joy; sweet songs of long ago,
Sealing the eyes in happy-visioned sleep.
John Todhunter.[1]

73—CXLIV. The title from the Cambridge MS. L. 12. *spake* (MS.): 'speak' (1673).

CXLV. 'To the Lord General Fairfax' is the usual title; but the MS. shows that originally the sonnet was headed 'On y^e^ Lord Gen. Fairfax at y^e^ Siege of Colchester' (= June 12—August 28, 1648). ' *imp* = graft—a term in falconry. Cp. Drummond (*Teares on the Death of Mœliades*: Poems, 1616, sig. K3):

'While some new Homer, imping Pennes [= feathers] to Fame.'

7–8. In allusion to the Scottish 'Engagement' with the King, and the Duke of Hamilton's subsequent march into England, July, 1648. This sonnet, the two succeeding it, and CLII, for obvious political reasons withheld from the volume of 1673, originally appeared, somewhat corruptly, at the end of Phillips's *Life* of his uncle, prefixed to the English translation of Milton's *Letters of State*, 1694, and were first given in their present form (excepting titles and punctuation, and a single word, in which I follow the MS.) by Newton (1752). The one to Vane, however, had appeared anonymously as early as 1662, in the *Life and Death* of that extraordinary man, where it is introduced (p. 93) as 'a paper of Verses, composed by a learned Gentleman, and sent him, July 3, 1652.' All four illustrate the axiom that even the most original style has its pedigree. It would be difficult to name an equal number of Milton's other minor poems exhibiting so marked a Miltonic physiognomy; yet there seems little doubt that he caught their tone from his predecessors in English poetry: Spenser notably, but also, in a lesser degree, Sylvester and Chapman. I do not refer to Spenser's better known sonnets, but to those accompanying the *Faerie Queene*, which many critics besides Sir Egerton Brydges (*Brit. Biblio.*, iv, 1814, p. 2) have regarded as his best. 'These sonnets,' observes Professor Lowell in an essay on Spenser (*Among My Books*, 2nd series, Eng. ed., p. 186), 'are of a much stronger build than the *Amoretti*, and some of them recall the firm tread of Milton's, though differing in structure.' He specializes the following, which, it may be added, also strikingly foreshows that other characteristic of Milton—his effective employment of proper names (*Spenser's Works*, folio, 1611):

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[1] *Laurella and Other Poems*, 1876, p. 217.

John Milton.

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TO THE RIGHT NOBLE LORD AND MOST VALIANT
CAPTAINE, SIR JOHN NORRIS, KNIGHT, LORD PRESIDENT OF MOUNSTER.

Who ever gave more honourable prize
To the sweet Muse then did the Martiall crew,
That their brave deeds she might immortalize
In her shrill tromp, and sound their praises dew?
Who then ought more to favour her then you,
Moste noble Lord, the honor of this age,
And Precedent of all that Armes ensue?
Whose warlike prowesse and manly courage,
Tempred with reason and advizement sage,
Hath fild sad Belgick with victorious spoile;
In France and Ireland left a famous gage;
And lately shak't the Lusitanian soile.
Sith then each where thou hast disspred thy fame,
Love him that hath etérnizèd your name.
Edmund Spenser.

As to Sylvester and Chapman's part in the genesis of Milton's style I must refer the reader to Dunster on the former (*Considerations on Milton's Early Reading and the Prima Stamina of his Paradise Lost*, &c., 1800), and Coleridge on the latter (*supra*, p. 262).

74—CXLVI, 13–14. The Presbyterians are meant here. Cp. the great passage in *Lycidas* (beginning 'Blind mouths!') as expounded by Mr. Ruskin (*Sesame and Lilies*, p. 23, ed. 1871). In this instance only has Milton terminated an English sonnet in a rimed couplet; nor could he have done it with less effect, or in worse taste.

CXLVII, 1. Dunster cites Sylvester here (*Du Bartas*, p. 160, ed. 1633): 'Isaac, in years young, but in wisdome grown.'

4. 'Pyrrhus [king of Epirus] and Hannibal are intended. Their attacks on Rome were frustrated by the wisdom of the Senate rather than by the repelling force of arms.'—R. C. Browne (*Milton's English Poems*, Clar. Press, Revised ed., 1873). 13–14. Phillips's reading—'infinitely better' in Newton's opinion—is

'Therefore on thy Right hand Religion leans,
And reckons thee in chief her Eldest Son.'

'This Sonnet breathes the same spirit as the last, and may have been written at the same time, or perhaps somewhat earlier. If it was written in 1652, Vane was in his fortieth year when it was addressed to him, and was one of the Council of State; but, as his father was still alive, he was always known as the Younger Vane. It was recollected, moreover, how he had entered the Long Parliament at the age of twenty-seven, having already distinguished him-

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self in America, and how all through the Parliament he had acted and been regarded as one of the subtlest and boldest theorists of the extreme Revolutionary party. In his style of mind he was what would now be called a *doctrinaire*, or abstract thinker, with perhaps a dash of the fanatic; and, as Milton hints, he had exercised himself very particularly on the question of the relations and mutual limits of the Church and State, having had practical occasion to consider that question as early as 1636, when he was Governor of Massachusetts. After the Restoration he was brought to the scaffold, June 14, 1662.'—*Masson.*

74—CXLVI—CXLVII. See reference to these under CXLV (p. 343).

75—CXLVIII, 2. Warton noted the interesting echo here from Fairfax's Tasso (*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, xiii, 60, p. 246, 2nd ed., 1624):

> . . . 'falling streames which to the valleys greene
> Distill'd from tops of Alpine mountaines cold.'

'This day [June 3d, 1655] come sad news out of Piedmont; confirmation of bad rumours there had been, which deeply affects all pious English hearts, and the Protector's most of all. It appears the Duke of Savoy had, not long since, decided on having certain poor Protestant subjects of his converted at last to the Catholic Religion. Poor Protestant people, who dwell in the obscure valleys of "Lucerna, of Perosa, and St. Martin," among the feeders of the Po, in the Savoy Alps: they are thought to be descendants of the old Waldenses; a pious, inoffensive people: dear to the hearts and imaginations of all Protestant men. These, it would appear, the Duke of Savoy, in the past year, undertook to himself to get converted; for which object he sent friars to preach among them. The friars could convert nobody; one of the friars, on the contrary, was found assassinated,—signal to the rest that they had better take themselves away. The Duke thereupon sent other missionaries: six regiments of Catholic soldiers; and an order to the People of the Valleys either to be converted straightway, or quit the country at once. They could not be converted all at once: neither could they quit the country well; the month was December; among the Alps; and it was their home for immemorial years! . . . Pity is perennial: "Ye have *compassion* on one another,"—is it not notable, beautiful? . . . The Lord Protector is melted into tears, and roused into sacred fire. This day the French Treaty, not unimportant to him, was to be signed: this day he refuses to sign it till the King and Cardinal undertake to assist him in getting right done in these poor Valleys. He sends the poor exiles 2,000*l.* from his own purse; appoints a Day of Humiliation and a general Collection

over England for that object;—has, in short, decided that he will bring help to these poor men; that England and he will see them helped and righted. How Envoys were sent; how blind Milton wrote Letters to all Protestant States, calling on them for coöperation; how the French Cardinal was shy to meddle, and yet had to meddle, and compel the Duke of Savoy, much astonished at the business, to do justice and not what he liked with his own:' *et seq.*—Thomas Carlyle (*Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches: with Elucidations*, iv, pp. 116–118, ed. 1871). Of the despatches which as Latin Secretary Milton wrote, Henry Reed remarks how there seems to be a tone of imagination in their very address—'a Miltonic aggregation of vague geographical names;—"Oliver, Protector of the Commonwealth of England, to the Emperor of all Russia and all the Northern climes;" or to "the King of the Swedes, Goths, and Vandals;" calling to their remembrance how the valleys of Piedmont were besmeared with the blood and slaughter of the miserable victims, and the mountains filled with the houseless wanderers,—women and children perishing with hunger and cold and the sword of the persecutor. . . . The spirit of Milton was so stirred by the sufferings of the Waldenses, that he felt the need of more even than high-toned mandates to earthly monarchs; and therefore there went up from the depths of his poet's heart, in one of his mighty sonnets, the fervid imprecation, "Avenge, O Lord,"—a note so fearful and so loud, that we can almost fancy it echoing over the valleys in which the bones of the martyrs lay covered with snow.' (*Lectures*, as before, i, p. 223). Well might Lord Macaulay describe this great sonnet as a 'collect in verse.' We have doubtless Landor's own opinion when he makes Southey, in response to Porson's allusion to it as a 'magnificent psalm,' observe, 'This is indeed the noblest of sonnets;' and Mr. Palgrave characterizes it as the most mighty sonnet in any language known to him. It is with a sinking at the heart that one turns from such glorious co-operation in righteousness, of Poet and Prince, of Parliament and People, to certain episodes in modern England's foreign policy. But let us rejoice that the Poet at least is still 'faithful found.' (*Poems*, 1870, p. 275):—

ON REFUSAL OF AID BETWEEN NATIONS.

Not that the earth is changing, O my God!
Nor that the seasons totter in their walk,—
Not that the virulent ill of act and talk
Seethes ever as a winepress ever trod,—
Not therefore are we certain that the rod

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Weighs in thine hand to smite thy world; though now
Beneath thine hand so many nations bow,
So many kings:—not therefore, O my God!—
But because Man is parcelled out in men
Even thus; because, for any wrongful blow,
No man not stricken asks, 'I would be told
Why thou dost strike;' but his heart whispers then,
'He is he, I am I.' By this we know
That the earth falls asunder, being old.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

75—CXLIX. This sonnet is usually placed as though most probably written in 1652; but it may well have been done at any time between that and 1655. In Milton's own edition it comes *after* the sonnet on the Piedmontese Massacre. L. 3. On this allusion by Milton to the Parable, *Matt.* xxv, Newton remarks: 'And he speaks with great modesty of himself, as if he had not five, or two, but only one talent.' As to what Milton signifies by 'that one talent' a most inexplicable misapprehension exists amongst his expositors, not excepting Masson, the last and best of all, who annotates (*Poetical Works*, as before, iii, 481): 'Milton speaks of his eyesight as the "one talent" *he* had received.' How any person acquainted with Milton's prose works should miss the significance of the sonnet passes comprehension. Otherwise it would have been superfluous to observe that by the 'one talent' Milton means his literary, his poetical talent, the employment of which to some high end he conceived to be his appointed work in life. Had he not said (*Reason of Church-Government*, 1641, bk. ii, Intro.): . . . 'by labour and intent study, which I take to be my portion in this life, joined with the strong propensity of nature [= "though my soul more bent," &c.], I might perhaps leave something so written to aftertimes as they should not willingly let it die?' He had long been 'covenanting' with his 'knowing' readers for the performance of that work which a patriotic devotion to public duties prevented. But now, his grand purpose still unfulfilled—nay, the work perhaps not yet even begun—simultaneously with the prospect of leisure, blindness is come upon him,—the long-impending 'damp' has fallen at last thick and deep 'round his path;' and though in this, as in all things, he bows with sublime patience and submission to God's will, his 'glorious great intent' and a pathetic sense of his infirmity are seen burning together henceforward at his mighty heart.

'Nor sometimes forget
Those other two equalled with me in fate,
So were I equalled with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old.'

John Milton.

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The day was yet in store when, 'amidst the hymns and hallelujahs of saints,' *he* should 'be heard offering at high strains in new and lofty measures to sing and celebrate' the 'divine mercies and marvellous judgments' of God (*Of Reformation in England*, 1641, bk. ii). It is deeply instructive to note that what even Milton himself could not but regard as a disqualification for that work should prove a positive qualification for it. On this point see Macaulay's essay on Dryden (*Miscellaneous Writings*, ed. 1860, i, 209); and, for some interesting speculations as to the influence of Milton's blindness on his poetry, Masson's edition of the *Poetical Works*, as before, i, 104–111.

76—CL. 'Of the virtuous son,' says Warton, 'nothing has transpired.' Masson includes him in his list of Milton's pupils, and informs us that he was the second son of Henry Lawrence, of St. Ives, Hunts, member for Westmoreland in the Long Parliament, known in 1647 as a thoughtful man, and author of a treatise *Of our Communion and Warre with Angells* (1646), afterwards a staunch Oliverian, President of Cromwell's Council, and one of his Lords. For some further interesting particulars regarding President Lawrence and his writings see a communication by Mr. J. E. Bailey in *Notes and Queries*, 28 June, 1879. The sonnet was addressed to the younger Lawrence subsequent to 1655, and when Milton had become totally blind. *Favonius* = the Spring wind. Ben Jonson was fond of the synonym (*A Private Entertainment*, &c., 1604: Workes, 1616, p. 882):

> 'Favonius here shall blow
> New flowers.'

10–12. Cp. a companion passage in the *Tractate of Education* (1644), where, having prescribed certain active exercises for the pupils of his ideal Academy, he goes on to say (p. 113, ed. 1673): 'The interim of unsweating themselves regularly, and convenient rest before meat, may, both with profit and delight, be taken up in recreating and composing their travail'd spirits with the solemn and divine harmonies of Musick, heard or learnt; either while the skilful Organist plies his grave and fancied descant, in lofty fugues, or the whole Symphony with artful and unimaginable touches adorn and grace the well-studied chords of some choice Composer; sometimes the Lute or soft Organ-stop waiting on elegant Voices, either to Religious, martial, or civil Ditties; which, if wise men and Prophets be not extreamly out, have a great power over dispositions and manners, to smooth and make them gentle frum rustick harshness and distemper'd passions.' Cp. also *Paradise Lost*, xi, 561—

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'his volant touch
Instinct through all proportions low and high
Fled and pursued transverse the resonant fugue'—

on which the Clarendon editor notes: 'Professor Taylor's opinion of this passage was that its pregnant meaning can be fully appreciated only by a musician. "All other poets but Milton and Shakespeare make blunders about music; they never."' 13–14. *spare To interpose them oft.* 'Interpreted by Mr. Keightley to mean "spare time to interpose them oft;" but surely rather the opposite—refrain from interposing them oft.'—*Masson.* See Drummond, CXIV, 8, for an instance of the word in precisely the same sense.

76—CLI. Cyriack Skinner, one of Milton's Aldersgate Street pupils, and his friend through after-years, was the grandson of the famous lawyer and judge, Sir Edward Coke, Chief Justice of England. The sonnet may be supposed to have been written somewhere about 1655. L. 6. 'This is the decent mirth of Martial:

"Nox non ebria, sed soluta curis."'—*T. Warton.*

Cp. Shakspeare (*Romeo and Juliet*, ii, 6, 81):

'So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!'

intends (MS.): 'intend' (1673).

77—CLII, 1–2. So in the *Defensio Secunda* (1654), transl. Symmons: 'The spirit and the power which I [formerly] possessed continue unimpaired to the present day; my eyes only are not the same; and they are as unblemished in appearance, as lucid and free from spot, as those which are endued with the sharpest vision: in this instance alone, and much against my own inclination, am I a deceiver.' Hazlitt (*Table Talk*, p. 245, ed. 1869) remarks what seems to be a trait of character in these verses: that Milton had not yet given up all regard to personal appearance—'a feeling to which his singular beauty at an earlier age might be supposed naturally enough to lead.' 4–6. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, iii, 22-26, 40 *seq.*; and *Samson Agonistes*, 80 *seq.* L. 7. *Heaven's:* 'God's' deleted (MS.); *a:* 'one' (Phillips); 8–9. *bear . . . onward:* 'attend to steer Uphillward' deleted (MS.). 'Well might he, who, after five years of blindness, had the courage to undertake these two vast works, [his treatise on Christian Doctrine, and projected Latin dictionary,] along with *Paradise Lost*, declare that he did "not bate a jot Of heart or hope, but still bore up and steered *Uphillward.*" For this is the word which Milton at first used in his noble sonnet; though for the sake of correctness, *steering uphillward* being a kind of pilotage which he alone practist, or which at all events is only practicable where the clogs of this material world are not dragging us down, he altered it into *right onward.*'—(*Guesses at*

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Truth, p. 75, First Series, 3rd ed., 1847). *conscience* = consciousness; as, *e.g.*, our Authorized Version, *1 Cor.* viii, 7; and *Heb.* x, 2. Perhaps Keats furnishes a late instance in CCCVIII, 11. Ll. 10–11. As early as 1644 Milton's sight had begun to decline, and in 1650, while engaged on the (first) *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano* (1651), one of his eyes being almost gone, he was warned by his physicians that total blindness would certainly ensue if he proceeded with his task. Our liberties know whether or not he did proceed; and afterwards, in his *Defensio Secunda*, published in 1654 (the year before that in which it is supposed the sonnet was written) in reply to the *Regii Sanguinis Clamor*, &c. (1652), he could tell his coarse and unfeeling adversary, who had mocked at his blindness, that the dread penalty had been cheerfully incurred in preference to the desertion of a sacred duty. 12. *rings* (Phillips): 'talks' (MS., adopted by Newton). The echo from Sir John Harington's *Orlando Furioso* (1591) seems to have escaped notice (Booke xlvi, st. 55, p. 399):

> 'Nor feates of Armes, in which he wan the prise,
> And of the which all Europe now did ring.'

vain mask. Cp. *Ps.* xxxix, 6: 'Surely every man walketh in a vain shew.'—*Keightley*. Cp. also LII, 3, and CXVIII, 5. See reference to this sonnet under CXLV (p. 343).

77—CLIII. This sonnet is assigned by Keightley to February, 1658, Milton's second and best-beloved wife, Catherine Woodcock, having died in childbed in the early part of that month in that year. 2–4. See the *Alcestis* of Euripides, or Mr. Browning's transcript, *Balaustion's Adventure* (1871). 5–6. 'It is nowhere said in the Scriptures that the Hebrew women were washed, or wore white at their purification after childbed: see *Lev.* xii. Perhaps however Milton does not make the latter assertion.'—*Keightley*. Milton does not do so: he refers to English usage. Speaking of the sonnets, in his admirable little handbook on Milton (1879, p. 69), Mr. Stopford Brooke justly observes: 'Because Milton was bitter against the bad woman in Dalila, because he held strong views on the supremacy of man, it has been too much forgotten how much he loved and honoured women . . . in the sonnets, he sketches, with all the care and concentration the sonnet demands, and each distinctively, four beautiful types of womanhood—the "virgin wise and pure;" the noble matron, "honoured Margaret;" the Christian woman, his friend, whose "works, and alms, and good endeavour" followed her to the pure immortal streams; the perfect wife, whom he looked to see in heaven—

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"Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shine
So clear, as in no face with more delight."'

72–77—CXLIII–CLIII. These, with the exception of CXLV and the three specified under it (p. 343), are given from *Poems, &c., Upon Several Occasions. By Mr. John Milton: Both English and Latin, &c. Composed at several times. With a small Tractate of Education To Mr. Hartlib.* 1673: where they first appeared.

Thomas Edwards.

79—CLIV. The author of *The Canons of Criticism*, at whom Pope made an impotent thrust in the *Dunciad* for his Shakspearian studies, excelled much more as a critic than as a poet; yet he shares with Gray and Stillingfleet the honour of having preserved the tradition of the Sonnet at a time when it seemed threatened with absolute extinction. His experiments belong to that class of verse, usually the production of thoughtful and highly-cultivated minds, in which the lack of poetry's diviner attributes is in some measure compensated by what Coleridge calls 'weighty bullion sense.' In this instance must be added much practical wisdom, patriotism, and a manly, unaffected piety. Dyce, who takes five of his sonnets nevertheless, denies Edwards genius; nor perhaps does he possess genius in the strict sense; but, like Stillingfleet, he was a true disciple of Milton; and it really argues something akin to genius to have had in his day the sagacity to choose and the ability to echo such a master. His *Sonnets*, numbering about fifty in all, a moiety of which had appeared in different editions of Dodsley's *Collection of Poems* (3rd ed., 1751), were collected and appended to *The Canons of Criticism*, 6th ed., with Additions, 1758, from which I select other two examples, in the former of which, Dyce remarks, Edwards 'rises to pathos and grandeur.'

ON A FAMILY-PICTURE.

When pensive on that Portraiture I gaze,
Where my four Brothers round about me stand,
And four fair Sisters smile with graces bland,
The goodly monument of happier days;
And think how soon insatiate Death, who preys
On all, has cropp'd the rest with ruthless hand,
While only I survive of all that band,
Which one chaste bed did to my Father raise;
It seems that like a Column left alone,
The tottering remnant of some splendid Fane,
'Scap'd from the fury of the barbarous Gaul,
And wasting Time, which has the rest o'erthrown,
Amidst our House's ruins I remain
Single, unpropp'd, and nodding to my fall.

Thomas Edwards.

TO THE AUTHOR OF OBSERVATIONS ON THE CONVERSION AND APOSTLESHIP OF ST. PAUL.

O Lyttleton, great meed shalt thou receive,
Great meed of fame, Thou and thy learn'd Compeer,
Who, 'gainst the Sceptic's doubt and Scorner's sneer,
Assert those Heav'n-born truths which you believe!
In elder times thus Heroes wont t' atchieve
Renown; they held the faith of Jesus dear,
And round their Ivy crown or Laurell'd spear
Blush'd not Religion's Olive branch to weave;
Thus Ralegh, thus immortal Sidney shone,
(Illustrious names!) in great Elisa's days.
Nor doubt his promise firm, that such who own
In evil times, undaunted, though alone,
His glorious truth, such He will crown with praise,
And glad agnize before his Father's throne.

The person to whom the sonnet in the text is addressed was the author of *The Scribleriad* (1751), of whom see a notice in Cary's *Lives of English Poets, from Johnson to Kirke White. Designed as a Continuation of Johnson's Lives.* 1846. Cambridge retired about 1750 to his villa at Twickenham, where he died in 1802.

Benjamin Stillingfleet.

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80—CLV, 14. *echoes:* 'tidings' (Coxe). This noble sonnet, by much the best of the few written by 'Blue Stocking' Stillingfleet, grandson of the Bishop, was first printed by Todd in his edition of Milton's *Poetical Works* (1801, v, p. 445), where it is dated 1746. From the *Literary Life* by Coxe prefixed to Stillingfleet's *Select Works*, 1811, we learn that the amiable and eccentric person commemorated in it was the Rev. John Williamson, a man of great learning and varied accomplishments, whose extreme simplicity of character and ignorance of the world hindered his preferment. By the departure from Scotland of Lord Haddington and his brother Mr. Baillie, to whom he had formerly been travelling companion, Williamson was thrown out of employment; and Stillingfleet, his congenial and attached friend, amid many troubles of his own, made unceasing efforts to procure him some permanent establishment, but without much or any immediate success. Ultimately, however, Williamson received the appointment of Chaplain to the Factory at Lisbon. Coxe further informs us that among the memoranda for his *History of Husbandry*, Stillingfleet has an affectionate tribute to his friend's memory in which he compares him with—Xenophon: 'He was not inferior to the Grecian in simplicity, parts, or knowledge, as he might have shewn,

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had not a general calamity [the Earthquake at Lisbon, on which Stillingfleet published a small quarto of moral reflections in verse, 1750] deprived the world of his ingenious writings.' He seems to have been universally beloved. Neville, one of his friends, thus records his death: 'Early in the year 1763, this godlike man was, about his 50th year, relieved from all his infirmities, and gathered to his kindred angels. He left just enough to bury him, and would have left no more if he had been Archbishop of Canterbury.' Capel Lofft inserted the sonnet in his *Laura* (5 vols., 1813–14), with the remark that had Stillingfleet left nothing else behind him, it would have been sufficient to immortalize his name. Todd justly observes that it proves how attentively and how successfully Milton was studied at this time. So also, in its degree, does his sonnet (*Select Works*, ii, 163)

TO DAMPIER.

Thrice worthy guardian of that sacred spring,
That erst with copious stream enrich'd this land
When Cæsar taught our nobles to command,
Tully to speak, Mæonides to sing;
Till Fashion, stealing with unheeded wing
Into this realm, with touch of foreign hand,
Our girls embolden'd, and our boys unmann'd,
And drew all ages to her magic ring.
Yet shalt not thou be backward in thy sphere
To thwart a sickly world; the sceptre giv'n
Thou know'st to wield, and force the noble youth
To merit titles they were born to bear.
Thou know'st that every sceptre is from Heaven
That guides mankind to virtue and to truth.[1]

Thomas Gray.

80—CLVI. From *The Poems of Mr. Gray. To which are prefixed Memoirs of his Life and Writings, by W. Mason, M.A.* York: 1775. L. 2. 'I believe,' says Lowell (*My Study Windows*, Boston, 1871, p. 388), 'it has not been noticed that among the verses in Gray's "Sonnet on the Death of West," which Wordsworth condemns as of no value, the second is one of Gray's happy reminiscences from a poet in some respects greater than either of them (*Lucret.*, iv, 405–6):—

Jamque *rubrum* tremulis jubar *ignibus erigere alte*
Cum cœptat natura.'

14. Park (*Heliconia*, 1815, ii, 154) notes the following parallel in Fitzgeffrey's *Life and Death of Sir Francis Drake*, which was pub-

[1] 'Rev Dr. Dampier, then one of the upper masters of Eton School, and afterwards Dean of Durham, an intimate and much respected friend of Mr. Stillingfleet.'—*Coxe.*

Thomas Gray.

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lished in 1596, 'and which,' he adds, 'from its rareness, it is very unlikely that Mr. Gray had ever seen:'—

'O therefore doe we plaine,
And therefore weepe, because we weepe in vaine.'

'Both Wordsworth and Coleridge have found fault with Gray's sonnet on Richard West, asserting that the diction is artificial, and the images incongruous. Leigh Hunt, on the contrary [*Book of the Sonnet*, i, 81–3], defends it on the same ground that he would defend the *Lycidas* of Milton, and avers that men so imbued with the classics can speak from their hearts in such language. Gray was a purist, but he never threw off entirely the conventional phraseology which was at one time regarded as the language of poetry. His odes, for example, abound with terms which a third-rate poet of our day would reject as turgid or artificial, but we think with Hunt, that this sonnet, the only one Gray ever produced, is very beautiful, and that the allusion in it to Phœbus may be justified. "We are too much in the habit," he writes, "of losing a living notion of the sun. . . .' Phœbus in this instance, is not a word out of the dictionaries, but a living celestial presence."'—John Dennis (*English Sonnets: A Selection*. 1873).

William Mason.

81—CLVII. From his *Poems. Now First Published.* York: 1797. One of three sonnets, composed by Mason on his three last birthdays, of which Southey in *The Doctor* observes, that for their sentiment and their beauty they ought to be inserted in every volume of select poems for popular use. Here at least we have none of the *falsetto* of which Coleridge (*Table Talk*, p. 201, ed. 1851) came to detect so much in the *Caractacus*.

Thomas Warton.

One of the firstfruits of the revival of a taste for Italian and our own early literature was the resumption of the sonnet-form as a literary instrument. Like many other beautiful things, this 'fair consummate flower' had died with Milton, and would not 'recover greenness' till the freezing-rod of France had been lifted from off the land.[1]

[1] An amusing illustration of the contempt into which the depravity of the national taste had brought the Sonnet and 'things of that nature' during this inauspicious period, is furnished in the apologetic tone which it behoved Philip Ayres to adopt in submitting to the public his *Lyric Poems, made in imitation of the Italians* (1687). 'If any quarrel,' says this worthy in his Preface, 'at the Oeconomy, or Structure of

'It was gone
Quite under ground; as flowers depart
To see their mother-root, when they have blown;
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

It rose, as we have seen, with Gray, Edwards, and Stillingfleet, midway in the century, and immediately thereafter we find it receiving express cultivation, just where one naturally seeks—in the Warton family. T. Warton's sonnets are constructed on the Italian or Provençal model; and Hazlitt, with whom they were eminent favourites, has described them as 'undoubtedly exquisite, both in style and matter: poetical and philosophical effusions of very delightful sentiment;' elsewhere declaring that he 'could not help preferring them to any in the language.'[1] And Leigh Hunt again: 'Some of them express real feelings with an elegance so scholarly, so simple, and so full of faith, that no universalist in the love of poetry who has once read them chooses to part with them.'[2] They were praised also by Coleridge, who, however, regarded the greater part of them as not strictly sonnets at all, but 'severe and masterly likenesses of the style of the Greek επιγραμματα.'[3] 'But,' says Dyce on citing Coleridge's opinion, 'I must be allowed to think that they want the great charm of the ancient epigrams,—simplicity.'[4]

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81—CLVIII. *landscape's:* 'landskip's' (1777). '"Landskip" is less divergent from the old Anglo-Saxon form of the word, "landscipe," than the "landscape" of our modern orthography.'—T. Arnold (*Addison's Papers*, Clar. Press, 1875, p. 489). Warton's editor, Bishop Mant, prints along with this a pleasing sonnet by old Dr. Wartón, the poet's father, written after a visit to Windsor Castle with his sons in their early youth, which was evidently the germ from which the laureate's afterwards sprung. (*Poetical Works*, 1802, ii, 154).

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these Poems, many of them being Sonnets, Canzons, Madrigals, &c., objecting that none of our great Men, either Mr. Waller, Mr. Cowley, or Mr. Dryden, whom it was most proper to have followed, have ever stoop'd to any thing of this sort; I shall very readily acknowledge, that being sensible of my own Weakness and Inability of ever attaining to the performance of one thing equal to the worst piece of theirs, it easily disswaded me from that attempt, and put me on this; which is not without President; For many eminent Persons have published several things of this nature, and in this method, both Translations and Poems of their own; As the famous Mr. Spencer, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Richard Fanshaw, Mr. Milton, and some few others; The success of all which, in these things, I must needs say, cannot much be boasted of; and though I have little reason after it, to expect Credit from these my slight Miscellanies, yet has it not discouraged me from adventuring on what my Genius prompted me to.'

[1] *Table Talk*, p. 242, ed. 1869, and *Select Poets*, 1825, p. xv.

[2] *Book of the Sonnet*, i, 84.

[3] *Poems*, 2nd ed., 1797, Intro. to the Sonnets, p. 72.

[4] *Specimens of English Sonnets*, p. 216.

Thomas Warton.

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82 – CLIX. *he* = his brother, Dr. Joseph Warton. This sonnet, written about 1750, was first published in the ivth vol. of Dodsley's *Collection of Poems*, 1755; as also this (*Poems*, 1777, p. 76), which seems to have been Coleridge's favourite in early days, as it was the only one of Warton's chosen by him for the little privately-printed selection described in foot-note, page 362.

ON BATHING.

When late the trees were stript by winter pale,
Young Health, a dryad-maid in vesture green,
Or like the forest's silver-quiver'd queen,
On airy uplands met the piercing gale;
And, ere its earliest echo shook the vale,
Watching the hunter's joyous horn was seen.
But since, gay-thron'd in fiery chariot sheen,
Summer has smote each daisy-dappled dale;
She to the cave retires, high-arch'd beneath
The fount that laves proud Isis' towered brim:
And now, all glad the temperate air to breathe,
While cooling drops distill from arches dim,
Binding her dewy locks with sedgy wreath,
She sits amid the quire of Naiads trim.

CLX, 5. Alluding to the dissolution of the monasteries under Henry VIII. This sonnet, which Crabb Robinson in his *Diary* tells us Charles Lamb praised as 'of first-rate excellence,' seems to have been the prototype followed, consciously or unconsciously, by some later poets in dealing with similar themes; by Keats, for example, in his sonnet on Leigh Hunt's liberation from prison (*Poems*, 1817, p. 81), and Thomas Doubleday in the following (*Literary Souvenir*, 1827, p. 202):—

THE POET'S SOLITUDE.

Think not the Poet's life, although his cell
Be seldom printed by the stranger's feet,
Hath not its silent plenitude of sweet.
Look at yon lone and solitary dell; —
The stream that loiters 'mid its stones can tell
What flowerets its unnoted waters meet,
What odours o'er its narrow margin fleet;
Ay, and the Poet can repeat as well, —
The fox-glove, closing inly, like the shell;
The hyacinth; the rose, of buds the chief;
The thorn, be-diamonded with dewy showers;
The thyme's wild fragrance, and the heather-bell.
All, all, are there. So vain is the belief
That the sequestered path hath fewest flowers.

Thomas Doubleday.

81–83 – CLVIII–CLXII. From his *Poems*, 1777.

William Cowper.

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84—CLXIII. This little masterpiece, first printed in Hayley's *Life and Posthumous Writings* of the poet (1803, ii, 43), and given here from the *Poems*, 1815, iii, 222, has called forth the following fine criticism from Mr. Palgrave (*Golden Treasury*, p. 319): 'The Editor knows no Sonnet more remarkable than this, which records Cowper's gratitude to the Lady whose affectionate care for many years gave what sweetness he could enjoy to a life radically wretched. Petrarch's sonnets have a more ethereal grace and a more perfect finish; Shakespeare's more passion; Milton's stand supreme in stateliness, Wordsworth's in depth and delicacy. But Cowper's unites with an exquisiteness in the turn of thought which the ancients would have called Irony, an intensity of pathetic tenderness peculiar to his loving and ingenuous nature.—There is much mannerism, much that is unimportant or of now exhausted interest in his poems: but where he is great, it is with that elementary greatness which rests on the most universal human feelings. Cowper is our highest master in simple pathos.' I add another sonnet (also first printed by Hayley), addressed to the 'kinsman beloved' who edited the volumes from which that in the text was given. Both sonnets are dated May, 1793. (*Poems*, 1815, iii, 223):

TO JOHN JOHNSON.

ON HIS PRESENTING ME WITH AN ANTIQUE BUST OF HOMER.

Kinsman belov'd, and as a son, by me!
When I behold this fruit of thy regard,
The sculptur'd form of my old fav'rite bard,
I rev'rence feel for him, and love for thee.
Joy too, and grief. Much joy that there should be
Wise men and learn'd, who grudge not to reward
With some applause my bold attempt and hard,
Which others scorn: Critics by courtesy.
The grief is this, that sunk in Homer's mine
I lose my precious years, now soon to fail,
Handling his gold, which, howsoe'er it shine,
Proves dross when balanced in the Christian scale.
Be wiser thou!—like our forefather Donne,
Seek heav'nly wealth, and work for God alone.

Anna Seward.

CLXIV. From *Original Sonnets on Various Subjects*, &c., 2nd ed., 1799. In a letter to a friend, dated Lichfield, Dec. 29, 1795 (*Letters*, iv, 1811, 142-8), the authoress recalls the circumstances of the composition of this sonnet. Having wished her correspondent the compliments of the season, and quoted (or rather misquoted) *Hamlet* thus:

Anna Seward.

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'The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
No ghost can walk, no witch hath power to harm,
So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time'—

she says: 'I awoke at six on Christmas-day; and, on hearing the cocks of the neighbourhood cheerily answering each other, recollected that passage with thrills of delight. It chased the mists of slumber, so I rang for my fire and arose. My dressing-room windows look upon the cathedral area, which is a green lawn, encircled by prebendal houses, and they are rough-cast. The glimmer of the scene, through the dusk of a December morning at seven, produced the following sonnet, several years ago [Dec. 19, 1782], from my pen.' Wordsworth, writing to Dyce (*Prose Works*, iii, 301), notes the 'fine verses' at the close of another sonnet (*Original Sonnets*, &c., p. 43: Invitation to a Friend):

'Come, that I may not hear the winds of Night,
Nor count the heavy eave-drops as they fall'—

an image doubtless borrowed from Bampfylde (as under CCXLI):

'Counting the frequent drop from reeded eaves.'

Charlotte Smith.

85—CLXV. *Anemonies*='Anemony Numeroso: the Wood Anemony.'—*S.* L. 14. Echoed by Barry Cornwall (Dedicatory Sonnet: *A Sicilian Story*, &c., 1820):

'O, why has happiness so short a day!'

From *Elegiac Sonnets, and Other Essays.* 1784.

CLXVI. *lay.* An instance of the vulgar confusion of the verbs *lie* and *lay*, of which even Pope and Byron are not guiltless. From *Elegiac Sonnets. The Third Edition. With Twenty Additional Sonnets.* [1786.]

The unmitigable woe with which Mrs. Smith's poems are filled, together with their factitious and second-hand phraseology, renders them unpalatable to a generation so much healthier than that in which they were produced; yet we must respect the opinion of so admirable a critic as Wordsworth, who described her as 'a lady to whom English verse is under greater obligations than are likely to be either acknowledged or remembered.' 'She wrote little,' he continues, 'and that little unambitiously, but with true feeling for rural Nature, at a time when Nature was not much regarded by English Poets; for in point of time her earlier writings preceded, I believe, those of Cowper and Burns.'[1] Her Sonnets,

[1] *Prose Works*, 1876, iii, 151.

about which some of their old sweetness still lingers, like the perfume of dried flowers, have been repeatedly praised by Dyce. They are 'not framed,' he remarks, 'on the Italian model, and exhibit little of concentrated thought; but they are "most musical, most melancholy," and abound with touches of tenderness, grace, and beauty. . . .. Her love of botany, from the study of which she derived the greatest pleasure, has led her, in several of her pieces, to paint a variety of flowers with a minuteness and delicacy rarely equalled.'[1] Later, he characterizes them as poems 'in which softly-coloured description and touching sentiment are most happily combined.'[2] I had marked several sonnets illustrating these qualities, but space being limited, confine myself to an example of a different order, if not in all respects the best, certainly the most masculine and interesting of her poems (*Elegiac Sonnets and Other Poems*, 2 vols., 1795–7, ii, p. 23):—

TO THE SHADE OF BURNS.

Mute is thy wild harp now, O Bard sublime!
Whom, amid Scotia's mountain solitude,
Great Nature taught to 'build the lofty rhyme,'
And, even beneath the daily pressure rude
Of labouring Poverty, thy generous blood
Fired with the love of freedom—Not subdued
Wert thou by thy low fortune: But a time
Like this we live in, when the abject chime
Of echoing Parasite is best approved,
Was not for thee. Indignantly is fled
Thy noble Spirit, and, no longer moved
By all the ills o'er which thine heart has bled,
Associate worthy of the illustrious dead,
Enjoys with them 'the Liberty it loved.'[3]

William Roscoe.

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86–CLXVII. This sonnet, of which the earliest printed impression known to me is in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, September, 1816, probably made its first appearance in one of the Liverpool newspapers. Excepting the title, which I adopt from a contemporaneous draft, it is here given from his *Poetical Works*, Liverpool, 1853. Those

[1] *Specimens of British Poetesses*, 1827, p. 254.

[2] *Specimens of English Sonnets*, 1833, p. 220. See also a pleasing tribute by David Lester Richardson (*Literary Leaves*. Calcutta: 1836, pp. 377–386).

[3] 14. *'the Liberty it loved.'*—Pope *(Epitaph on Sir William Trumbal)*. The poetess has a note as follows: 'Whoever has tasted the charm of original genius so evident in the composition of this genuine Poet,

A Poet "of nature's own creation,"

cannot surely fail to lament his unhappy life, (latterly passed, as I have understood, in an employment to which such a mind as his must have been averse,) nor his premature death. For one, herself made the object of *subscription*, is it proper to add, that whoever *has* thus been delighted with the wild notes of the Scottish bard, must have a melancholy pleasure in relieving by their benevolence the unfortunate family he has left?'

William Roscoe.

only of the present generation will need to be informed that the event which called forth this noble expression of feeling and philosophic resignation was the dispersion of the Roscoe Collection (August—September, 1816). 'To the necessity of at once rendering available not only the assets of the concern, but likewise the private property of the partners, Mr. Roscoe cheerfully yielded, and he resolved to offer to public sale, without delay, the whole of his personal effects, including his library, pictures, and other works of art, which he had employed himself in collecting for nearly half a century. The loss of other portions of his property occasioned him, personally, little regret, but he could not avoid regarding with some grief the prospect of parting with those literary treasures which had contributed so largely both to his happiness and his fame. It was under the influence of these feelings that [the] sonnet was written.' (*The Life of William Roscoe, by his Son, Henry Roscoe*, 1833, ii, 112). It is somewhat remarkable that a form of verse so peculiarly the favourite of studious men as the Sonnet should not more frequently have been dedicated to 'the honour of books.' Sublime in conception, and perfect in form, Roscoe's sonnet is unapproached by anything in the language on a similar theme. An affinity of subject therefore is my only reason for coupling it here with the following by a gifted lady who preferred to write her sonnets in the 'Shakspearian stanza,' as to her mind 'a better English model than that adopted by Milton' (*The Dream, and Other Poems. By the Honble. Mrs. Norton*, 1840, p. 290):—

TO MY BOOKS.

Silent companions of the lonely hour,
Friends, who can never alter or forsake,
Who for inconstant roving have no power,
And all neglect, perforce, must calmly take,—
Let me return to YOU; this turmoil ending
Which worldly cares have in my spirit wrought,
And, o'er your old familiar pages bending,
Refresh my mind with many a tranquil thought:
Till, haply meeting there, from time to time,
Fancies, the audible echo of my own,
'Twill be like hearing in a foreign clime
My native language spoke in friendly tone,
And with a sort of welcome I shall dwell
On these, my unripe musings, told so well.

Caroline E. S. Stirling-Maxwell.[1]

[1] 2–3. Cp. Barry Cornwall to his Books (*Bryan Waller Procter: An Autobiographical Fragment*, &c., 1877, p. 236):

'O friends, whom chance and change can never harm.'

Helen Maria Williams.

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86—CLXVIII. From *Julia, A Novel; interspersed with some Poetical Pieces*, 1790, i, 204. In a foot-note on this sonnet, to the 'great merit' of which Wordsworth repeatedly testified, the authoress says (*Poems on Various Subjects*, &c., 1823, p. 203): 'I commence the Sonnets with that to Hope, from a predilection in its favour, for which I have a proud reason: it is that of Mr. Wordsworth, who lately honoured me with his visits while at Paris, having repeated it to me from memory, after a lapse of many years.'

Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges.

87—CLXIX. First published among his *Sonnets and Other Poems*, 1785, where it is dated Oct. 20, 1782; given here from the 4th edition of his *Poems*, 1807. Sir Egerton, whose sonnet, like his pedigree, occasioned him much solicitude during life, never lost an opportunity of telling all about it. In his *Autobiography* (1834, i, 63) he records: 'About the year 1782 a small pamphlet of poems fell into my hands, by the Rev. John Walters, who had gained an Oxford prize for English verses, of which I forget the title, unless it was "The Bodleian Library." A few short inscriptions, after the Greek manner, pleased me very much; and there was one line,

Echo and Silence, sister-maids,

which suggested my own sonnet on Echo and Silence.' Elsewhere (*Recollections of Foreign Travel*, 1825, ii. 17) we find him vindicating his ownership, Coleridge having by mistake assigned the sonnet to 'Henry Brooks [= Brooke], the Author of the Fool of Quality,' [and *Gustavus Vasa*], in his little Bowles-supplement. 'It ought to be original,' says Sir Egerton, 'for it cost me intensity of thought to bring it into so narrow a shape.' Very possibly the pains it cost its author have been but imperfectly appreciated; but it has surely had more than justice done its poetical merits at the hands of his contemporaries, especially Southey, Wordsworth, and Leigh Hunt, whose commendations[1] have not a little availed it for a place in this Anthology.

William Lisle Bowles.

87-88—CLXX-CLXXI. Two of *Fourteen Sonnets*, &c., published anonymously at Bath, 1789. Bowles's sonnets are still prized in some

[1] Vide Brydges's *Autobiography*, 1834, ii, 262; Wordsworth's *Prose Works*, 1876, iii, 333; and Leigh Hunt's *London Journal*, July 23, 1834, p. 134.

measure for their own charms as plaintive and graceful effusions, but they possess an interest greatly exceeding their intrinsic value, in virtue of the important influence they chanced to exercise on the poetical taste of his youthful contemporary, S. T. Coleridge, whose instinct was neither untrue nor exceptional[1] in hailing Bowles as a pioneer of the coming reform in English poetry, though his ardent temperament led him into an excess of homage at times.[2] His early sonnet-tribute to his poetical benefactor is very fine in its best form, and does his head as well as his heart credit (*Poetical Works*, 1829, i, 55):

> My heart has thanked thee, Bowles! for those soft strains
> Whose sadness soothes me, like the murmuring
> Of wild-bees in the sunny showers of spring!
> For hence not callous to the mourner's pains
> Through Youth's gay prime and thornless paths I went:
> And when the mightier throes of mind began,
> And drove me forth, a thought-bewildered man!
> Their mild and manliest melancholy lent
> A mingled charm, such as the pang consigned
> To slumber, though the big tear it renewed;
> Bidding a strange mysterious Pleasure brood
> Over the wavy and tumultuous mind,
> As the great Spirit erst with plastic sweep
> Moved on the darkness of the unformed deep.
>
> *S. T. Coleridge.*

The following sonnet may be read as a sequel to CLXXI (*Sonnets*, &c., 2nd ed., Bath, 1789, p. 22):

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[1] 'We shall never forget,' says another witness (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1833, Pt. i, p. 618), 'the delight with which, in our youthful days, the sonnets of *Mr. Bowles* were first read by us; we admired the purity, the tenderness of their thoughts, the fine and delicate selection of the imagery, the touching pathos of the sentiments. Their *single* fault was that in their subject and flow of verse they were *too elegiac*.'

[2] A copy of the fourth edition of Bowles's *Sonnets and Other Poems*, 1796, preserved in the South Kensington Museum (Dyce Collection), is thus inscribed:

'Dear Mrs. Thelwall,

'I entreat your acceptance of this volume, which has given me more pleasure, and done my heart more good, than all the other books I ever read, excepting my Bible. Whether you approve or condemn my poetical taste, the book will at least serve to remind you of your unseen, yet not the less sincere friend,

'Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

'Sunday Morning,
'December the eighteenth, 1796.'

Bound up at the end of the volume is a privately-printed pamphlet of sixteen pages, containing twenty-eight 'Sonnets from various Authors,' selected by Coleridge 'for the purpose of binding them up with the Sonnets of the Rev. W. L. Bowles;' and prefaced by some observations on sonnet-writing, which he put forth again the following year in the second edition of his *Poems* (1797), by way of Introduction to the Sonnets, which are there humbly introduced as 'attempted in the manner of the Rev. W. L. Bowles.' For fuller details of this very interesting brochure, see the excellent edition of Coleridge's *Poetical and Dramatic Works*, published by Pickering in 1877 (vol. ii, Appendix, pp. 375-9).

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ON LANDING AT OSTEND, JULY 21, 1787.

The orient beam illumes the parting oar;
From yonder azure track, emerging white,
The earliest sail slow gains upon the sight,
And the blue wave comes rippling to the shore;
Meantime far off the rear of darkness flies:
Yet 'mid the beauties of the morn, unmov'd,
Like one for ever torn from all he lov'd,
Towards Albion's heights I turn my longing eyes,
Where every pleasure seem'd erewhile to dwell:
Yet boots it not to think or to complain,
Musing sad ditties to the reckless main:—
To dreams like these, adieu!—the pealing bell
Speaks of the hour that stays not—and the day
To life's sad turmoil calls my heart away.

88—CLXXII. From *Sonnets and Other Poems*, 6th ed., 1798. Down to a late period of his long life (*Scenes and Shadows of Days Departed*, &c., 1837) Bowles continued to potter at the text of his sonnets, sometimes for the better, often for the worse. I have mostly adhered to the earlier readings.

Thomas Russell

Was a young clergyman of remarkable attainments, who died in 1788, while yet in his twenty-sixth year, having been born at Beaminster, Dorsetshire, in 1762. A story goes that Russell had a weakness for tuft-hunting, and that he died of a broken heart (see *The Lounger's Common-Place Book*, iii, 121, 3rd ed., 1805, and Forster's Life of Landor, 1869, i, 194); but the anonymous editor of his remains—the Rev. W. Howley, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury—mentions consumption as the cause of his death, which took place at the Hotwells, Bristol, whither he had gone for the restoration of his health. Bowles, in an *Elegy* written there, and inscribed to Howley, recalls Russell sadly as 'the gay companion of our stripling prime,' who had 'sunk unwept into the tomb,' and says:

'Hither he came, a wan and weary guest,
A softening balm for many a wound to crave;
And woo'd the sunshine to his aching breast,
Which now seems smiling on his verdant grave.'

Unmerited neglect would seem to be the natural penalty of unmerited or exaggerated praise, and that Russell is paying. Southey once named him 'the best English sonnet-writer,' and Bishop Mant in his edition of Warton's *Poetical Works* (1802, ii, 23) avers that 'there are no better sonnets in the English language than Russell's;' while Landor in his *Simonidea*, 1806 (quoted by Forster—*Walter Savage Landor: A Biography*, 1869, ii, 8), describes our second example as 'a poem on Philoctetes by a Mr. Russell which would authorise him to join the shades of

Thomas Russell.

Sophocles and Euripides,'—praise in which Wordsworth, who touches on the subject in a letter to Landor (*ibid.*, p. 9), seems to have concurred.

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89—CLXXIII. This sonnet, the only one of Russell's given by Capel Lofft in his copious but inaccurate and ill-assorted anthology *Laura* (1813–1814), may be taken as a good example of the purely elegiac type.

CLXXIV. 'The whole of this is exquisite. Nothing can be more like Milton[1] than the close of it. When the first seats are taken by the great masters in the poetical art, we shall often be more gratified by those who are contented to place themselves and sing at their feet, than by others whose only ambition it is to have a chair of their own.'—H. F. Cary (*Notices of Miscellaneous English Poets:* Memoir, &c., by his Son, 1847, ii, 297).

Wordsworth, writing to Dyce in 1833, has some excellent remarks on sonnet-writing which find an appropriate place under the illustration he adduces (*Prose Works*, iii, 333): 'It should seem that the sonnet, like every other legitimate composition, ought to have a beginning, a middle, and an end; in other words, to consist of three parts, like the three propositions of a syllogism, if such an illustration may be used. But the frame of metre adopted by the Italians does not accord with this view; and, as adhered to by them, it seems to be, if not arbitrary, best fitted to a division of the sense into two parts, of eight and six lines each. Milton, however, has not submitted to this; in the better half of his sonnets the sense does not close with the rhyme at the eighth line, but overflows into the second portion of the metre. Now it has struck me that this is not done merely to gratify the ear by variety and freedom of sound, but also to aid in giving that pervading sense of intense unity in which the excellence of the sonnet has always seemed to me mainly to consist. Instead of looking at this composition as a piece of architecture, making a whole out of three parts, I have been much in the habit of preferring the image of an orbicular body,—a sphere, or a dew-drop. All this will appear to you a little fanciful; and I am well aware that a sonnet will often be found excellent, where the beginning, the middle, and the end are distinctly marked, and also where it is distinctly separated into *two* parts, to which, as I before observed, the strict Italian model, as they write it, is favourable. Of this last construction of sonnet, Russell's upon "Philoctetes" is a fine specimen; the first eight lines give the hardship of the case, the six last the consolation, or the *per-contra*.' With Russell's

[1] In a copy of Russell which has been preserved, containing MS. marginalia by Cary's friend and correspondent Anna Seward, the present sonnet is marked—'A fine and truly Miltonic sonnet,' and line 6—'A fine picture.'

compare Wordsworth's own sonnet on Philoctetes (*Poetical Works*, 1832, ii, 194), beginning

'When Philoctetes in the Lemnian Isle,'

in which the subject receives characteristically different treatment. I add a third example from Russell (*Sonnets and Miscellaneous Poems, by the late Thomas Russell, Fellow of New College;* Oxford, 1789, p. 10). It is one to which Wordsworth draws Dyce's special attention in the same letter, and of which he borrowed the closing lines for one of his Iona sonnets, composed or suggested in 1833. Miss Seward in her copy of Russell calls it 'A sweet sonnet,' and Coleridge seems to have regarded it as constituting its author's sole title to the honour of association with Mr. Bowles.

Could then the Babes from yon unshelter'd cot
Implore thy passing charity in vain?
Too thoughtless Youth! what tho' thy happier lot
Insult their life of poverty and pain!
What tho' their Maker doom'd them thus forlorn
To brook the mockery of the taunting throng,
Beneath th' Oppressor's iron scourge to mourn,
To mourn, but not to murmur at his wrong!
Yet when their last late evening shall decline,
Their evening chearful, tho' their day distrest,
A Hope perhaps more heavenly-bright than thine,
A Grace by thee unsought, and unpossest,
A Faith more fix'd, a Rapture more divine
Shall gild their passage to eternal Rest.

William Wordsworth.

'The Sonnets (with the exception of the Ecclesiastical series) bear witness more directly perhaps than any of Mr.[1] Wordsworth's other writings, to a principle which he has asserted of poetical, as strongly as Lord Bacon of physical philosophy—the principle that the Muse is to be the servant and interpreter of Nature. Some fact, transaction, or natural object, gives birth to almost every one of them. He does not search his mind for subjects; he goes forth into the world and they present themselves. His mind lies open to nature with an ever-wakeful susceptibility, and an impulse from without will send it far into the regions of thought; but it seldom goes to work upon itself. It is not celibate, but

"wedded to this goodly universe
In love and holy passion"—

of which union poetry is the legitimate offspring; and it is owing to

[1] 'In the year 1834 Wordsworth was naturally so designated. In this year of 1878 to write of *Mr.* Wordsworth would be as absurd as to write of *Mr.* Milton.'—*Note*, 1878.

this love and passion that the most ordinary incidents and objects have inspired an interest in the poet, and that so soon as the impassioned character of his mind had made itself felt and understood, he was enabled to convey the same interest to his readers. . . . The Sonnets have not, like many of the other poems, peculiarities of manner which whilst they charm one reader will repel another; they are highly-finished compositions distinguished, as regards the diction, only by an aptitude which can hardly fail to be approved, whatever may be the particular taste of the reader; and they are at the same time so varied in subject and sentiment, that specimens might be adduced from them of almost every kind of serious poetry to which the sonnet can lend itself. . . . Yet bright and ornate as many of them are, there is in them, no less than in his other poems, an invariable abstinence from antitheses and false effects. There is hardly one of these three or four hundred Sonnets[1] which ends in a point. Pointed lines will sometimes occur in the course of them, as thought will sometimes naturally take a pointed shape in the mind; but whether it takes that shape or another is obviously treated as a matter of indifference; nothing is sacrificed to it; and at the close of the sonnet, where the adventitious effect of the point might be apt to outshine the intrinsic value of the subject, it seems to have been studiously avoided. Mr. Wordsworth's sonnet never goes off, as it were, with a clap or repercussion at the close; but is thrown up like a rocket, breaks into light, and falls in a soft shower of brightness.'—*Sir Henry Taylor.* From two critical Essays on Wordsworth (written in 1834 and 1841): *Notes from Books*, 1849, as revised in his *Works*, vol. v, 1878.

'Wordsworth, the greatest of modern poets, is perhaps the greatest of English sonnet writers. Not only has he composed a larger number of sonnets than any other of our poets; he has also written more that are of first-rate excellence. There is no intensity of passion in Wordsworth's sonnets; and herein he differs from Shakespeare, and from Mrs. Browning, for whose sonnets the reader may feel an enthusiastic admiration that Wordsworth's thoughtful and calm verse rarely excites; neither has he attained the "dignified simplicity" which marks the sonnets of Milton; but for purity of language, for variety and strength of thought, for the *curiosa felicitas* of poetical diction, for the exquisite skill with which he associates the emotions of the mind and the aspects of nature, we know of no sonnet writer who can take precedence of Wordsworth. In his larger poems his language is sometimes slovenly, and occasionally, as Sir Walter Scott said, he chooses to walk on all-fours; but this is rarely the case in the sonnets, and though he wrote upwards of four hundred, there are few,

[1] 'That is, those which had been published before 1841.'—*Note*, 1878.

save those on the *Punishment of Death*[1] and some of those called *Ecclesiastical* (for neither argument nor dogma find a fitting place in verse) that we could willingly part with. Wordsworth's belief that the language of the common people may be used as the language of poetry was totally inoperative when he composed a sonnet. He wrote at such times in the best diction he could command, and the language like the thought is that of a great master. The sonnets embrace almost every theme, except the one to which this branch of the poetical art has been usually dedicated. Some of the noblest are consecrated to liberty, some describe with incomparable felicity the personal feelings of the writer; some might be termed simply descriptive, were it not that even these are raised above the rank of descriptive poetry by the pure and lofty imagination of the poet. The light that never was on sea or land pervades the humblest of these pieces, and throughout them there is inculcated a cheerful, because divine, philosophy.'—*John Dennis.*[2]

Unless stated otherwise, the text adopted in these selections is that of the Trustees' edition of the *Poetical Works*, six volumes, 1857; while the order observed (except in the case of the four *Personal Talk* sonnets, pp. 90–91, which I have restored to their original independent position) is that of the six-volumed edition of 1858—an order partly classificatory and partly chronological. As regards sources, it has been thought sufficient to cite the author's own books, and not the various periodicals, in which the poems first appeared,—information which, when not given in separate notes, is indicated by italicised figures in parentheses after the marginal numerals.

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90—CLXXV. With this may be read a sonnet by the author of *Mill and Carlyle*, which I find hidden away in an old number of Howitt's *People's Journal* (July, 1846). It is an echo such as Wordsworth's lines might have called forth from Charles Lamb's

FIRESIDE.

The *pur-pur-purring* of my lonely fire
As of a creature pleased, for me this night
Beloved of gentle thoughts, hath strange delight
And as its voice and warmth do win me nigher,
Forth from my breast is gone all vain desire—
Which souls may cherish in their own despite—
Of Fame, or meaner Wealth, or Worldly might,
And I have breath in humbler air, yet higher.

[1] It is in reference to these that Mrs. Browning says truly (*English Poets*, 1863, p. 204): 'We turn away from them to other sonnets—to forget aught in Mr. Wordsworth's poetry we must turn to his poetry :—and however the greatest poets of our country,—the Shakespeares, Spensers, Miltons,—worked upon high sonnet-ground, not one opened over it such broad and pouring sluices of various thought, imagery, and emphatic eloquence as he has done.'

[2] *English Sonnets: A Selection*, 1873, p. 220.

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A world of Household peace is in this sound,
A sound in many a home now haply heard,
Like intermitted warblings of a bird,
Between the shouts of happy children round;
Let not in me so stern a heart be found
But thinking thus it should be gently stirred.
Patrick Proctor Alexand...

91—CLXXVII, 13. 'I have heard him pronounce that the Tragedy of *Othello*, Plato's records of the last scenes of the career of Socrates, and Izaak Walton's *Life of George Herbert*, were in his opinion the most pathetic of human compositions.'—Rev. R. P. Graves (*Memoirs of William Wordsworth, by Christopher Wordsworth, D.D.*, 1851, ii, 482; or *Prose Works*, 1876, iii, 468).

90–91—CLXXV–CLXXVIII *(1807)*. 'Written at Town-End. The last line but two [CLXXV] stood at first, better and more characteristically, thus:

"By my half-kitchen and half-parlour fire."

My sister and I were in the habit of having the tea-kettle in our little sitting-room; and we toasted the bread ourselves, which reminds me of a little circumstance not unworthy of being set down among these minutiæ. Happening both of us to be engaged a few minutes one morning, when we had a young prig of a Scotch lawyer to breakfast with us, my dear sister, with her usual simplicity, put the toasting-fork with a slice of bread into the hands of this Edinburgh genius. Our little book-case stood on one side of the fire. To prevent loss of time, he took down a book, and fell to reading, to the neglect of the toast, which was burnt to a cinder. Many a time have we laughed at this circumstance and other cottage simplicities of that day. By the bye, I have a spite at one of this series of sonnets (I will leave the reader to discover which), as having been the means of nearly putting off for ever our acquaintance with dear Miss Fenwick, who has always stigmatised one line of it as vulgar, and worthy only of having been composed by a country squire.'—*Prose Works*, 1876, iii, 162.

92—CLXXIX *(1807)*, 13. So in the *Ode to Duty*:

'Me this unchartered freedom tire
I feel the weight of chance-desires.'

With Wordsworth's verse compare Daniel's prose (*A Defence of Ryme*, ed. 1603, sm. 8vo.): 'And indeede I have wished there were not that multiplicity of Rymes as is used by many in Sonets, which yet wee see in some so happily to succeede, and hath bin so farre from hindring their inventions, as it hath begot conceit beyond

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expectation, and comparable to the best inventions of the world: for sure in an eminent spirite whom nature hath fitted for that mystery, Ryme is no impediment to his conceite, but rather gives him wings to mount, and carries him not out of his course, but as it were beyonde his power to a farre happyer flight. All excellencies beeing solde us at the harde price of labour, it followes, where we bestow most thereof, we buy the best successe: and Ryme being farre more laborious than loose measures (whatsoever is objected) must needes, meeting with wit and industry, breed greater and worthier effects in our language. So that if our labours have wrought out a manumission from bondage, and that wee go at liberty, notwithstanding these ties, we are no longer the slaves of Ryme, but we make it a most excellent instrument to serve us. Nor is this certaine limit observed in Sonnets, any tyrannicall bounding of the conceit, but rather a reducing it in *girum*, and a just forme, neither too long for the shortest project, nor too short for the longest, being but only imploied for a present passion. For the body of our imagination, being as an unformed Chaos, without fashion, without day, if by the divine power of the spirit it be wrought into an Orbe of order & forme, is it not more pleasing to nature, that desires a certainty, & comports not with that which is infinit, to have these clozes, rather than not to know where to end, or how far to go, especially seeing our passions are often without measure: & we finde the best of the Latines many times, either not concluding, or els otherwise in the end then they began. Besides, is it not most delightfull to see much excellently ordered in a smal roome, or little gallantly disposed and made to fill up a space of like capacity in such sort, that the one would not appeare so beautiful in a larger circuit, nor the other doe well in a lesse: which often we finde to be so, according to the powers of nature, in the workeman. And these limited proportions, & rests of Stanzes: consisting of 6, 7, or 8 lines, are of that happines, both for the disposition of the matter, the apt planting the sentence where it may best stand to hit the certaine close of delight with the full body of a just period well carried, is such as neither the Greekes or Latines ever attained unto. For their boundlesse running on, often so confounds the Reeder, that having once lost himselfe, must eyther give off unsatisfied, or uncertainely cast backe to retrive the escaped sence, and to finde way againe into his matter.'

—CLXXX *(1807)*. Version of 1827—except l. 14. 'Intended more particularly for the perusal of those who have happened to be enamoured of some beautiful place of retreat in the Country of the Lakes.'—*Pr. W.*, iii, 53. Cp. another of the itinerary sonnets, in which the

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subject is treated in Wordsworth's later and inferior manner (*Yarrow Revisited*, &c., 1835, p. 21):

HIGHLAND HUT.

See what gay wild flowers deck this earth-built Cot,
Whose smoke, forth-issuing whence and how it may,
Shines in the greeting of the Sun's first ray
Like wreaths of vapour without stain or blot.
The limpid mountain rill avoids it not;
And why shouldst thou?—If rightly trained and bred,
Humanity is humble,—finds no spot
Which her Heaven-guided feet refuse to tread.
The walls are cracked, sunk is the flowery roof,
Undressed the pathway leading to the door;
But love, as Nature loves, the lonely Poor;
Search for their worth, some gentle heart wrong-proof,
Meek, patient, kind; and, were its trials fewer,
Belike less happy.—Stand no more aloof![1]

93—CLXXXI *(1827)*. 'This rill trickles down the hillside into Windermere near Lowood. My sister and I, on our first visit together to this part of the country, walked from Kendal, and we rested to refresh ourselves by the side of the Lake where the streamlet falls into it. This sonnet was written some years after in recollection of that happy ramble, that most happy day and hour.'—*Pr. W.*, iii, 53. Prof. Knight's identification of this 'rill' (*English Lake District as Interpreted in the Poems of Wordsworth*, 1878, p. 135) is corrected by Dr. Dowden in *The Academy*, Feb. 1, 1879: 'I learn from the Rev. R. P. Graves, on the authority of either Wordsworth or Mrs. Wordsworth, that the little rill is one which comes down from Wansfell, and which may be found at the left-hand side of the approach leading to Dovenest from the road.' L. 5. Cp. CXCVI, 12. L. 13. Cp. *Nutting:*

'One of those heavenly days that cannot die.'

CLXXXII *(1815)*. 'This was written when we dwelt in the Parsonage at Grasmere. The principal features of the picture are Bredon Hill and Cloud Hill, near Coleorton. I shall never forget the happy feeling with which my heart was filled when I was impelled to compose this sonnet. We resided only two years in this house; and during the last half of this time, which was after this poem had been written, we lost our two children, Thomas and Catherine. Our

[1] In a note on this sonnet, which, as will be observed, describes the *exterior* of a Highland hut, the poet extracts from the (then) MS. journal of his fellow-traveller a fine description of the *interior* of one of these dwellings, which will be found at pp. 102–105 of the now published *Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland, A.D. 1803, by Dorothy Wordsworth*. Edin., 1874.

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sorrow upon these events often brought it to my mind, and cast me upon the support to which the last line of it gives expression :

"The appropriate calm of blest eternity."

It is scarcely necessary to add that we still possess the picture.'—*Pr. W.*, iii, 54. An earlier reference to the same picture and poem occurs in a letter from the author to the artist, dated 'August 28, 1811, Cottage, 7 minutes' walk from the seaside, near Bootle, Cumberland:'—'Over the chimney-piece is hung your little picture, from the neighbourhood of Coleorton. In our other house, on account of the frequent fits of smoke from the chimneys, both the pictures which I have from your hand were confined to bed-rooms. A few days after I had enjoyed the pleasure of seeing, in different moods of mind, your Coleorton landscape from my fire-side, it *suggested* to me the following sonnet, which, having walked out to the side of Grasmere brook, where it murmurs through the meadows near the church, I composed immediately.'—*Id.*, ii, 159.

94—CLXXXIV, 2-3. In 'Morpheus house' as described by Spenser (*Faerie Queene*, I, i, 41), there was heard 'no other noyse' than

'A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
Of swarming Bees.'

The sleep-allurements enumerated in this sonnet are not all traditional poetical property. *I've* (1807) : preferable here to the 'I have' of other versions.

CLXXXIII–CLXXXIV *(1807)*. See reference p. 254.

95—CLXXXV *(1819)*.

CLXXXVI *(1819)*. 'I could write a treatise of lamentation upon the changes brought about among the cottages of Westmoreland by the silence of the spinning-wheel. During long winter's nights and wet days, the wheel upon which wool was spun gave employment to a great part of a family. The old man, however infirm, was able to card the wool, as he sate in the corner by the fire-side; and often, when a boy, have I admired the cylinders of carded wool which were softly laid upon each other by his side. Two wheels were often at work on the same floor, and others of the family, chiefly the little children, were occupied in teazing and clearing the wool to fit it for the hand of the carder. So that all, except the infants, were contributing to mutual support. Such was the employment that prevailed in the pastoral vales. Where wool was not at hand, in the small rural towns, the wheel for spinning flax was almost in as constant use, if knitting was not preferred; which latter occupation had

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the advantage (in some cases disadvantage) that not being of necessity stationary, it allowed of gossiping about from house to house, which good housewives reckoned an idle thing.'—*Pr. W.*, iii, 55. In connection with this and the sonnet which follows it in the same series, beginning 'Excuse is needless,' read the 8th and 9th Books of *The Excursion*, where the subject of mechanical labour is discussed, and the favourable and unfavourable effects of the 'manufacturing spirit' set forth.

96—CLXXXVII *(1815)*. 'This was in fact suggested by my daughter Catherine long after her death.'—*Pr. W.*, iii, 56.

CLXXXVIII *(1807*–version adopted*)*. 'This was composed on the beach near Calais, in the autumn of 1802.'—*Pr. W.*, iii, 56. The very characteristic sonnet immediately following this in the series may be given here (*Poems*, 1807, i, 106):

> Where lies the Land to which yon Ship must go?
> Festively she puts forth in trim array,
> As vigorous as a Lark at break of day:
> Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow?
> What boots the enquiry?—Neither friend nor foe
> She cares for; let her travel where she may,
> She finds familiar names, a beaten way
> Ever before her, and a wind to blow.
> Yet still I ask, what Haven is her mark?
> And, almost as it was when ships were rare,
> (From time to time, like Pilgrims, here and there
> Crossing the waters), doubt, and something dark,
> Of the old Sea some reverential fear,
> Is with me at thy farewell, joyous Bark![1]

97—CLXXXIX *(1807)*, 10–14. Note the repeated recollections of Spenser here (*Colin Clouts come home againe*, 245):

> . . . 'Triton, blowing loud his wreathèd horne.'

Line 248 introduces Proteus, and 283 ends with 'pleasant lea.' Wordsworth's penultimate line recalls Milton also (*Paradise Lost*, iii, 603):

> . . . 'and call up unbound
> In various shapes old Proteus from the sea.'

'The latter part of this sonnet has been misapprehended by some persons, who have supposed that Pagan superstitions were commended absolutely, and not merely as being better than a total absence of devotional and natural sentiment. All that Mr. Wordsworth contends for, is a preference for Triton or Proteus to Mammon.'—Sir Henry Taylor's *Notes from Books*, 1849, p. 154.

[1] I may remind the reader of the fine echo which this sonnet evoked from Arthur Hugh Clough half a century later, on the bosom of the Atlantic. (*Poems*, 2nd ed., 1863, p. 82).

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97—CXC *(1827)*. Cp. Hartley Coleridge, CCCXIX, p. 162.

98—CXCI *(1827)*, 7–9. One of the most remarkable English poems on Dante with which I am acquainted is in sonnet-form (*Io in Egypt, and Other Poems*, 1859, p. 58):

> Poet, whose unscarr'd feet have trodden Hell,
> By what grim path and dread environing
> Of fire couldst thou that dauntless footstep bring
> And plant it firm amid the dolorous cell
> Of darkness where perpetually dwell
> The spirits cursed beyond imagining?
> Or else is thine a visionary wing,
> And all thy terror but a tale to tell?
> Neither and both, thou seeker! I have been
> No wilder path than thou thyself dost go,
> Close mask'd in an impenetrable screen,
> Which having rent I gaze around, and know
> What tragic wastes of gloom, before unseen,
> Curtain the soul that strives and sins below.
>
> *Richard Garnett.*

A very interesting echo of Wordsworth's sonnet in like form occurs in a recent volume of American verse (*The Poet and his Master, and Other Poems*. New York, 1879):

> What is a Sonnet? 'Tis the pearly shell
> That murmurs of the far-off, murmuring sea;
> A precious jewel carved most curiously;
> It is a little picture painted well.
> What is a Sonnet? 'Tis the tear that fell
> From a great poet's hidden ecstasy;
> A two-edged sword, a star, a song—ah me!
> Sometimes a heavy tolling funeral bell.
> This was the flame that shook with Dante's breath;
> The solemn organ whereon Milton played,
> And the clear glass where Shakspeare's shadow falls:
> A sea this is—beware who ventureth!
> For like a fjord the narrow floor is laid
> Deep as mid ocean to the sheer mountain walls.
>
> *Richard Watson Gilder.*

98—CXCII *(1816)*. . . . 'Many of Wordsworth's so-called sonnets are not sonnets at all, according to the Italian definition; but it must also be added, that whenever he submits to that definition, whether consciously or not, and has some respect for the harmony of the form, the thought becomes more sharply defined and elaborated, and the result is not only Wordsworth's best sonnet, but an English sonnet deserving of the name. If I were called upon to justify this statement by an example, I should be disposed to cite the sonnet to Haydon. It is regularly built up according to the first type [as expressed by the formula 1 2 2 1, 1 2 2 1; 3 4 5, 3 4 5]—the second quatrain ter-

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minates in a full point, and the tercets in alternate rhyme lead happily to a noble conclusion.'—Charles Tomlinson (*The Sonnet: its Origin*, &c., 1874, p. 78).

99—CXCIII *(1816)*, 9-14. 'This conclusion has more than once, to my great regret, excited painfully sad feelings in the hearts of young persons fond of poetry and poetic composition by contrast of their feeble and declining health with that state of robust constitution which prompted me to rejoice in a season of frost and snow as more favourable to the Muses than summer itself.'—*Pr. W.*, iii, 58.

CXCIV *(1827)*. 'Written on a journey from Brinsop Court, Herefordshire.'—*Pr. W.*, iii, 59. Ll. 1-2. The words quoted are Cowper's (*The Task*, ii, 285). Compare the different treatment of a living master of the sonnet (*Poems*, 1870, p. 210):

BROKEN MUSIC.

The mother will not turn, who thinks she hears
Her nursling's speech first grow articulate;
But breathless with averted eyes elate
She sits, with open lips and open ears,
That it may call her twice. 'Mid doubts and fears
Thus oft my soul has hearkened; till the song,
A central moan for days, at length found tongue,
And the sweet music welled and the sweet tears.
But now, whatever while the soul is fain
To list that wonted murmur, as it were
The speech-bound sea-shell's low importunate strain,—
No breath of song, thy voice alone is there,
O bitterly beloved! and all her gain
Is but the pang of unpermitted prayer.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

100—CXCV *(1815)*. . . . 'Composed on the roof of a coach, on my way to France, September, 1802.'—*Pr. W.*, iii, 60. Wordsworth was on his way home *from* France in September, 1802: see succeeding note.

CXCVI *(1807)*, 4-5. *Ps.* civ, 2: 'Thou coverest thyself with light as with a garment.' 12. Cf. CLXXXI, 5, for a variation of the personal metaphor, or 'pathetic fallacy,' as Mr. Ruskin terms it (*Modern Painters*, iii, chap. xii). This sonnet, though '*composed*' on the return journey in September, was doubtless *conceived* on the roof of the Dover coach, as the poet and his sister were on their way to the Continent. In a diary which she kept on the journey, Miss Wordsworth thus describes the scene under date July 30, 1802 (*Memoirs of William Wordsworth*, i, 186):—'Left London between five and six o'clock of the morning outside the Dover coach. A beautiful morning. The city, St. Paul's, with the river—a multi-

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tude of little boats, made a beautiful sight as we crossed *Westminster Bridge*, the houses not overhung by their clouds of smoke, and were spread out endlessly; yet the sun shone so brightly, with such a pure light, that there was something like the purity of one of Nature's own grand spectacles.'

101—CXCVII *(1827)*. 'This parsonage was the residence of my friend Jones, and is particularly described in another note.'—*Pr. W.*, iii, 60. For the description see *ibid.*, 136. Henry Reed (*Lectures*, &c., ii, 248) remarks the great merit of this sonnet as 'a piece of landscape description, illuminated with a very rich moral light.'

CXCVIII *(1827)*. 'Lady Fitzgerald as described to me by Lady Beaumont.'—*Pr. W.*, iii, 62. This sonnet may be paired with the next in the series (*Poetical Works*, 1827, ii, 346, as amended 1832):

TO ROTHA QUILLINAN.

Rotha, my Spiritual Child! this head was grey
When at the sacred Font for Thee I stood:
Pledged till thou reach the verge of womanhood,
And shalt become thy own sufficient stay:
Too late, I feel, sweet Orphan! was the day
For stedfast hope the contract to fulfil;
Yet shall my blessing hover o'er thee still,
Embodied in the music of this Lay,
Breathed forth beside the peaceful mountain Stream
Whose murmur soothed thy languid Mother's ear
After her throes, this Stream of name more dear
Since thou dost bear it,—a memorial theme
For others; for thy future self, a spell
To summon fancies out of Time's dark cell.[1]

102—CXCIX *(1835)*. 'In the month of January [blank], when Dora and I were walking from Town-End, Grasmere, across the vale, snow being on the ground, she espied in the thick though leafless hedge a bird's-nest half filled with snow. Out of this comfortless appearance arose this Sonnet, which was, in fact, written without the least reference to any individual object, but merely to prove to myself that I could, if I thought fit, write in a strain that poets have been fond of. On the 14th of February in the same year, my daughter, in a sportive mood, sent it as a Valentine under a fictitious name to her cousin C. W.'—*Pr. W.*, iii, 64. 'Wordsworth, who had to guard against a tendency to be redundant and discursive, found the form convenient, and gathered his thoughts into sonnets, as a reaper gathers the corn into sheaves: and though his nature was vehement, it was a governed ardour only that was permitted to appear in his verse; and when he sang of love, it was "such love as spirits feel,"—too

[1] 'Rotha, the daughter of my son-in-law Mr. Quillinan.' L. 9. 'The river Rotha, that flows into Windermere from the Lakes of Grasmere and Rydal.'—*Pr. W.*, iii, 62.

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impersonal to be impassioned. I ventured once to ask him whether it was not otherwise in the case of the sonnet beginning, "Why art thou silent?" "No," he said, "merely an act of the intellect."'—Sir Henry Taylor (Essay on Aubrey De Vere's Poems: *Works*, v, 1878, p. 140). In an article on Charles Tennyson Turner in *The Nineteenth Century* for September, 1879, Mr. Spedding adduces this sonnet in illustration of his proposition that 'the necessity of forcing the thought into the frame has spoiled many good sonnets;' contending that the last six lines, which he believes were composed first, are the essential portion of the sonnet, and would be much better without the first eight, which he believes 'were put in after, not because the expression of the thought, but only because the form of the sonnet, required them.' Mr. Spedding's criticism involves a contradiction of terms—in fact, a *bull*. Before a sonnet can be 'spoiled' it must be a sonnet. A sonnet consists of fourteen lines. Discard any one of the objectionable eight lines, and where is the sonnet?

102—CC *(1838: The Sonnets. Collected in one volume, with a few additional ones, now first published)*.

103—CCI *(1842)*. Manifestly descriptive of Miss Gillies's portrait of Dora Wordsworth (Mrs. Quillinan), of which an engraving by Armytage is prefixed to the second volume of the *Memoirs*, 1851. At page 342 of same volume we learn that the next two sonnets in the series refer to a portrait of Mrs. Wordsworth. (*Poems, Chiefly of Early and Late Years;* &c., 1842, pp. 227-8):

TO A PAINTER.

I.

All praise the Likeness by thy skill portrayed;
But 'tis a fruitless task to paint for me,
Who, yielding not to changes Time has made,
By the habitual light of memory see
Eyes unbedimmed, see bloom that cannot fade,
And smiles that from their birth-place ne'er shall flee
Into the land where ghosts and phantoms be;
And, seeing this, own nothing in its stead.
Couldst thou go back into far-distant years,
Or share with me, fond thought! that inward eye—
Then, and then only, Painter! could thy Art
The visual powers of Nature satisfy,
Which hold, whate'er to common sight appears,
Their sovereign empire in a faithful heart.[1]

[1] 'The picture which gave occasion to this and the following Sonnet was from the pencil of Miss M. Gillies, who resided for several weeks under our roof at Rydal Mount.'—*Pr. W.*, iii, 65. 'Written after thirty-six years of wedded life,' they testify, 'in the language of the heart, that age does not impair true beauty, but adds new graces to it; in a word, that genuine beauty enjoys eternal youth.' (*Memoirs*, i, 205).

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ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

2.

Though I beheld at first with blank surprise
This Work, I now have gazed on it so long
I see its truth with unreluctant eyes;
O my Belovèd! I have done thee wrong,
Conscious of blessedness, but, whence it sprung,
Ever too heedless, as I now perceive:
Morn into noon did pass, noon into eve,
And the old day was welcome as the young,
As welcome, and as beautiful—in sooth
More beautiful, as being a thing more holy:
Thanks to thy virtues, to the eternal youth
Of all thy goodness, never melancholy;
To thy large heart and humble mind, that cast
Into one vision, future, present, past.[1]

103—CCII *(1845)*. Dated Dec. 24, 1842. 'The Hill that rises to the south-east, above Ambleside.'—*Pr. W.*, iii, 65.

90–103—CLXXV–CCII. With the exception of the four first, which belong to the POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION, these are from the MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS in Three Parts, of which I subjoin two additional examples. (*The Waggoner, a Poem. To which are added, Sonnets.* 1819, p. 66):

I watch, and long have watch'd, with calm regret
Yon slowly-sinking Star,—immortal Sire
(So might he seem) of all the glittering quire!
Blue ether still surrounds him—yet—and yet;
But now the horizon's rocky parapet
Is reach'd, where, forfeiting his bright attire,
He burns—transmuted to a sullen fire,
That droops and dwindles; and, the appointed debt
To the flying moments paid, is seen no more.
Angels and gods! *we* struggle with our fate,
While health, power, glory, pitiably decline,
Depress'd, and then extinguish'd: and our state
In this how different, lost Star, from thine,
That no to-morrow shall our beams restore![2]

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[1] 'The tender Palinodia is beyond Petrarch. . . . That "*more beautiful*" is most beautiful: all human love's cunning is in it, besides the full glorifying smile of Christian love.'—Mrs. Browning (*The Greek Christian Poets, and the English Poets*, 1863, p. 205).

[2] 'Suggested in front of Rydal Mount, the rocky parapet being the summit of Loughrigg Fell opposite. Not once only but a hundred times have the feelings of this sonnet been awakened by the same objects from the same place.'—*Pr. W.*, iii, 57. Few poets have expressed the closing sentiment with the simplicity and pathos of Drummond (*Poems*, 1616, sig. H):

'Woods cut againe doe grow,
Budde doth the Rose and Dazie, Winter done,
But wee once dead no more doe see the Sunne.'

Cp. Daniel also, as in the 'Pastorall' already quoted (*ante*, p. 327):

'the sun doth set, and rise againe,
But when as our short light
Comes once to set, it makes eternall night.'

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PAGE (*Ibid.*, p. 62, as amended 1827):

TO A SNOW-DROP.

Lone Flower, hemmed in with snows and white as they,
But hardier far, once more I see thee bend
Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,
Like an unbidden guest. Though day by day,
Storms, sallying from the mountain-tops, waylay
The rising sun, and on the plains descend;
Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a friend
Whose zeal outruns his promise! Blue-eyed Ma
Shall soon behold this border thickly set
With bright jonquils, their odours lavishing
On the soft west-wind and his frolic peers;
Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,
Chaste Snow-drop, venturous harbinger of Spring,
And pensive monitor of fleeting years!

104—CCIII *(1807)*. From MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND, 1803. 'The castle here mentioned was Nidpath, near Peebles. The person alluded to was the then Duke of Queensberry. The fact was told me by Walter Scott.'[1]—*Pr. W.*, iii, 68. The circumstances in which the sonnet was written are related, and its scene described, in Dorothy Wordsworth's *Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland, A.D. 1803*. Edin., 1874, pp. 248-9. It was a great favourite with Sir Walter,—'Few lines in the language,' says Lockhart, 'were more frequently in his mouth.' Nor can it indeed be much otherwise with anyone of keen sympathies and true simplicity of heart; while, on the other hand, persons of coarser sensibilities will hardly understand the degree of emotion displayed,—will at least consider it greatly out of proportion to the exciting cause. Not so grand old Michael Drayton, that true-lover of Nature, under like provocation (*Poly-Olbion*, 1613, p. 107. The Seaventh Song):

'our Trees so hackt above the ground,
That where their loftie tops their neighboring Countries crown'd,
Their Trunkes (like aged folkes) now bare and naked stand,
As for revenge to heaven each held a withered hand.'

Nor Charles Tennyson in our own day (*Small Tableux*, 1868, p. 78).

CCIV. Miss Wordsworth's diary, quoted under CXCVI (pp. 374-5), continues (*Memoirs*, i, 187): 'Arrived at *Calais* at four in the morning of July 31st. Delightful walks in the evenings: seeing far off in the west the coast of England, like a cloud, crested with Dover Castle, the evening star, and the glory of the sky: the reflections in the water

[1] For particulars of 'Old Q——' as he was called, and his acts of spoliation, see W. Chambers's *History of Peeblesshire*, 1864, p. 323.

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were more beautiful than the sky itself; purple waves brighter than precious stones for ever melting away upon the sands.'

105—CCV. Title: *i.e.*, by the French and the Emperor Francis, in 1797. Buonaparte annexed Venice to the crown of Italy in 1805. L. 9. *had:* query, *has?*

CCVI. 'Among the noblest of Wordsworth's sonnets.'—*W. S. Landor.* Ll. 2–4. Up till 1827 these lines stood (1807):

> 'Whether the rural Milk-maid by her Cow
> Sing in thy hearing, or thou liest now
> Alone in some deep dungeon's earless den;'

and (1815):

> 'Whether the all-cheering sun be free to shed
> His beams around thee, or thou rest thy head
> Pillowed in some dark dungeon's noisome den.'

The restoration of the original epithet *earless* for 'noisome' in l. 4 was an undoubted improvement; but it may be questioned whether conformity to the Italian law was not somewhat dearly purchased for ll. 2–3 at the cost of the more obvious antithesis of the 1815 lection. As Coleridge shrewdly urged in justification of his own practice (*Poems*, 2nd ed., 1797. Page 73, *Introduction to the Sonnets*): 'A sameness in the final sound of its words is the great and grievous defect of the Italian language. That rule therefore, which the Italians have established, of exactly *four* different sounds in the Sonnet, seems to have arisen from their wish to have *as many*, not from any dread of finding *more*. But surely it is ridiculous to make the defect of a foreign language a reason for our not availing ourselves of one of the marked excellences of our own.' L. 14. Gray has 'Th' unconquerable Mind' (*Progress of Poesy*, ii, 2, 65). The deliverer of Hayti died in a French prison in 1803. For Wordsworth's note on this and another sonnet, see *Pr. W.*, iii, 71.

CCVII. This was written on the return of Wordsworth and his sister from France, and may be referred to the occasion noted in the journal of the latter under 29th August, [1802], (*Memoirs*, i, 187): 'Left Calais at twelve in the morning for Dover . . . bathed, and sat on the Dover cliffs, and looked upon France: we could see the shores almost as plain as if it were but an English lake. . . . Stayed in London till 22d September.'

CCVIII. In allusion to the usurpation of Switzerland by the French, under Buonaparte in 1800. 'This was composed while pacing to and fro between the Hall of Coleorton, then rebuilding, and the principal Farm-house of the Estate, in which we lived for nine or ten months.'—*Pr. W.*, iii, 71. The opening recalls Byron's

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'The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea;'

and Tennyson's

'Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet:
Above her shook the starry lights:
She heard the torrents meet;'

while the personification of liberty as a maid of the mountains was no doubt a recollection of the line in Milton's *L'Allegro:*

'The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty.'

It is the glory of mountains that they have been in all ages the asylums and strongholds of the resisters of tyranny and oppression; that on them, to use Laman Blanchard's fine metaphor,

'have mortal footsteps found
The eagle-nest of Freedom.'

But the poet's apprehensions for the mountain-maid were veritably those of 'a lover or a child' (CCXII, p. 108). Not 'till a' the seas gang dry' shall her ear be 'bereft' of the 'deep bliss' of the mountain-voice. Listen, for example, to a recent 'soul-animating' sonnet by the present wearer of England's bays,—'greener from the brows Of him that utter'd nothing base'—which seems to carry an echo of this very sonnet, as well as of Milton's mighty imprecation. (*The Nineteenth Century*, May, 1877):—

MONTENEGRO.

They rose to where their sovran eagle sails,
They kept their faith, their freedom, on the height,
Chaste, frugal, savage, arm'd by day and night
Against the Turk; whose inroad nowhere scales
Their headlong passes, but his footstep fails,
And red with blood the Crescent reels from fight
Before their dauntless hundreds, in prone flight
By thousands down the crags and thro' the vales.
O smallest among peoples! rough rock-throne
Of Freedom! warriors beating back the swarm
Of Turkish Islam for five hundred years,
Great Tsernogora! never since thine own
Black ridges drew the cloud and brake the storm
Has breathed a race of mightier mountaineers.

Alfred Tennyson.

107—CCIX. 'This was written immediately after my return from France to London, when I could not but be struck, as here described, with the vanity and parade of our own country, especially in great towns and cities, as contrasted with the quiet, and I may say the desolation; that the Revolution had produced in France. This must be borne in

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mind, or else the reader may think that in this and succeeding sonnets I have exaggerated the mischief engendered and fostered among us by undisturbed wealth.'—*Pr. W.*, iii, 72. In connection with it and CLXXXIX should be read (but not without CCXII) other sonnets of Wordsworth's expressing similar sentiments, particularly the following, in which sudden and precarious riches are denounced for the fears which they generate; the immediate occasion of the poet's rebuke being the very different spirit in which, as he believed, the impending conflict with Buonaparte was contemplated by the different classes in this country. (*Poems*, 1807, i, 146):

OCTOBER, 1803.

These times touch money'd Worldlings with dismay:
Even rich men, brave by nature, taint the air
With words of apprehension and despair:
While tens of thousands, thinking on the affray,
Men unto whom sufficient for the day
And minds not stinted or untill'd are given,
Sound, healthy Children of the God of Heaven,
Are cheerful as the rising Sun in May.
What do we gather hence but firmer faith
That every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath;
That virtue and the faculties within
Are vital,—and that riches are akin
To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death!

107—CCX, 9. In one of his copies of Wordsworth Dyce has noted a couplet from Cowley under this passage (*Clad all in White:* The Mistress):

'Thy soul, which does itself display
Like a star plac'd i' th' Milky Way.'

The subject of Milton is thus worthily treated in sonnet-form by a young living poet (*Poems*, 1877, p. 113):

MILTON.

He left the upland lawns and serene air
Wherefrom his soul her noble nurture drew,
And reared his helm among the unquiet crew
Battling beneath; the morning radiance rare
Of his young brow amid the tumult there
Grew grim with sulphurous dust and sanguine dew;
Yet through all soilure they who marked him knew
The signs of his life's dayspring, calm and fair.
But when peace came, peace fouler far than war,
And mirth more dissonant than battle's tone,
He, with a scornful sigh of his clear soul,
Back to his mountain clomb, now bleak and frore,
And with the awful Night he dwelt alone,
In darkness, listening to the thunder's roll.

Ernest Myers.

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108—CCXI, 5-6. Prior to 1827 these lines read:

'Road by which all might come and go that would,
And bear out freights of worth to foreign lands.'

CCXII, 2-4. Cp. Goldsmith (*Traveller*, 91-2):

'contentment fails
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.'

See reference under CCIX.

109—CCXIII, 13-14. '"Danger which they fear, and honour which they understand not."—Words in Lord Brooke's Life of Sir Philip Sidney.'—*Pr. W.*, iii, 72. In pleasing contrast with these anxious forebodings is the sonnet 'composed by the side of Grasmere Lake: 1807.' (*The Waggoner*, &c., 1819, p. 68):

Eve's lingering clouds extend in solid bars
Through the grey west; and lo! these waters, steeled
By breezeless air to smoothest polish, yield
A vivid repetition of the stars;
Jove, Venus, and the ruddy crest of Mars,
Amid his fellows, beauteously revealed
At happy distance from earth's groaning field,
Where ruthless mortals wage incessant wars.
Is it a mirror?—or the nether sphere
Opening its vast abyss, while fancy feeds
On the rich show!—But list! a voice is near;
Great Pan himself low-whispering through the reeds,
'Be thankful, thou; for, if unholy deeds
Ravage the world, tranquillity is here!'

The following two sonnets will complete our selection from this series. The first possesses a special interest, since it marks the commencement of Wordsworth's sonnet-writing, thus recorded in the Fenwick MSS. (*Pr. W.*, iii, 52):—'In the cottage of Town-End, [Grasmere], one afternoon in 1801, my sister read to me the sonnets of Milton.[1] I had long been well acquainted with them, but I was particularly struck on that occasion with the dignified simplicity and majestic harmony that runs through most of them—in character so totally different from the Italian, and still more so from Shakespeare's fine sonnets. I took fire, if I may be allowed to say so, and produced three sonnets the same afternoon—the first I ever wrote, except an irregular one at school [Qu., that beginning 'Calm is all nature as a resting wheel?']. Of these three, the only one I distinctly remember is "I grieved for Buonaparte," &c. One was never

[1] 'My admiration of some of the Sonnets of Milton first tempted me to write in that form. The fact is not mentioned from a notion that it will be deemed of any importance by the reader, but merely as a public acknowledgment of one of the innumerable obligations which, as a Poet and a Man, I am under to our great fellow-countryman.'—*Advertisement to the collected edition of the* SONNETS, 1838.

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written down; the third, which was I believe preserved, I cannot particularise.' (*Poems*, 1807, i, 130, as amended in ed. of 1836–7):

1801.

I grieved for Buonaparté, with a vain
And an unthinking grief! The tenderest mood
Of that Man's mind—what can it be? what food
Fed his first hopes? what knowledge could *he* gain?
'Tis not in battles that from youth we train
The Governor who must be wise and good,
And temper with the sternness of the brain
Thoughts mother'rly, and meek as womanhood.
Wisdom doth live with children round her knees:
Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the talk
Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk
Of the mind's business: these are the degrees
By which true Sway doth mount; this is the stalk
True Power doth grow on; and her rights are these.

The second, later by ten years, should be compared with the last part of the sonnet which begins, 'What if our numbers.' The principle asserted in them—the superiority of moral to merely physical might—had been again and again enforced with great eloquence and power in the author's prose tract occasioned by the so-called Convention of Cintra (see *Pr. W.*, i, 45, 49, 63, 136, and 146), published in May, 1809, and characterized in another sonnet as

'the impassioned strain
Which, without aid of numbers, I sustain.'

(*Poems*, 1815, ii, 256, as amended 1827):

1811.

The power of Armies is a visible thing,
Formal, and circumscribed in time and space;
But who the limits of that power shall trace
Which a brave People into light can bring
Or hide, at will,—for Freedom combating,
By just revenge inflamed? No foot may chase,
No eye can follow, to a *fatal* place
That power, that spirit, whether on the wing
Like the strong wind, or sleeping like the wind
Within its awful caves.—From year to year
Springs this indigenous produce far and near;
No craft this subtle element can bind,
Rising like water from the soil, to find
In every nook a lip that it may cheer.

109—CCXIV *(1815)*. Frederick Schill, the German patriot, fell at Stralsund in 1809.

104–109—CCIV–CCXIV. These, of which all except the last one were published in 1807, belong to the POEMS DEDICATED TO NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE AND LIBERTY, in Two Parts.

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110—CCXV, 12–14. Cp. Shakspeare, LII, 3–4. This sonnet, from the MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT, 1820, will serve to exemplify a special feature of Wordsworth's verse: his frequent notices and expositions of the aërial pageantry of

'Cloudland, gorgeous land!'—

a domain of Poetry which he has nearly all to himself, if indeed he did not actually discover it. (See De Quincey's *Works*, 1862, v, pp. 262–5). Another in the series contains some masterly landscape-painting (*Memorials of a Tour on the Continent, 1820.* Lond. 1822, p. 5):

SCENERY BETWEEN NAMUR AND LIEGE.

What lovelier home could gentle Fancy chuse?
Is this the Stream, whose cities, heights, and plains,
War's favorite playground, are with crimson stains
Familiar, as the Morn with pearly dews?
The Morn, that now, along the silver MEUSE,
Spreading her peaceful ensigns, calls the Swains
To tend their silent boats and ringing wains,
Or strip the bough whose mellow fruit bestrews
The ripening corn beneath it. As mine eyes
Turn from the fortified and threatening hill,
How sweet the prospect of yon watery glade,
With its grey rocks clustering in pensive shade,
That, shaped like old monastic turrets, rise
From the smooth meadow-ground, serene and still![1]

CCXVI *(1842).* From MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY, 1837.

111—CCXVII. 'The River Duddon rises upon Wrynose Fell, on the confines of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire: and, having served as a boundary to the two last counties for the space of about twenty-five miles, enters the Irish Sea, between the Isle of Walney and the Lordship of Millum.'—*Pr. W.*, iii, 97. See the same volume (pp. 97–101) for Wordsworth's general remarks on the series, and notices of his visits to the stream. L. 11. 'The deer alluded to is the Leigh, a gigantic species long since extinct.'—*W.*

112—CCXX. 'How simple and yet how full is the diction of this sonnet! How much of the wildness and insecurity of savage life is in those words "roved or fled," and in the presentation to the fancy of the one sole man wandering or fugitive! Then the darkness and cruelty of Druidical superstition and barbarian warfare are alluded to in a

[1] For Wordsworth's note on this sonnet, see *Pr. W.*, iii. 77. Sir Henry Taylor remarks: 'This seems pure description; yet what a serious satire is expressed in one word, "War's favourite *playground*!"' So in other sonnets: 'the *game* which faction breeds,' and 'practised in War's *game*.'

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tone of almost fearful inquiry; and after the pause of silence in the ninth line, how beautifully and with what an expressive change of the music is the mind turned to the perennial influences of Nature, as healing, soothing, and restorative in all times, whatever be the condition of Man! This sonnet is a study in versification throughout; and observe especially the use of duplicate, triplicate, and even quadruplicate consonants in our language,—how admirably they may be made to serve the purposes of rhythmical melody which they are often supposed to thwart—

"And thou, blue streamlet, murmuring yield'st no more," &c.

How the slight check, delay, and resistance of the fourfold consonant makes the flow of the verse to be still more musically felt!'—*Sir Henry Taylor.*

113—CCXXI *(1807)*.

CCXXII, 1. Not merely the portion marked, but this entire line, one of Wordsworth's borrowings from Samuel Daniel (*Musophilus*, p. 91, ed. 1623). The whole apostrophe is worth quoting:

'Sacred Religion, mother of Forme and Feare,
How gorgeously sometimes dost thou sit deckt?
What pompous vestures doe we make thee weare?
What stately piles we prodigall erect?
How sweet perfum'd thou art, how shining cleare?
How solemnely observ'd, with what respect?
Another time, all plaine, all quite thread-bare,
Thou must have all within, and nought without,
Sit poorely without light, disrob'd, no care
Of outward grace, to amuze the poore devout,
Powrelesse, unfollowed, scarcely men can spare
The necessary rites to set thee out.'

Another instance of Wordsworth's indebtedness to Daniel, of which, so far as I am aware, the source has not hitherto been traced, occurs in the sonnet entitled *Saxon Conquest* (Ecclesiastical Sonnets, Pt. I. xi), where ll. 9–14 are a recollection of a passage in his *Historie of England* (1612, p. 25). 10. The Reverend Robert Walker, the 'Pastor' of *The Excursion* (Book vii), buried in Seathwaite churchyard, of whom see an extended memoir by Wordsworth among the Notes to the *Poems*; or, *Pr. W.*, iii, 105.

114—CCXXIII, 8–9. Cp. Shakspeare, LII, 7–8, and LXXI, 4–7. L. 14.

'"And feel that I am happier than I know."
Milton [*Paradise Lost*, viii, 282].

The allusion to the Greek Poet will be obvious to the classical reader.'—*Pr. W.*, iii, 120.[1]

[1] Much fruitless labour has been expended in the endeavour to identify the 'obvious allusion.' One correspondent suggests a passage in the *Protagoras* of Plato (Cap. xxxviii, P. 358, c), of which the sense is, 'But a man's inferiority to himself is simply

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111–114—CCXVII–CCXXIII. From THE RIVER DUDDON. A SERIES OF SONNETS. (*The River Duddon, A Series of Sonnets: Vaudracour and Julia: and Other Poems. To which is annexed, A Topographical Description of the Country of the Lakes, in the North of England.* 1820).

CCXXIV. During a visit by Wordsworth and his daughter to Abbotsford in the autumn of 1831, Sir Walter accompanied them and his other guests to Newark Castle, on the Yarrow. 'On our return in the afternoon, we had to cross the Tweed, directly opposite Abbotsford. The wheels of our carriage grated upon the pebbles in the bed of the stream, that there flows somewhat rapidly. A rich, but sad light, of rather a purple than a golden hue, was spread over the Eildon Hills at that moment; and, thinking it probable that it might be the last time Sir Walter would cross the stream, I was not a little moved, and expressed some of my feelings in the sonnet beginning, "A trouble, not of clouds," &c.'—

Pr. W., iii, 140.

115—CCXXV, 9. A list of errata issued with the first edition has this correction: 'For "Guest" read "quest;"' but the printers only succeeded in changing it to 'guest' in the second edition which was set-up afresh in the following year (1836). Mr. Arnold has fallen into this trap in his recent exquisite little volume (*Poems of Wordsworth. Chosen and Edited by Matthew Arnold.* 1879). The correction was ultimately effected in the edition of 1836–7. 11. 'How skilfully does that suggestion in the parenthesis, of the sunshiny colouring of the aspen in October, adumbrate the cheerfulness to be bestowed by natural piety upon the decline of life! preparing for the principal illustration of the same idea in the song of the redbreast, which only begins to sing when other birds have ceased.'—*Sir Henry Taylor.* Perhaps old George Chapman's description (*Tears of Peace*) is the most felicitous in all English poetry of the bird

> 'that loves humans best,
> That hath the bugle eyes and rosy breast,
> And is the yellow autumn's nightingale.'

'Compare with this Sonnet the poem composed about thirty years

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ignorance, as his superiority to himself is knowledge.' Cp. Mr. Emerson's poem 'The Problem' (*Poems*, Boston, 1865, p. 18):

> 'The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
> And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
> Wrought in a sad sincerity;
> Himself from God he could not free;
> *He builded better than he knew*;—
> The conscious stone to beauty grew.'

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earlier on nearly the same spot of ground, "What! you are stepping westward?" This earlier poem, one of the most truly etherial and ideal Wordsworth ever wrote, is filled with the overflowing spirit of life and hope. In every line of it we feel the exulting pulse of the

"traveller through the world that lay
Before him on his endless way."

The later one is stilled down to perfect autumnal quiet. There is in it the chastened pensiveness of one to whom all things now

"do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality."

But the sadness has at the heart of it peaceful hope. This is Wordsworth's own comment:—"As recorded in my Sister's Journal, I had first seen the Trossachs in her and Coleridge's company. The sentiment that runs through this sonnet was natural to the season in which I again visited this beautiful spot; but this, and some other sonnets that follow, were coloured by the remembrance of my recent visit to Sir Walter Scott, and the melancholy errand on which he was going." ' [*Pr. W.*, iii, 142]—Principal Shairp (Appendix to Dorothy Wordsworth's *Recollections of a Tour in Scotland, A.D. 1803*. Edin. 1874). A most interesting contrast may also be suggested between Wordsworth's and a very powerful sonnet by a living poet (*Poems*, 1876, p. 93):

IN A MOUNTAIN PASS.
(IN SCOTLAND.)

To what wild blasts of tyrannous harmony
Uprose these rocky walls, mass threatening mass,
Dusk, shapeless shapes, around a desolate pass?
What deep hearts of the ancient hills set free
The passion, the desire, the destiny
Of this lost stream? Yon clouds that break and form,
Light vanward squadrons of the joyous storm,
They gather hither from what untrack'd sea?
Primeval kindred! here the mind regains
Its vantage ground against the world; here thought
Wings up the silent waste of air on broad
Undaunted pinions; man's imperial pains
Are ours, and visiting fears, and joy unsought,
Native resolve, and partnership with God.

Edward Dowden.[1]

115—CCXXVI. Compare the following pair of sonnets (*Small Tableaux*, 1868, pp. 14-15):

ON AN OLD ROMAN SHIELD
FOUND IN THE THAMES.

Drowned for long ages, lost to human reach,
At last the Roman buckler reappears,

[1] Ll. 12-13. Cp. Wordsworth *(Laodameia)*:

'Calm pleasures there abide—majestic pains.'

And makes an old-world clang upon the beach,
Its first faint voice for many a hundred years;
Not the weird noises on the battle-field
Of Marathon, as thrilling legends tell,
Could speak more sadly than this ancient shield,
As ringing at the fisher's feet it fell.
How cam'st thou to be grappled thus, and hauled
To shore, when other prey was sought, not thou?
How strangely was thy long-lost chime recalled,
As when the arrows struck thee! Then, as now,
The tented plain was thronged with armèd men;
Our weapons change, we quarrel now as then!

ON THE SAME.

He drew it home—he heaved it to the bank—
No modern waif, but an old Roman targe;
The mild familiar swan in terror shrank
From the rude plash, and left the weltering marge.
Low rang the iron boss; the fisher stared
At his new capture, while, in mystic tones,
The lost shield called its legion, whose death-groans
And clash of onset it had seen and heard.
Oh! when shall better thoughts be dear to man,
Than rapine and ambition, fraud and hate?
Oh! when shall War, like this old buckler, fall
Into disuse, drowned by its own dead weight?
And Commerce, buoyant as the living swan,
Push boldly to the shore, the friend of all?

Charles (Tennyson) Turner.

114–115—CCXXIV–CCXXVI. From YARROW REVISITED, AND OTHER POEMS. Published under that title in 1835.

116—CCXXVII. 'These two lines are adopted from a MS., written about 1770, which accidentally fell into my possession . . .'—*Pr. W.*, iii, 134.

CCXXVIII. 'Wordsworth was a "high churchman," and also, in his prose mind, strongly anti-Roman Catholic, partly on political grounds; but that it was otherwise as regards his mind poetic is obvious from many passages in his Christian poetry, especially those which refer to the monastic system, and the Schoolmen, and his sonnet on the Blessed Virgin, whom he addresses as

"Our tainted nature's solitary boast."

He used to say that the idea of one who was both Virgin and Mother had sunk so deep into the heart of Humanity, that there it must ever remain.'—*Mr. Aubrey de Vere's Recollections of Wordsworth, in* Pr. W., iii, 491. Cp. Henry Constable's two sonnets (*supra*, p. 259).

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117—CCXXIX, 2–4. An Elizabethan commonplace not wholly in disuse still. Cp. H. Constable's sonnet *To the King of Scots* (ed. Hazlitt, p. 33):

> 'The pen wherewith thou dost so heavenly singe
> Made of a quill pluck't from an angell's winge.'

R. Barnfield's *Cassandra*, 1595 (ed. Roxburghe Club, p. 119):

> 'No pen can paint thy commendations due:
> Save only that pen, which no pen can be,
> An Angels quill, to make a pen for thee.'

and H. S. Sutton to-day (*Poems*, 1848, p. 12):

> 'a quill from out an angel's wing,
> Held in an angel's hand, could ne'er set down
> The sum of wonders that are met in thee.'

118—CCXXXI. The *royal Saint* is Henry VI.

116–118—CCXXVII–CCXXXI. From the ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS, in Three Parts. (*Ecclesiastical Sketches*. 1822). For Advertisement and Notes see *Pr. W.*, iii, 126.

CCXXXII. 'I will mention for the sake of the friend [Miss Fenwick] who is writing down these Notes that it was among the fine Scotch firs near Ambleside, and particularly those near Green Bank, that I have over and over again paused at the sight of this image. Long may they stand to afford a like gratification to others! This wish is not uncalled for—several of their brethren having already disappeared.'—*Pr. W.*, iii, 150. Wordsworth, like some other poets, had a particular liking for the pine species, and made several contributions to its literature, one of them in sonnet-form (*Poems, Chiefly of Early and Late Years*, 1842, p. 113):

THE PINE OF MONTE MARIO AT ROME.

I saw far off the dark top of a Pine
Look like a cloud—a slender stem the tie
That bound it to its native earth—poised high
'Mid evening hues, along the horizon line,
Striving in peace each other to outshine.
But when I learned the Tree was living there,
Saved from the sordid axe by Beaumont's care,
Oh, what a gush of tenderness was mine!
The rescued Pine-tree, with its sky so bright
And cloud-like beauty, rich in thoughts of home,
Death-parted friends, and days too swift in flight,
Supplanted the whole majesty of Rome
(Then first apparent from the Pincian Height)
Crowned with St. Peter's everlasting Dome.[1]

[1] 'Within a couple of hours of my arrival at Rome, I saw from Monte Pincio the Pine tree as described in the sonnet'; and, while expressing admiration at the beauty of its appearance, I was told by an acquaintance of my fellow-traveller, who happened to join us at the moment, that a price had been paid for it by the late Sir G. Beaumont,

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The following picture by a living sonneteer will not be out of place in this connexion (*Sonnets. By Sir John Hanmer, Bart.* 1840):

THE PINE WOODS.

We stand upon the moorish mountain side,
From age to age, a solemn company;
There are no voices in our paths, but we
Hear the great whirlwinds roaring loud and wide;
And like the sea-waves have our boughs replied,
From the beginning, to their stormy glee;
The thunder rolls above us, and some tree
Smites with his bolt, yet doth the race abide;
Answering all times; but joyous, when the sun
Glints on the peaks that clouds no longer bear;
And the young shoots to flourish have begun;
And the quick seeds through the blue odorous air
From the expanding cones fall one by one;
And silence as in temples dwelleth there.

Lord Hanmer.

119—CCXXXIII, 11. Mr. Emerson, who gives both of these Staffa sonnets a place in his *Parnassus*, perhaps improves this line by making it read simply

'And flashing upwards to its topmost height.'

This and the next sonnet are the second and last of a group of four on Staffa, in the first of which the poet complains of having been unable to enjoy the sight of the cave by reason of the crowd of visitors. 'The reader may be tempted to exclaim, "How came this and the two following Sonnets to be written, after the dissatisfaction expressed in the preceding one?" In fact, at the risk of incurring the reasonable displeasure of the master of the steam-boat, I returned to the cave, and explored it under circumstances more favourable to those imaginative impressions which it is so wonderfully fitted to make upon the mind.'—*Pr. W.*, iii, 155.

CCXXXIV. 'Upon the head of the columns which form the front of the cave, rests a body of decomposed basaltic matter, which was richly decorated with that large bright flower, the ox-eyed daisy. I had noticed the same flower growing with profusion among the bold rocks on the western coast of the Isle of Man; making a brilliant contrast with their black and gloomy surfaces.'—*Pr. W.*, iii, 155.

118-120—CCXXXII-CCXXXV. From the POEMS, COMPOSED OR SUGGESTED DURING A TOUR, IN THE SUMMER OF 1833 (*Yarrow Revisited*, &c., 1835.)

upon condition that the proprietor should not act upon his known intention of cutting it down.'—*Pr. W.*, iii, 89 (which see also for further remarks).

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120—CCXXXVI. From *Poems on Various Subjects, by S. T. Coleridge, late of Jesus College, Cambridge.* 1796. 'One night in Winter, on leaving a College-friend's room, with whom I had supped, I carelessly took away with me "The Robbers" a drama, the very name of which I had never before heard of:—A Winter mid-night—the wind high—and "The Robbers" for the first time!—The readers of Schiller will conceive what I felt. Schiller introduces no supernatural beings; yet his human beings agitate and astonish, more than all the *goblin* rout—even of Shakespeare.'—*S. T. C.* L. 4. 'The Father of the Moor, in the Play of *The Robbers*.'—*S. T. C.* Writing to Dyce in 1833 acknowledging a copy of the *Specimens of English Sonnets*, published that year and dedicated to him, Wordsworth says (*Prose Works*, iii, 336): 'The selection of sonnets appears to me to be very judicious. If I were inclined to make an exception, it would be in the single case of the sonnet of Coleridge upon "Schiller," which is too much of a rant for my taste. The one by him upon "Linley's Music" is much superior in execution; indeed, as a strain of feeling, and for unity of effect, it is very happily done.' The reader can judge for himself. (*Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, p. 255):

LINES TO W. L., ESQ.,
WHILE HE SANG A SONG TO PURCELL'S MUSIC.

While my young cheek retains its healthful hues,
And I have many friends who hold me dear;
Linley! methinks I would not often hear
Such melodies as thine, lest I should lose
All memory of the wrongs and sore distress
For which my miserable brethren weep!
But should uncomforted misfortunes steep
My daily bread in tears and bitterness;
And if at death's dread moment I should lie
With no beloved face at my bed-side,
To fix the last glance of my closing eye,
Methinks such strains, breath'd by my angel-guide,
Would make me pass the cup of anguish by,
Mix with the blest, nor know that I had died!

Coleridge's own estimate of his Schiller sonnet was not quite so humble. He gave it a place among the Bowles elect, and in the copy of that pamphlet described on p. 362 there is this note under it in his handwriting: 'I affirm, John Thelwall! that the six last lines of this Sonnet to Schiller are strong and fiery; and you are the only one who thinks otherwise.—There's a *spurt* of author-like vanity for you!'

121—CCXXXVII. This sonnet is not in the first edition of the *Poems*, as above; but it appears in the Bowles-pamphlet and in the second

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edition of the *Poems* (1797), which were nearly simultaneous. I give it as finally amended in the errata-list of the *Sibylline Leaves.*

121—CCXXXVIII. From the *Poetical Works*, 1829. First printed in *Blackwood's Magazine*, November, 1819. 'This sonnet is very characteristic of the rich indolence of the author's temperament. The very toning of the rhymes is as careless as the mood in which he is indulging.'—*Leigh Hunt.*

122—CCXXXIX. From the *Letters, Conversations, and Recollections of S. T. Coleridge*, 1836, i, 144, as amended in Mr. Shepherd's edition. 'How it came into my possession,' says the anonymous editor [Thomas Allsop], 'I have now forgotten; though I have some faint impression that I wrote it down from dictation, and that it was the transcript of an early, a *very early* sonnet, written probably at the time when the author's heart, as well as his head, was with Spinoza.'

Mary Tighe.

CCXL. From *Psyche, with Other Poems. By the late Mrs. Henry Tighe:* 1811. Under date January 27th, 1812, Sir James Mackintosh writes in his journal: 'Sorrow seems to be the muse of song, and from Philomela to Mrs. Tighe the most plaintive notes are the most melodious. I have read "Psyche"; I am sorry that Mrs. Tighe chose such a story: it is both too mystical and too much exhausted. For the first three cantos I felt a sort of languid elegance and luscious sweetness, which had something of the same effect as if I had been overpowered by perfumes; but the three last are of such exquisite beauty that they quite silence me. They are beyond all doubt the most faultless series of verses ever produced by a woman.' (*Memoirs*, &c. Edited by his Son: 1836, ii, 195). Considerable extracts from this lady's principal poem (*Psyche; or, The Legend of Love:* 1805) and her admirable lyric *The Lily* entire, are given in Chambers's *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, Dyce's *Specimens of British Poetesses* (1827), and Rowton's *Female Poets of Great Britain* (1848); but, strangely enough, none of her Sonnets, which number over twenty, and deserve to be classed with the very best that had been written by women up to her time. I therefore make a second selection (*ibid.*, p. 233):

WRITTEN AT KILLARNEY.
JULY 29, 1800.

How soft the pause! the notes melodious cease,
Which from each feeling could an echo call;
Rest on your oars, that not a sound may fall
To interrupt the stillness of our peace:

The fanning west-wind breathes upon our cheeks,
Yet glowing with the sun's departed beams.
Through the blue heavens the cloudless moon pours streams
Of pure resplendent light, in silver streaks
Reflected on the still, unruffled lake:
The Alpine hills in solemn silence frown,
While the dark woods night's deepest shades embrown.
And now once more that soothing strain awake!
Oh, ever to my heart, with magic power,
Shall those sweet sounds recall this rapturous hour!

Mrs. Tighe ought not to be omitted in an enumeration of the writers who were read by Keats, and from whom consequently his poetry may be supposed to have taken some of its colour. He names her in his early lines 'To Some Ladies' (*Poems*, 1817, p. 30).

Robert Southey.

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123—CCXLI.—Wordsworth, in the letter to Dyce before quoted (*ante*, p. 391), says: 'I was glad to see Mr. Southey's "Sonnet to Winter." A lyrical poem of my own, upon the disasters of the French army in Russia,[1] has so striking a resemblance to it, in contemplating winter under two aspects, that, in justice to Mr. Southey, who preceded me, I ought to have acknowledged it in a note; and I shall do so upon some future occasion.'

This sonnet, written in 1799, and given here from the *Minor Poems*, 1815, was very probably suggested by one of the unfortunate Bampfylde's, in whom, as is well known, Southey took a special interest.[2] (*Sixteen Sonnets*, 1778, p. 15):

ON CHRISTMAS

With footstep slow, in furry pall yclad,
His brows enwreath'd with holly never-sere,
Old Christmas comes, to close the wanèd year;
And aye the Shepherd's heart to make right glad;
Who, when his teeming flocks are homeward had,
To blazing hearth repairs, and nut-brown beer,
And views, well-pleas'd, the ruddy prattlers dear
Hug the grey mongrel; meanwhile maid and lad
Squabble for roasted crabs. Thee, Sire, we hail,
Whether thine agèd limbs thou dost enshroud
In vest of snowy white and hoary veil,
Or wrapp'st thy visage in a sable cloud;
Thee we proclaim with mirth and cheer, nor fail
To greet thee well with many a carol loud.[3]

John Bampfylde.

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[1] *Poetical Works*, ed. 1858, iii, 87.

[2] See Southey's *Specimens of the Later English Poets*, 1807, iii, 434; Sir E. Brydges's *Censura Literaria*, 2nd ed., 1815, vii, 309; and a most interesting account of Bampfylde in a Letter from Southey to Sir E. Brydges, printed in Brydges's *Autobiography*, 1834, ii, 257, and in Dyce's *Specimens of English Sonnets*, 1833, 216.

[3] Cp. also Barry Cornwall's sonnet on Winter, as under CCLXVIII.

Robert Southey.

Bampfylde's sonnets have little of the divine afflatus, but they are all regular as regards form, and attest considerable power of realistic description, with occasional pathos; as in the following (*ibid.*, pp. 1–16):

TO THE RED-BREAST.

When that the fields put on their gay attire,
Thou silent sitst near brake or river's brim,
Whilst the gay Thrush sings loud from covert dim;
But when pale Winter lights the social fire,
And meads with slime are sprent and ways with mire,
Thou charm'st us with thy soft and solemn hymn
From battlement, or barn, or hay-stack trim;
And now not seldom tun'st, as if for hire,
Thy thrilling pipe to me, waiting to catch
The pittance due to thy well-warbled song:
Sweet bird! sing on; for oft near lonely hatch,
Like thee, Myself have pleas'd the rustic throng,
And oft for entrance 'neath the peaceful thatch,
Full many a tale have told and ditty long.

John Bampfylde.

ON A WET SUMMER.

All ye who far from town, in rural hall,
Like me, were wont to dwell near pleasant field,
Enjoying all the sunny day did yield,
With me the change lament, in irksome thrall
By rains incessant held; for now no call
From early Swain invites my hand to wield
The scythe; in parlour dim I sit conceal'd,
And mark the lessening sand from hour-glass fall,
Or 'neath my window view the wistful train
Of dripping poultry, whom the vine's broad leaves
Shelter no more. Mute is the mournful plain,
Silent the swallow sits beneath the thatch,
And vacant hind hangs pensive o'er his hatch,
Counting the frequent drop from reeded eaves.

John Bampfylde.

Charles Lamb.

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123—CCXLII. This early sonnet of Lamb's—one of his 'ewe lambs,' as he so feelingly called his sonnets when pleading with Coleridge to stay his critical knife[1]—was sent in a letter, dated 2 Jan., 1797, for insertion in the joint Coleridge-Lamb-Lloyd volume of *Poems* (1797), with a request that it might be printed 'next after my other Sonnet to my Sister' (*Life, Letters, and Writings*, ed. Fitzgerald, 1876, i, 354); but Coleridge, probably for reasons deducible from Lamb's letter dated eight days later (*ibid.*, i, 362), and other portions of their correspondence, excluded it. It afterwards appeared in *The*

[1] Lamb to Coleridge, 10 June, 1796 (*Life, Letters*, &c., as above, i, 308): 'I charge you, Coleridge, spare my ewe lambs.'

Monthly Magazine for October of that year, and was next printed, I believe, by Talfourd in the *Letters* (1837, i, 59). A second example will show that Coleridge by no means always had it his own way with the 'ewe lambs.' The letter containing Elia's remonstrance continues: 'I do not know that I entirely agree with you in your stricture upon my Sonnet "To Innocence." To men whose hearts are not quite deadened by their commerce with the world, innocence (no longer familiar) becomes an awful idea. So I felt when I wrote it.' Not only was the sonnet inserted in the joint-volume as Lamb wished, but we find it also in the Bowles-supplement, with a foot-note on its eleventh line which looks very like Coleridge's amends to Lamb:—'Innocence, which while we possess it, is playful as a babe, becomes AWFUL when it has departed from us. This is the sentiment of the line,—a fine sentiment, and nobly expressed.' The sonnet is as follows (*Poems*, &c., 1797, p. 223):

We were two pretty babes; the youngest she,
The youngest, and the loveliest far (I ween)
And INNOCENCE her name: the time has been
We two did love each other's company;
Time was, we two had wept to have been apart.
But when, by shew of seeming good beguil'd,
I left the garb and manners of a child,
And my first love, for man's society,
Defiling with the world my virgin heart—
My lov'd companion dropt a tear, and fled,
And hid in deepest shades her awful head.
Beloved! who shall tell me, where thou art
In what delicious Eden to be found?
That I may seek thee, the wide world around.
1795.[1]

[1] In an earlier letter to Coleridge, Lamb says of this sonnet (*ibid.*, i, 292): 'The next and last I value most of all. 'Twas composed close upon the heels of the last, in that very wood I had in mind when I wrote "Methinks how dainty sweet" [Coleridge's *Poems*, 1796, p. 56] . . . Since writing it, I have found in a poem by Hamilton of Bangour, these two lines to "Happiness:"

"Nun, sober and devout, where art thou fled
To hide in shades thy meek, contented head?"

Lines eminently beautiful; but I do not remember having read them previously, for the credit of my tenth and eleventh lines. Parnell has two lines (which probably suggested the above) to "Contentment:"

"Whither, ah! whither art thou fled,
To hide thy meek, contented head?"

Cowley's exquisite "Elegy on the Death of his friend Harvey," suggested the phrase of "we two:"

"Was there a tree that did not know
The love betwixt us two?"'

May not Lamb have had Marvell's beautiful 'Garden' in his thoughts too?—(*Complete Works*, ed. Grosart, 1872, i, 61):

'Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear!
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busie companies of men.'

Charles Lamb.

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124—CCXLIII. The original version (*Examiner*, June 20, 1819) has the more personal 'this' for *that* in l. 6:

'To this dry drudgery of the desk's dead wood.'

CCXLIV. In a letter from Lamb to Miss Betham, written, it is believed, in 1815, and printed in *Fraser's Magazine*, July, 1878, there occurs this very characteristic outburst: 'O darling laziness! heaven of Epicurus! Saints' Everlasting Rest! that I could drink vast potations of thee thro' unmeasured Eternity—Otium *cum* vel *sine* dignitate. Scandalous, dishonourable, any kind of *repose*. I stand not upon the *dignified sort*. Accursed, damned desks, trade, commerce, business. Inventions of that old original busybody, brain-working Satan—Sabbathless, restless Satan. A curse relieves: do you ever try it?'

CCXLIII–CCXLIV. From *Album Verses, with a few Others:* 1830. 'In closing my enumeration of the capabilities of the sonnet,' says Henry Reed (*Lectures*, &c., as before, ii, 269), 'there is one other purpose to which it was equal. It could express the feelings of Charles Lamb. Why of Charles Lamb more than of any one else? Reader, if you ask that question, you have not yet learned the dear mystery of those two monosyllables, "*Charles Lamb.*" But if you have been more fortunate, how much of the spirit of "Elia" will you not recognise in these two brief poems!'

125—CCXLV. 'In a leaf of a quarto edition of the "Lives of the Saints, written in Spanish by the learned and reverend father, Alfonso Villegas, Divine, of the Order of St. Dominick, set forth in English by John Heigham, Anno 1630," bought at a Catholic book-shop in Duke-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, I found, carefully inserted, a painted flower, seemingly coeval with the book itself; and did not, for some time, discover that it opened in the middle, and was the cover to a very humble draught of a St. Anne, with the Virgin and Child; doubtless the performance of some poor but pious Catholic, whose meditations it assisted.'—*C. L.* It is a satisfaction to be able to give this fine sonnet as Lamb wrote it (*Athenæum*, February 15, 1834). Only in one edition of his Poems—that published by Moxon in 1836—will it be found free of a disastrous corruption in the last line.

The lovers of Elia, especially those of them who may have visited the sweet little country church-yard of Edmonton, where brother and sister lie in one grave together, will need no apology for the following sonnet, addressed to Mary Lamb after her brother's death, by his friend and publisher, and the husband of his foster-child Emma Isola: 'It so beau-

tifully embodies,' says Talfourd (*Final Memorials*, 1848, ii, 236), 'the reverential love with which the sleeping and the mourning were regarded by one of their nearest friends.' (*Sonnets by Edward Moxon*. Part Second. 1835, p. 18):—

Here sleeps beneath this bank, where daisies grow,
The kindliest sprite earth holds within her breast;
such a spot I would this frame should rest,
hen I to join my friend far hence shall go.
is only mate is now the minstrel lark,
ho chaunts her morning music o'er his bed,
ıve she who comes each evening, ere the bark
f watch-dog gathers drowsy folds, to shed
sister's tears. Kind Heaven, upon her head
o thou in dove-like guise thy spirit pour,
nd in her aged path some flow'rets spread
f earthly joy, should Time for her in store
ave weary days and nights, ere she shall greet
im whom she longs in Paradise to meet.

Edward Moxon.

Joseph Blanco White.

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125—CCXLVI. From the *Life of the Rev. Joseph Blanco White, Written by Himself: with Portions of his Correspondence. Edited by John Hamilton Thom.* 1845, iii, 48: under this entry in the author's Journal—'October 16th, 1838. In copying my Sonnet on Night and Death for a friend, I have made some corrections. It is now as follows.' Two letters from Coleridge to White (*ibid.*, i, 439–443) have an important bearing on the sonnet. In the first of these, dated from Mr. Gillman's house, 'Grove, Highgate, 28th Nov., 1827,' Coleridge writes: 'I have now before me two fragments of Letters *begun*, the one in acknowledgment of the finest and most grandly conceived Sonnet in our Language,—(at least, it is only in Milton's and in Wordsworth's Sonnets that I recollect any rival,—and this is not my judgment alone, but that of the man *κατ' ἐξοχην φιλοκαλου*, John Hookham Frere,)' &c. In the second letter, without date, but written some time subsequently to the other, we find him disavowing with astonishment and concern the charge of having unauthorisedly published a sonnet of White's. We need be at no loss as to the common subject of these references; and the alleged publication, if true, was doubtless the first appearance in print of the great sonnet on *Night and Death*. Unluckily the correspondence affords no clue whatever to the locality of that publication; nor, so far as I am aware, has it ever been traced. This disappearance, which would be sufficiently regrettable had it no other consequence than that of depriving us of the satisfaction of seeing the poem precisely as first

cast by its author, and as seen by Coleridge when he characterized it so highly, is all the more unfortunate from the circumstance that at the period White made his final version he was in such a state of bodily anguish as specially unfitted him for that work of alteration which is so rarely successful. It is therefore with no ordinary pleasure that I am able to present the reader with the sonnet in its original form, showing important variations from the received text. For this the public is indebted to the Rev. Robert Perceval Graves, of Dublin,—name linked with precious memories!—who has favoured me with a transcript which he took many years ago, certainly some time between 1832–1834, and almost certainly from an autograph, having then been personally acquainted with the author. It is as follows:—

NIGHT AND DEATH.

Mysterious Night! when the first Man but knew
Thee by report, unseen, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely Frame,
This glorious canopy of Light and Blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting Flame,
Hesperus with the Host of Heaven came,
And lo! Creation widened on his view!
Who could have thought what Darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such endless Orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Weak man! why to shun Death this anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?[1]

Opinion will of course be divided on the comparative merit of the two versions. For my own part, though feeling obliged to recognize the later as the authoritative text still, I cannot but on the whole agree with Mr. Graves in preferring the earlier; and for the following reasons, which are well put in his own words:—'L. 1. "the first Man" brings more simply before the mind the dominant idea; *parent* embarrasses it. 2. Against the introduction of the word *divine*, it may be urged that we do not want, it is

[1] Note that in this and the only other sonnet he is known to have written (*Life*, &c., i, 430—'On hearing myself called an Old Man for the first time, at the age of fifty:' first printed in *The Casket*, 1829), White disposes the rimes of his tercets in the order for which he indicates a preference in an article by him on 'The Sonnet' (*The Christian Teacher*, New Series, vol. i, 1839): 'The best English writers of Sonnets perceiving not the unsuitableness of that Form of poetry to the "English language," but the weakness of sound under which English rhymes generally labour, have frequently approximated them to each other in the last six lines of the Sonnet, making the first four to rhyme alternately, and reducing the two last to a couplet.' Samuel Rogers has some lines (*Written at Midnight*, Sept. 3, 1848), beginning

'If Day reveals such wonders by her Light,

which were evidently suggested by White's famous sonnet.

rather incumbering, to be told the origin of the report. But being told that it is divine *interferes* with the thought; for information from such a source would be calculated to take away dread of the approaching change. If the word is inserted merely to justify the word *report*, no other man but Adam then being in existence, it indicates a fault in *both* versions. Perhaps it would have been simpler and better if the approach of the sun to the horizon as *observed* by the first man, and the decreasing light, had been given as the cause of his imagined terror. 8. *in man's view:* a change for the worse in every way. It is most harsh in sound, and the poet has no right to speak of man in the abstract in connexion with the momentary effect upon the one man, indicated by the *lo!* at the beginning of the line. "On his view" reads smoothly, and just says what is wanted. [11. It were to be wished that the recovered version had removed the tautological blemish from which this line suffers, as might easily and happily be done by the substitution of 'flower' for *fly*.] 12. "endless" seems better to describe the action of the first man's mind as he *observes*, rather traversing space and the bright objects it contains, than *counting*, or attempting to count, them; which would be an exercise of the mind less simple and less likely to be immediate. 13. Here again both sound and sense are in favour of the original line. Nothing can be more prosaic and poor than the first five monosyllables in the corrected line; and *then* and *shun* follow each other most cacophonously. The original line, if not much superior—it is superior—in sound, has a pathos which the corrected line has not; and it is properly addressed to the whole family of man.'

Of this great sonnet Leigh Hunt well said (*Book of the Sonnet*, i, 258) that in point of *thought* it 'stands supreme, perhaps above all in any language: nor can we ponder it too deeply, or with too hopeful a reverence.' Other criticisms will be found in Forster's *Biography* of Landor, ii, 517-8; Archbishop Trench's *Household Book of English Poetry*, p. 413; and *The Spectator* of December 20, 1873.

The following lines, written in 1845 by the daughter of S. T. Coleridge, find an appropriate place here. (*Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge, Edited by her Daughter*, 1873, ii, 186):

BLANCO WHITE.

Couldst thou in calmness yield thy mortal breath,
Without the Christian's sure and certain hope?
Didst thou to earth confine our being's scope,
Yet, fixed on One Supreme with fervent faith,
Prompt to obey what conscience witnesseth,
As one intent to fly the eternal wrath,
Decline the ways of sin that downward slope!
O thou light-searching spirit, that didst grope
In such bleak shadows here, 'twixt life and death,

Joseph Blanco White.

To thee dare I bear witness, though in ruth—
Brave witness like thine own—dare hope and pray
That thou, set free from this imprisoning clay,
Now clad in raiment of perpetual youth,
Mayst find that bliss untold 'mid endless day
Awaits each earnest soul that lives for Truth.
Sara Coleridge.

Since writing the above note I have discovered what, until White's charge against Coleridge is substantiated, must be regarded as the first appearance on the typographical horizon of the *Night and Death* sonnet; *viz.*, in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1835, where it appears *verbatim et literatim* as preserved by Mr. Graves from an earlier date.

Horace Smith.

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126—CCXLVII. From the anonymous *Amarynthus, the Nympholept:* &c. *With Other Poems.* 1821—as amended in his *Poetical Works*, 1846.

Lord Thurlow.

CCXLVIII. Given, with the next in the text, from his *Poems on Several Occasions. Second Edition.* With *Appendix.* 1813. The issue of 1822 is also called 'Second Edition.' With Thurlow cp. Drummond, CXIX and CXXVIII (pp. 60-65).

127—CCXLIX. One of a series of sonnets written on a journey in the south of England. I have substituted the present for the author's title.

CCL. This fine example of the didactic sonnet, given from the *Select Poems*, 1821, was held in peculiar esteem by 'the gentle Elia.' At the passage 'a thin diet of dainty words' in his essay on *Some Sonnets of Sir Philip Sidney*, as originally printed in *The London Magazine*, September, 1823, he thus introduces it in a foot-note: 'A profusion of verbal dainties, with a disproportionate lack of matter and circumstance, is I think one reason of the coldness with which the public has received the poetry of a nobleman now living; which, upon the score of exquisite diction alone, is entitled to something better than neglect. I will venture to copy one of his Sonnets in this place, which for quiet sweetness, and unaffected morality, has scarcely its parallel in our language.' And De Quincey records (*Recollections of Charles Lamb*, Boston, 1851, i, 121): 'That I might not go off with the notion that he read only his own verses, afterwards he read, and read beautifully—for of all our poets Lamb only and Wordsworth read well—a most beautiful sonnet of Lord Thurlow, on "Lacken Water."' Dyce remarks its 'moral beauty,' and Arch-

bishop Trench characterizes it as 'a sonnet of stately and thoughtful 'beauty—one which no anthology of English sonnets ought hence-forward ever to omit.' It is perhaps in the fresh and vivid nature-picture it presents that the chief merit of Thurlow's sonnet consists; and, as such, it may be compared with one on a curiously similar subject from the pen of the learned historian of Devon (*Poems*, 1788):

THE WOODCOCK.

While not a Wing of Insect-Being floats,
And not a Murmur moves the frozen Air,
Yon' Ice-clad Sedge, with tremulous Wave, denotes
Amid the leafless Copse, that Life is there.
And lo, half-seen, the Bird of russet Breast
And duskier Pinion, that had cleft the Skies
Of wild inhospitable Climes in quest
Of the warm Spring, his plashy Labor plies.
Feed on, poor Bird, beneath the sheltering Copse;
And near thee may no wanton Spaniel stray!
Or rising, when dim Eve her Curtain drops,
Ah! may no Net arrest thy darkling Way!
But long unpent by Frost, o'erflow the Rill—
And many an Insect meet thy delving Bill!
Richard Polwhele.

Ll. 9-14. Cp. his sonnet beginning

'This forest is to me the sweetest college.'

I do not remember having seen it noticed that this much-ridiculed nobleman appears to have anticipated a famous sentiment of Wordsworth's in one of his sonnets (*Poems*, &c., as above, p. 197):

'Souls that have fed upon divinest thought,
Yet lacking utt'rance of their musick's store.'[1]

Ebenezer Elliott.

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128—CCLI. *The Village Patriarch, Love, and Other Poems:* 1834.

CCLII. One of a series entitled 'Rhymed Rambles' (*Poetical Works of the Corn-Law Rhymer:* 1840), of which the Preface deserves to be quoted for its bearing on our subject. 'If Mr. Housman of Lune Bank had not sent me a copy of his collection of English sonnets, I should have been the author of one sonnet only. I never liked the measure of the legitimate or Petrarchan sonnet. There is a disagreeable break in the melody, after the eighth line. That Milton felt this, is proved by the fact, that he frequently ran

[1] Cp. *The Excursion*, 1814, Bk. i:

'Oh! many are the Poets that are sown
By Nature; Men endow'd with highest gifts,
The vision and the faculty divine,
Yet wanting the accomplishment of Verse.'

the eighth line into the ninth, contrary to law. Nor can I agree with Mr. Housman, that a sonnet ending with a couplet is therefore faulty; on the contrary, a couplet at the close of a sonnet has often a fine effect. So thought and so proved Cowper, and our elder poets; and there are in Mr. Housman's collection five most harmonious, yet not Petrarchan sonnets, by Fitzadam, composed of three elegiac stanzas and a couplet, all disconnected in rhyme, but not in metre; which fully shew that the measure of the sonnet, as he has managed it, is as proper for a long and serious poem as the Spenserian stanza itself. The sonnet, I believe, has become popular in those languages only in which it is more difficult to avoid similar rhymes than to find them.[1] The Spenserian stanza, requiring four rhymes, is quite as difficult as the Petrarchan sonnet, the latter being little more than a series of couplets and triplets; and I venture to suggest that—preceded by five lines linked to it in melody, and concluding occasionally with an Alexandrine—or preceded by four lines only, if concluding with a triplet—the far-famed measure of Spenser is the best which the English sonneteer can employ. Of this the reader may judge for himself; as, in these sonnets, (if sonnets they are,) I have used the legitimate, the Spenserian, and other forms.' Later, in a note on the concluding sonnet of a series written in 1848, entitled 'The Year of Seeds' (*More Verse and Prose by the Cornlaw Rhymer*, 1850), he says: 'After much theory, and some practice, I venture to propose the measure of this sonnet as a pattern to english sonneteers; for while, to me, the Petrarchan, in our language is at once immelodious and inharmonious, the music of this, in its linked unity, is both sweet and various, and when closed by an alexandrine, majestic.' I subjoin the sonnet:—

> And to the Father of Eternal days,
> And fairest things, that fairer yet will be,
> Shall I no song of adoration raise,
> While Passion's world, and Life's great agony,
> Are one dread hymn, dread Progresser! to Thee?
> Thou, Love, art Progress! And be thine the praise
> If I have ever lov'd thy voice divine,
> And o'er the sadness of my slander'd lays
> Flings its redeeming charm a note of thine.
> Oh, Gentlest Might Almighty! if of mine
> One strain shall live, let it thy impress bear;
> And please wherever humble virtues twine
> The rose and woodbine with the thorns of care,
> Thriving because they love! Thy temple, Lord, is there!

[1] See Coleridge's observation under CCVI (*ante*, p. 379).

These extracts from Elliott are now given from the new and revised edition of his *Poetical Works*, edited by his Son, Edwin Elliott, Rector of St. John's, Antigua. 2 vols. 1876.

William Stanley Roscoe.

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129—CCLIII. From his *Poems*, 1834: a little volume by the eldest son of the historian, and father of William Caldwell Roscoe, which deserved the very friendly reception accorded it by 'Blackwood' (February, 1835).

Leigh Hunt.

CCLIV. From *Foliage; or Poems Original and Translated:* 1818. This sonnet, so characteristic of a writer who cannot be more truly or happily described than in his own words to Haydon, as

> 'One of the spirits chosen by heaven to turn
> The sunny side of things to human eyes,'

was written in competition with Keats, as under CCCII (p. 419), on the night of 30th December, 1816, and appeared in *The Examiner* of September 21st, 1817, together with Keats's sonnet, extracted from his maiden volume. L. 4. Mr. Patmore refers to the same artifice in a fine simile (*Tamerton Church-Tower*, iv, 3):

> 'About the West the gilt vane reel'd
> And poised; and, with sweet art,
> The sudden, jangling changes peal'd,
> Until, around my heart,
> Conceits of brighter times, of times
> The brighter for past storms,
> Clung thick as bees, when brazen chimes
> Call down the hiveless swarms.'

I add a later sonnet (*Poetical Works*, edited by Thornton Hunt, 1860, p. 277), which appeared originally in *The Seer; or Common-Places Refreshed*, 1840, Pt. I):

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

> How sweet it were if, without feeble fright,
> Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
> An angel came to us, and we could bear
> To see him issue from the silent air
> At evening in our room, and bend on ours
> His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
> News of dear friends and children who have never
> Been dead indeed,—as we shall know for ever.
> Alas! we think not what we daily see
> About our hearths—angels that *are* to be,
> Or may be if they will, and we prepare
> Their souls and ours to meet in happy air;—
> A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
> In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

Henry Kirke White.

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130—CCLV–CCLVI. From his *Remains*, edited by Southey. 3 vols. 1808–1822. I have been unable to discover on what authority Professor F. W. Newman prints 'dread' for *dead* in l. 6 of the former of these sonnets, in his little *Collection of Poetry for the Practice of Elocution*, 1850.

Charles Strong.

131—CCLVII. From *Sonnets, by Rev. Charles Strong, A.M., Formerly Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford*, 1835, of which a second and enlarged edition, including some contributions by a friend (the late Rev. Carrington Ley, Vicar of Bere Regis, Dorsetshire), was published in 1862. This elegant sonnet-writer, and accomplished and delightful man, as he is described to me by a friend who knew him well, was born at Tiverton, Devonshire, 4 May, 1785, and received his early education at Blundell's School there. He became Rector of Broughton Gifford, Wilts, in 1812, which he resigned in 1848; and died at Dawlish, Devonshire, 27 January, 1864. Besides his original sonnets, he published (anonymously) *Specimens of Sonnets from the Most Celebrated Italian Poets, with Translations* (1827), the firstfruits of a love for the arts and literature of Italy, imbibed during a visit to that country in 1821–2. It is to Strong that the distich in Elton's metrical epistle to Clare refers (Cherry's *Life and Remains of John Clare*, 1873, p. 71):

> 'Our English Petrarch trundles down
> To Devon's valley.'

John Wilson.

CCLVIII. From *The Isle of Palms, and Other Poems:* 1812.

Sir Aubrey de Vere.

132—CCLIX. Compare Mr. Rossetti's fervent and solemn sonnet (*Poems*, 1870, p. 228):

LOST DAYS.

> The lost days of my life until to-day,
> What were they, could I see them on the street
> Lie as they fell? Would they be ears of wheat
> Sown once for food but trodden into clay?
> Or golden coins squandered and still to pay?
> Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet?
> Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat
> The throats of men in Hell, who thirst alway?
> I do not see them here; but after death
> God knows I know the faces I shall see,

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Each one a murdered self, with low last breath:
'I am thyself,—what hast thou done to me?'
'And I—and I—thyself,' (lo! each one saith,)
'And thou thyself to all eternity!'
Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

133—CCLXII, 13. An early poem of the laureate's (*Poems by Two Brothers*, 1827, p. 64) has—

'high Persepolis of old.'

CCLXI–CCLXII. To these illustrations of Sir Aubrey de Vere's rare descriptive powers I add part of the exquisite reminiscence, 'Rydal with Wordsworth' (p. 208), which in *The Literary Souvenir* for 1834, where it originally appeared, is dated 'Ambleside, July 30th, 1833.' He recalls—

'Lone lakes; rills gushing through rock-rooted trees;
Peaked mountains, shadowing vales of peacefulness;
Glens, echoing to the flashing waterfall.
Then that sweet twilight isle, with friends delayed
Beside a ferny bank, 'neath oaks and yews;
The moon between two mountain peaks embayed;
Heaven and the waters dyed with sunset hues:
And He, the Poet of the age and land,
Discoursing, as we wandered, hand in hand.'

132–133—CCLIX–CCLXII. From *A Song of Faith, Devout Exercises, and Sonnets:* 1842. These 'Sonnets,' which Wordsworth, whose friendship Sir Aubrey properly esteemed one of the chief honours of his later life, pronounced to be 'the best of modern times,'[1] and his admirable drama *Mary Tudor* (1847), were republished in 1875, each with a Memoir by his distinguished son, Mr. Aubrey de Vere, who has nobly employed the lyrical and dramatic talents bequeathed him by his father, and ranks among the very foremost living sonnet-writers. It may be permitted me therefore to link the younger with the elder in this place, by means of the following magnificent sonnet, which is such as Landor himself, to whom the series is dedicated, might have written, had he not unfortunately 'sworn a great oath' never to write a sonnet! (*The Search after Proserpine, Recollections of Greece, and Other Poems:* 1843, p. 133, as amended 1877):

THE SUN GOD.

I saw the Master of the Sun. He stood
High in his luminous car, himself more bright;
An Archer of immeasurable might:
On his left shoulder hung his quivered load;

[1] 'In the case of a certain poet since dead, and never popular, he said to me, "I consider his sonnets to be the best of modern times;" adding, "Of course I am not including my own in any comparison with those of others"'—Mr. Aubrey De Vere's *Recollections*, &c., as before (Wordsworth's *Prose Works*, iii, 492).

Sir Aubrey de Vere.

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Spurned by his Steeds the eastern mountain glowed;
Forward his eager eye, and brow of light
He bent; and, while both hands that arch embowed,
Shaft after shaft pursued the flying Night.
No wings profaned that godlike form: around
His neck high held an ever-moving crowd
Of locks hung glistening: while such perfect sound
Fell from his bowstring, that th' etherial dome
Thrilled as a dewdrop; and each passing cloud
Expanded, whitening like the ocean foam.
Aubrey de Vere.[1]

Lord Byron.

134—CCLXIII. From The *Prisoner of Chillon, and Other Poems:* 1816. 'Bonnivard, a Genevese, was imprisoned by the Duke of Savoy in Chillon on the lake of Geneva for his courageous defence of his country against the tyranny with which Piedmont threatened it during the first half of the seventeenth century.—This noble Sonnet

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[1] It may help to preserve an uncollected criticism of Leigh Hunt's (one of those referred to, *ante*, p. 315, as having been contributed to *The True Sun* newspaper in 1833), if I note here that the pretty sonnet at p. 258 of Mr. De Vere's volume of 1843 (p. 50, ed. 1877), which originally appeared in the same issue of *The Literary Souvenir* with his father's sonnet as above, was, by a very excusable mistake, which must have often happened since, printed as *Sir* Aubrey's. Leigh Hunt, reviewing the annual, and not aware that an error had been made, says:

'The laureate of the present volume is Sir Aubrey de Vere, who is worthy to be the friend of Wordsworth. He has a sonnet here, recording a visit he paid to the great poet; but love is a still greater inspirer than the love of poetry, and the following sonnet is so good that we could not help extracting it. The passages in particular which we have marked in italics, are very beautiful. Sir Aubrey might repeat them, if he had written nothing else, as his title-deeds to the name of a poet:—

She whom this heart must ever hold most dear
(This heart in happy bondage held so long)
Began to sing. At first a gentle fear
Rosied her countenance; for she is young,
And he who loves her most of all was near:
But when at last her voice grew full and strong,
O! from their ambush sweet, how rich and clear
Leaped the bright notes abroad—a rapturous throng!
Her little hands were sometimes flung apart,
And sometimes palm to palm together prest;
While wave-like blushes *rising from her breast,*

(We see here the bosom and the blushes rising together,—the one, as it were, throwing up the other, as it breathes)

Kept time with that aërial melody;
A music to the sight!—*I standing nigh*
Received the falling fountain in my heart.

This is a beautiful and perfect image, expressed with the force and simplicity of true feeling.' Earlier (in *The Tatler*, March 3, 1831), criticizing Charles Tennyson's maiden volume, Leigh Hunt had remarked as 'delicate and picturesque' a passage in one of the sonnets, of which Mr. De Vere's eleventh verse seems to me to be a recollection, as his thirteenth is of Wordsworth's 'soft eye-music.' (*Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces, by Charles Tennyson*, 1830, p. 25):

'See'st thou her blushes, that like shadows sweet
Pass upward from the silence of the heart.'

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is worthy to stand near Milton's on the Vaudois massacre.'—*F. T. Palgrave.* Mr. Swinburne (*Essays and Studies*, 1875, p. 250), who justly names this as one of Byron's 'noblest and completest poems,' says that 'his few sonnets are all good;' but, as was evidently the case with himself when editing the little volume in which his criticism first appeared (*A Selection from the Works of Lord Byron. Edited and Prefaced by Algernon Chas. Swinburne:* 1866), I have been unable to find a second example perfectly suited to my purpose.

Robert Roscoe.

134-135—CCLXIV–CCLXV. These two sonnets, by the third son of William Roscoe, are given, the former from his anonymous *Chevy Chase, a Poem. Founded on the Ancient Ballad. With Other Poems;* and the latter from *Poems for Youth. By a Family Circle:* both volumes bearing date 1820.

Thomas Doubleday.

CCLXVI. From an anonymous little volume of verse published in 1818, and entitled *Sixty-Five Sonnets. With Prefatory Remarks on the accordance of the Sonnet with the powers of the English Language. Also a few Miscellaneous Poems:* the joint performance of Mr. Doubleday and his cousin, Mr. William Greene. Mr. Doubleday afterwards rose to eminence as a writer on political, social, and financial subjects; but besides his works in these departments he wrote *The Italian Wife*, a Tragedy (1823); *Babington*, a Tragedy (1825); *Dioclesian*, a Dramatic Poem (1829); *Caius Marius*, an Historical Drama (1836); &c. The two kinsmen occupy a prominent place as song-writers in Mr. Joseph Crawhall's *Collection of Right Merrie Garlands for North Country Anglers* (Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1864), which see for a brief notice of Mr. Greene, who died in 1861, leaving, I believe, a considerable number of unpublished sonnets to which I have failed to obtain access.

136—CCLXVII. From *The Literary Souvenir* for 1827.

Bryan Waller Procter.

For recent criticisms on Barry Cornwall and his poetry the student may be referred to Mr. E. C. Stedman's *Victorian Poets*, 1876, *The Edinburgh Review* for April and *The Nineteenth Century* for October, 1878. An early one by Hazlitt, bearing on the Sonnets, may be quoted for its brevity: 'It only remains to speak of Mr. Barry Cornwall, who, both in the Drama, and in his other poems, has shewn brilliancy and tenderness of fancy, and a fidelity to truth and nature, in conceiving the

Bryan Waller Procter.

finer movements of the mind equal to the felicity of his execution in expressing them.'[1]

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136—CCLXVIII. From *A Sicilian Story, with Diego De Montilla, and Other Poems:* 1820. It is to this sonnet that Leigh Hunt alludes in his delicious little book *The Months*, 1821, p. 115: 'The chief business of October, in the great economy of nature, is dissemination, which is performed among other means by the high winds which now return. Their effect upon the imagination, or that other utility of pleasure which nature produces upon the mind in moments apparently the most dreary, is almost universally felt, though everybody cannot express it like the poet.' Had Leigh Hunt been writing five-and-thirty years later, I have little doubt that he would have drawn upon another poet-friend for an additional illustration. (*Day and Night Songs*, 1854, as amended 1877):

AUTUMNAL SONNET.

Now Autumn's fire burns slowly along the woods,
And day by day the dead leaves fall and melt,
And night by night the monitory blast
Wails in the key-hole, telling how it pass'd
O'er empty fields, or upland solitudes,
Or grim wide wave; and now the power is felt
Of melancholy, tenderer in its moods
Than any joy indulgent summer dealt.
Dear friends, together in the glimmering eve,
Pensive and glad, with tones that recognize
The soft invisible dew in each one's eyes,
It may be, somewhat thus we shall have leave
To walk with memory, when distant lies
Poor Earth, where we were wont to live and grieve..

William Allingham.[2]

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[1] *Select British Poets, or New Elegant Extracts, from Chaucer to the Present Time, with Critical Remarks. By William Hazlitt.* Lond., 1824. This work, the *original* issue of Hazlitt's *Select Poets of Great Britain*, 1825, is among the rarest of modern books, having been rigidly suppressed on publication. The latter, ending with Burns, was simply a reissue of the earlier portion of the former, which, in addition to the portion so reissued, contains copious extracts from and sententious criticisms on Rogers, Campbell, Bloomfield, Crabbe, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Scott, Lamb, Montgomery, Byron, Moore, Leigh Hunt, Shelley, Lord Thurlow, Keats, Milman, Bowles, and Barry Cornwall. These criticisms by Hazlitt have since been reprinted in his son's valuable edition of *Johnson's Lives of the British Poets* (1854). Lamb, by whom the sheets of the original work were seen through the press, receives this notice: 'Mr. C. Lamb has produced no poems equal to his prose writings: but I could not resist the temptation of transferring into this collection his *Farewell to Tobacco*, and some of the sketches in his *John Woodvil*; the first of which is rarely surpassed in quaint wit, and the last in pure feeling.' And Keats this: 'Mr. Keats is also dead. He gave the greatest promise of genius of any poet of his day. He displayed extreme tenderness, beauty, originality and delicacy of fancy; all he wanted was manly strength and fortitude to reject the temptations of singularity in sentiment and expression. Some of his shorter and later pieces are, however, as free from faults as they are full of beauties.'

[2] L. 8. Cp. Wordsworth (CXCIII, p. 99):

'the instinctive joys of song,
And nobler cares than listless summer knew.'

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The sonnet in the text is one of four on the seasons, of which I subjoin that on

WINTER.

This is the eldest of the seasons: he
Moves not, like Spring, with gradual step, nor grows
From bud to beauty; but with all his snows
Comes down at once in hoar antiquity.
No rains, nor loud proclaiming tempests flee
Before him; nor unto his time belong
The suns of Summer, nor the charms of song,
That with May's gentle smiles so well agree.
But he, made perfect in his birth-day cloud,
Starts into sudden life with scarce a sound,
And with a gentle footstep prints the ground,
As tho' to cheat man's ear; yet while he stays,
He seems as 'twere to prompt our merriest days,
And bid the dance and joke be long and loud.[1]

137—CCLXIX. From *Dramatic Scenes and Other Poems:* 1819.

CCLXX. From *The Flood of Thessaly, The Girl of Provence, and Other Poems:* 1823.

138—CCLXXI. From *English Songs and Other Small Poems:* 1832.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

CCLXXII. From *Rosalind and Helen, a Modern Eclogue; with Other Poems:* 1819. In the *Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats*, edited by Lord Houghton (1848, i, 98), there is a letter from Keats to his brothers, dated Feb. 16, [1818], in which he says: 'The Wednesday before last, Shelley, Hunt, and I, wrote each a sonnet on the river Nile: some day you shall read them all;' and the editor thereupon gives the two following sonnets, and *Ozymandias*, as the three poems alluded to, remarking with truth how very characteristic they are of their respective authors.

TO THE NILE.

Son of the old moon-mountains African!
Stream of the Pyramid and Crocodile!
We call thee fruitful, and that very while
A desert fills our seeing's inward span:
Nurse of swart nations since the world began,
Art thou so fruitful? or dost thou beguile
Those men to honour thee, who, worn with toil,
Rest them a space 'twixt Cairo and Decan?
O may dark fancies err! They surely do;
'Tis ignorance that makes a barren waste
Of all beyond itself. Thou dost bedew
Green rushes like our rivers, and dost taste

[1] Cp. Bampfylde's sonnet 'On Christmas' (*ante*, p. 393).

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

The pleasant sun-rise. Green isles hast thou too,
And to the sea as happily dost haste.
John Keats.

I print Hunt's as in his own *Foliage*, 1818, (p. cxxxiv):

THE NILE.

It flows through old hushed Ægypt and its sands,
Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream,
And times and things, as in that vision, seem
Keeping along it their eternal stands,—
Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands
That roamed through the young world, the glory extreme
Of high Sesostris, and that southern beam,
The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands.
Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,
As of a world left empty of its throng,
And the void weighs on us; and then we wake,
And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along
'Twixt villages, and think how we shall take
Our own calm journey on for human sake.
Leigh Hunt.

Now the authority for this account being of so unimpeachable a character, no one ever suspected its accuracy; though at the same time many must have remarked it as singular that Shelley did not keep closer to the subject proposed. It appears, however, that Lord Houghton must have been misinformed, or guessing, when he gave *Ozymandias* as Shelley's contribution; for in the Aldine edition of Keats recently edited by his lordship (1876), another and very different sonnet is substituted, with the remark subjoined: 'Up to the discovery of this sonnet among Shelley's MSS., in the possession of Mr. Townshend Mayer, the sonnet entitled *Ozymandias* was believed to be that written in competition with Keats.' For details of this interesting discovery I refer the reader to Mr. Mayer's own account in the March and April issues of *St. James's Magazine*, 1876; and, for a facsimile of the recovered sonnet, which internal and external proofs unite in identifying as the one produced by Shelley on the occasion mentioned in Keats's letter, to Mr. Forman's edition of Shelley, from which it is here given (iii, 411):

TO THE NILE.

Month after month the gathered rains descend
Drenching yon secret Æthiopian dells,
And from the desart's ice-girt pinnacles
Where Frost and Heat in strange embraces blend
On Atlas, fields of moist snow half depend.
Girt there with blasts and meteors Tempest dwells
By Nile's aërial urn, with rapid spells
Urging those waters to their mighty end.

O'er Egypt's land of Memory floods are level
And they are thine O Nile—and well thou knowest
That soul-sustaining airs and blasts of evil
And fruits and poisons spring where'er thou flowest.
Beware O Man—for knowledge must to thee
Like the great flood to Egypt, ever be.[1]

With those of Shelley, Keats, and Hunt, as above, read two Nile sonnets by Chauncy Hare Townshend (*Sermons in Sonnets*, 1851, p. 310); while with *Ozymandias*, which was printed originally over the signature 'Glirastes' in *The Examiner* of 11 Jan., 1818, may be compared, or contrasted rather, one on the same subject by his friend Horace Smith (*Amarynthus the Nympholept*, &c., 1821, p. 213), which made its appearance in the same paper shortly after Shelley's (1 Feb.), with a brief note by Smith which conveys the impression that these also, like the Nile sonnets, had been written in concert. This confirms, while it also partly invalidates, Mr. Forman's conjectures on this subject. (See his 'Shelley,' iii, 410). I add another of Shelley's early sonnets, which should be compared with Mr. Browning's noble dramatic lyric *The Lost Leader*,[2] both poems having been evoked more or less directly by Wordsworth's defection from the Republican cause. (*Alastor; or, The Spirit of Solitude: and Other Poems.* 1816, p. 67):

TO WORDSWORTH.

Poet of Nature, thou hast wept to know
That things depart which never may return:
Childhood and youth, friendship and love's first glow,
Have fled like sweet dreams, leaving thee to mourn.
These common woes I feel. One loss is mine
Which thou too feel'st, yet I alone deplore.
Thou wert as a lone star, whose light did shine
On some frail bark in winter's midnight roar:
Thou hast like to a rock-built refuge stood
Above the blind and battling multitude:
In honoured poverty thy voice did weave
Songs consecrate to truth and liberty,—
Deserting these, thou leavest me to grieve,
Thus having been, that thou shouldst cease to be.[3]

[1] Ll. 13–14. Mr. Forman notes the reminiscence of Shelley's work of the previous summer: *Laon and Cythna*, vi, 40–41.

[2] For the precise extent to which we are warranted in identifying Wordsworth with the 'Lost Leader,' see Mr. Browning's letter to Dr. Grosart, printed in Wordsworth's *Prose Works*, i, p. xxxvii.

[3] With l. 7 cp. Wordsworth's own sonnet, *ante*, p. 107, CCX, 9; and with l. 10 ll. 3–4 of E. Myers's sonnet on Milton, given under it (p. 381). Ll. 13–14. It was to Wordsworth that Leigh Hunt alluded in his sonnet, *To — —, M.D. On his giving me a lock of Milton's hair*, as it originally stood in *Foliage* (p. cxxxi):

'(For there is one, whom had he kept his art
For Freedom still, nor left her for the crew
Of lucky slaves in his misgiving heart,
I would have begged thy leave to give it to).'

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

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139–141—CCLXXIII–CCLXXVII. From *Prometheus Unbound, a Lyrical Drama; with Other Poems:* 1820. 'This poem was conceived and chiefly written in a wood that skirts the Arno, near Florence, and on a day when that tempestuous wind, whose temperature is at once mild and animating, was collecting the vapours which pour down the autumnal rains. They began, as I foresaw, at sunset with a violent tempest of hail and rain, attended by that magnificent thunder and lightning peculiar to the Cisalpine regions. The phenomenon alluded to at the conclusion of the third stanza is well known to naturalists. The vegetation at the bottom of the sea, of rivers, and of lakes, sympathises with that of the land in the change of seasons, and is consequently influenced by the winds which announce it.'—*P. B. S.* The reader may desire to know the grounds on which Shelley's well-known Ode has been included in a collection of Sonnets. A very brief examination will show that it is really made up of five exquisite poems in the English or Shakspearian sonnet-stanza, each having that single-thoughted character which is necessary to the true idea of the sonnet; while the metrical conditions are sufficiently fulfilled by the application of the principle on which Coleridge maintained the regularity of the metre of *Christabel:* that, namely, of counting in each line the accents, not the syllables.

141—CCLXXVIII, 3. '"Shepherd," in lieu of "shepherds," is a grammatical laxity which Shelley probably fell into without reflecting about it: but which, had he reflected, he would perhaps have retained, rather than incur the cacophony of "shepherds" and "herds" in the same line.'—*W. M. Rossetti.* Ll. 9–10. Wordsworth's favourite argument: see his sonnet beginning 'The power of Armies,' with remark, *ante*, p. 383. 9-14. Shelley seems to have had Samuel Daniel in his thoughts here (*A Panegyrike Congratulatorie*, &c., 1603, sig. D3)

> 'Knowing the hart of man is set to be
> The centre of his world, about the which
> These revolutions of disturbances
> Still roule, where all th' aspects of misery
> Predominate, whose strong effects are such
> As he must beare, being powrelesse to redres
> And that unlesse above himselfe he can
> Erect himselfe, how poore a thing is man.'[1]

141–142—CCLXXVIII–CCLXXIX. From the *Posthumous Poems:* 1024.

Shelley's sonnet should be compared with another of his own, a translation of Guido Cavalcanti's to Dante Alighieri, found among Mr. Townshend Mayer's Hunt papers, and printed for the first time in Mr. Forman's 'Shelley' (iv, 248).

[1] Cp. Ben Jonson earlier (*Cynthia's Revels*, 1600, i, 5: Workes, 1616, p. 196):

> 'O how despisde and base a thing is a man,
> If he not strive t' erect his groveling thoughts
> Above the straine of flesh!'

Edward Irving.

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142—CCLXXX. From his *Exposition of the Book of Revelation, in a Series of Lectures:* 1831, i, 193, as corrected on p. 288. Introducing the little group of sonnets to which this belongs, Irving says: 'In the writing of these Lectures I have felt my soul at times so stirred with the sublimity of the subject, as to long for other forms of expression than those which are proper to exact and rigid exposition: and though I find it to have been customary with the best of our divines to intersperse their prose with poetical utterances, I rather prefer to keep those emotions of my soul, and present them, apart; lest I should lose at any time that perfect controul of the mind which is proper to an interpreter of Prophecy. I am no poet, and have never studied the laws of poetry; but I do desire devoutly to express those harmonious moods of my spirit, with which God doth visit me, in harmonious numbers.'

John Keble.

143—CCLXXXI. Dated 'Sunday, October 20, 1816.'

CCLXXXII. ,, 'August, 1817.' 'The original MS. is on a half-sheet of foolscap paper, folded, with a piece of dried wall-rue in it, no doubt gathered on the spot.'—*G. M.*

144—CCLXXXIII. Dated 'April, 1820.' These examples are given from Keble's *Miscellaneous Poems*, 1869. [Edited by 'G. M.' = G. Moberly.]

John Clare.

CCLXXXIV. From *The Village Minstrel, and Other Poems:* 1821.

145—CCLXXXVI. *benty* = composed of bent, a coarse grass.

147—CCLXXXIX. *deckt.* Clare has 'drest', an obvious slip.

148—CCXCII. *pooty-shells* = girdled snail-shells. In this sonnet, as elsewhere throughout his latest and best work—truly 'the fine handy-worke of excellent nature and excellenter arte combined,' in an old critic's words—Clare seems to be the echo, not of Wordsworth so much, as of that ablest and sweetest-voiced of Wordsworth's disciples, Henry Ellison; who, although nearly half a century has elapsed since he addressed his *Madmoments* to 'the lightheaded of society at large,'[1] is still among us, the living witness of much of the human

[1] *Madmoments, or First Verseattempts by a* Bornnatural. *Addressed respectfully to the lightheaded of society at large; but intended more particularly for the use of that Worldsmadhouse, London, by Henry Ellison, of Christchurch, Oxford.* 2 Vols. Malta: 1833. His later works in verse are, *Touches on the Harp of Nature* (1839), *The Poetry of Real Life* (1844), and a pseudonymous one of which I am unable to give the title.

John Clare.

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progress he so bravely advocated both in his prose and his verse. Why is the *Harp of Nature* silent? It must have yet *many* strings

'Untouched, that God intended Man to hear.'

Mr. Ellison's little books, especially the earliest, named above, are now among bibliographical rarities; yet, as the beloved author of *Rab and his Friends* said of them many years ago, notwithstanding the eccentricities and whimsicalities with which they abound, they are 'as full of poetry as is an "impassioned grape" of its noble liquor.' Much of that poetry is cast in sonnet-form; and as the poem which Clare's brought to my memory happens to be a sonnet, and a most lovely one, I give it here. It answers to his own stirring words (*On hearing an Eld-time Song*):

'And ever as that note I hear,
My soul with its far echoes shakes;
It strikes not on the clay-coarse ear,
But a far deeper sense awakes.'

(*Madmoments*, 1833, i, 102):

THE DAYSEYE.

Sweet flower, thou art a link of memory,
An emblem to the heart of bright days flown;
And in thy silence too there is a tone
That stirs the inmost soul, more potently
Than if a trumpet's voice had rent the sky!
I love thee much, for when I stray alone,
Stealing from Nature her calm thoughts, which own
No self-disturbance, and my curious eye
Catches thy magic glance, methinks a spell
Has touched my soul; once more I grow a boy;
Once more my thoughts, that, as a passing-bell,
Seemed to toll o'er departed shapes of joy,
Change to old chimes, and in my bosom swell
Fresh pulses of a bliss without alloy.

Henry Ellison.[1]

149—CCXCIII. *joyous.* This was Clare's first word (*Friendship's Offering* for 1833), and seems preferable on the whole to 'luscious' (1835), which, it will be observed, recurs (l. 11).

145–149—CCLXXXV–CCXCIII. From *The Rural Muse, Poems:* 1835.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

149–150—CCXCIV–CCXCVI. From *Scenes and Hymns of Life; with Other Religious Poems:* 1834.

[1] Ll. 7–8. A recollection of Wordsworth's sonnet beginning 'The stars are mansions,' of which the concluding line is—

'Abodes where self-disturbance hath no part.'

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151—CCXCVII. This sonnet should be compared with W. C. Bryant's fine stanzas *To a Waterfowl*, which conclude—

'He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.'

CCXCVIII. Composed by the authoress, April 26th, 1835, a few days before her death, and dictated to her brother. This and the previous sonnet belong to the series entitled 'Thoughts during Sickness,' and are given from the last volume of *The Works of Mrs. Hemans; with a Memoir of her Life by her Sister* (7 vols.): 1839.

John Keats.

152—CCXCIX. This sonnet—Keats's first published verse (*Examiner*, 5 May, 1816)—and even the other on the same page with it, seem to have taken their tone from one by an obscure provincial poet who died in 1789, which it is probable that Keats had read. I extract it from Freeman's *Kentish Poets*, 1821, ii, 403 (which see for an account of the author):

ON SOLITUDE.

Let the lone hermit praise the darkling dell
O'erhung with pine, with foliage thick embrown'd,
The bosky bourn, cool grot, and cave profound,
Where solitude and silence ever dwell,
Save where the Fairies weave their magic round,
Unseen by vulgar eyes, as poets tell;
Or save, while echo's voice returns the sound,
Night listens to the song of Philomel.
But me nor woody vale nor shadowy pine
Delights, unless to chear the dull serene,
Some jovial youths and merry maidens join,
And more than echo talks along the green,—
Unless that ever and anon, between
The foliage, peeps 'the human face divine.'

William Jackson.[1]

153—CCCI. Lord Houghton, remarking on Keats's sonnets (*Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats*, 1848, i, 18), says: 'They are as noble in thought, rich in expression, and harmonious in rhythm as any in the language, and among the best may be ranked that "On first looking into Chapman's Homer." Unable as he was to read the original Greek, Homer had as yet been to him a name of solemn significance, and nothing more. His friend and literary

[1] L. 12. 'And more than echoes talk along the walls.'—Pope's *Eloisa to Abelard*, 306. 14. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, iii, 44.

counsellor, Mr. Clarke, happened to borrow Chapman's translation, and having invited Keats to read it with him one evening, they continued their study till daylight. He describes Keats's delight as intense, even to shouting aloud, as some passage of especial energy struck his imagination. It was fortunate that he was introduced to that heroic company through an interpretation which preserves so much of the ancient simplicity, and in a metre that, after all various attempts, including that of the hexameter, still appears the best adapted, from its pauses and its length, to represent in English the Greek epic verse. . . . The Sonnet in which these his first impressions are concentrated, was left the following day'—or, as in the Aldine edition, more circumstantially—'at ten o'clock the next morning, on Mr. Clarke's breakfast-table.'

Writing nearly sixty years after the event, Keats's friend records (*Recollections of Writers*, &c., by Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke, 1878, p. 130): 'The original which he sent me had the phrase [l. 7]—

Yet could I never tell what men could mean;

which he said was bald, and too simply wondering. No one could more earnestly chastise his thoughts than Keats.' In the first *printed* version, dated October, 1816 (*Examiner*, Dec. 1, 1816), he has *judge* for 'tell', in that line, and 'But' for *Oft* in l. 5. Ll. 11–12. Leigh Hunt remarks (*Imagination and Fancy*, p. 345, 3rd ed., 1846): '"Stared" has been thought by some too violent, but it is precisely the word required by the occasion. The Spaniard was too original and ardent a man either to look, or to affect to look, coldly superior to it. His "eagle eyes" are from life, as may be seen by Titian's portrait of him.' (See also the chapter on Keats in Hunt's *Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries*, 2nd ed., 1828, i, 412). It should be observed, however, as has been pointed out (apparently by Mr. Tennyson) in Mr. Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* (p. 320), that history requires *Balbóa* for 'Cortez.'

The following sonnet on the pseudo-Chaucerian tale of *The Floure and the Leafe*, written by Keats about the same period with that in the text, but not included in his virgin volume, though inferior both in conception and execution to that on Chapman's Homer, is hardly less interesting as a memorial of Keats's studies in our elder literature. As Archbishop Trench remarks of it (*Dublin Afternoon Lectures*, as before): 'It is more of an impromptu than that other, and wants something of its finished stateliness; but Chaucer himself would have read it with delight; above all, the exquisite allusion to the Babes in the Wood with which it concludes.' This dainty sonnet, 'which was first printed in Leigh Hunt's *Examiner*, 16 March, 1817, I transcribe from the poet's own MS.

This pleasant Tale is like a little copse:
The honied Lines do freshly interlace
To keep the Reader in so sweet a place,
So that he here and there full-hearted stops;
And oftentimes he feels the dewy drops
Come cool and suddenly against his face,
And by the wandring Melody may trace
Which way the tender-legged Linnet hops—.
O what a Power hath white Simplicity!
What mighty Power has this gentle Story!
I that for ever feel athirst for glory
Could at this Moment be content to lie
Meekly upon the Grass, as those whose sobbings
Were heard of None beside the mournful Robins.
J. K. Feby 1817.[1]

Mr. Clarke thus tells the pretty story in his *Riches of Chaucer*, 1835, i, 52: 'The poem of the "Flower and the Leaf" was especially favoured by the young poet, John Keats. The author may perhaps be pardoned for making a short digression upon the present occasion, to record an anecdote in corroboration of the pleasure testified by that vivid intellect upon his first perusal of the composition. It happened at the period when Keats was about publishing his first little volume of poems (in the year 1817); he was then living in the second floor of a house in the Poultry, at the corner of the court leading to the Queen's Arms tavern—that corner nearest to Bow church. The author had called upon him here, and finding his young friend engaged, took possession of a sofa, and commenced reading, from his then pocket-companion, Chaucer's "Flower and the Leaf." The fatigue of a long walk, however, prevailed over the fascination of the verses, and he fell asleep. Upon awaking, the book was still at his side; but the reader may conceive the author's delight upon finding the following elegant sonnet written in his book at the close of the poem. During my sleep, Keats had read it for the first time; and, knowing that it would gratify me, had subjoined a testimony to its merit, that might have delighted Chaucer himself.' In the later *Recollections*, Mr. Clarke records further that, at his request, Keats 'retraced the poem, confirming and denoting with his pen those

[1] L. 9. Keats's friend, J. H. Reynolds, in one of his sonnets (*The Garden of Florence*, &c., 1821, p. 132), has

'But white Simplicity doth lead with care.'

Drummond loved the epithet (*Poems*, p. 40, folio 1711):

'Men's Sp'rits with white Simplicity indue;'

and again ('An Hymn on the Fairest Fair,' *ibid.*, p. 30):

'Simplicity, more white than Gelsomine.'

13-14. Perhaps it was the authority of Wordsworth that tempted Keats into this unfortunate double rime: 'The Redbreast and the Butterfly' (*Poems*, 1807, i, 16):

'Our little English Robin;
The Bird that comes about our doors
When Autumn winds are sobbing.'

passages which were congenial with his own feeling and judgment;' and adds: 'These two circumstances, associated with the literary career of this cherished object of his friend's esteem and love, have stamped a priceless value upon that friend's miniature 18mo. copy of Chaucer.' It may interest the lovers of Keats to know that the edition of Chaucer in question was that 'printed by the Martins at the Apollo Press,' Edinburgh, 14 vols. (in 7), 1782. The sonnet, or, more precisely, the first twelve lines of it, written in a neat and clear hand, and without the alteration of a single word, occupies the blank space at the end of *The Floure and the Leafe* on page 104 of volume xii; the closing couplet, with initials and date, being carried to the margin at foot of page 105 opposite, on which *The Court of Love* begins. This precious relic has fit keeping in the hands of Mr. Alexander Ireland, of Manchester, the bibliographer of Hazlitt and Hunt,[1] to whom it was bequeathed by Mr. Clarke at his death, which took place at Genoa, 13th March, 1877, in his ninetieth year. As might be expected of one who passed all his days in a musical atmosphere—

'In harmony I've lived;—so let me die'—

Charles Cowden Clarke occasionally threw off the yoke of prose. Among his *Carmina Minima* (1859), modestly mottoed from his beloved Chaucer as but 'Motés in the Sonné beame,' are some pleasing lyrics, including several sonnets—a form which never ceased to be a favourite with him. Indeed I believe the very last bit of verse he penned was a sonnet; and as that sonnet is perhaps on the whole his most remarkable one, I adopt it as a *nexus* between the two friends here,—the veteran author who has but left us, and the divine poet whom, seventy years before, he 'first taught all the sweets of song,' and among these—

'the Sonnet swelling loudly
Up to its climax and then dying proudly.'

Keats's Epistle To Charles Cowden Clarke: *Poems*, 1817, p. 71.

(*An Idyl of London Streets, by Mary Cowden Clarke*: [and] *Sonnet on the Course of Time, by Charles Cowden Clarke.* Rome: 1875, p. 22):

THE COURSE OF TIME.

No! no arresting the vast wheel of time,
That round and round still turns with onward might,
Stern, dragging thousands to the dreaded night
Of an unknown hereafter. Faith to climb

[1] *List of the Writings of William Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt, chronologically arranged; with Notes, Descriptive, Critical, and Explanatory, and a Selection of Opinions, regarding their Genius and Characteristics, by distinguished contemporaries and friends, as well as by subsequent critics; preceded by a Review of, and Extracts from, Barry Cornwall's 'Memorials of Charles Lamb;' with a Few Words on William Hazlitt and his Writings, and a Chronological List of the Works of Charles Lamb. By Alexander Ireland. Privately printed. 1868.*

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In thought to that supernal Force sublime,
Who guides the circling of the wheel aright,
Alone can steady our dismay at sight
Of that huge radius imaged in my rhyme.
Some swept resistless through a mire of sin,
Some carried smoothly on in downy ease,
Some whirled to swift destruction 'mid the din
And crash of sudden end! Oh, may it please
The Guider merciful to will my course
Shall be in peace and trust, devoid remorse.

Charles Cowden Clarke.[1]

153—CCCII. We are indebted to Mr. Clarke again, who relates how during a visit paid by Keats and himself to Leigh Hunt at his cottage in the Vale of Health, Hampstead Heath (December 30, 1816), the host proposed to Keats 'the challenge of writing then, there, and to time,' a sonnet 'On the Grasshopper and the Cricket;' and how this and CCLIV (p. 129) were the result of their friendly strife. Keats won as to time. 'But the event of the after-scrutiny,' the narrator continues, 'was one of many such occurrences which have riveted the memory of Leigh Hunt in my affectionate regard and admiration for unaffected generosity and perfectly unpretentious encouragement. His sincere look of pleasure at the first line—

The poetry of earth is never dead—

"Such a prosperous opening!" he said; and when he came to the tenth and eleventh lines:—

On a lone winter evening, *when the frost*
Has wrought a silence—

"Ah! that's perfect! Bravo, Keats!" And then he went on in a dilation upon the dumbness of Nature during the season's torpidity. With all the kind and gratifying things that were said to him, Keats protested to me, as we were afterwards walking home, that he preferred Hunt's treatment to his own.'

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[1] This evoked the following beautiful response in sonnet-form from a friend in England, who desires to remain anonymous:

TO CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE:
ON HIS SONNET, 'THE COURSE OF TIME.'

Amen! my brave old friend, to all thy prayer;
Amen, I say: and may thy faith still stand
Serenely trustful to the Guider's hand
Which, tempering ruthless force with ruthful care,
May shatter empires, yet each silver hair
Touch kindly on a brow where memories grand
Of genius clustered in thy dear old land
Make age with youth's immortal graces fair.
O happy he who, ere his prayer be spoken,
For answer sweet finds ever at his side
A loving wife, Heaven's best and purest token
Of purposed good, whatever may betide.
So stands thy Mary, 'peace and trust' unbroken
By Time's dread wheel,—thy own perennial Bride!

April, 1876. *J. M.*

John Keats.

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152–154—CCXCIX–CCCIII. To these specimens from Keats's first volume (*Poems, by John Keats:* 1817[1]) may be added, the Dedication to Leigh Hunt, and the sonnet to another friend, Wells,[2] author of *Joseph and his Brethren.*

TO LEIGH HUNT, ESQ.

Glory and loveliness have passed away;
For if we wander out in early morn,
No wreathèd incense do we see upborne
Into the east, to meet the smiling day:
No crowd of nymphs soft-voic'd and young and gay,
In woven baskets bringing ears of corn,
Roses, and pinks, and violets, to adorn
The shrine of Flora in her early May.
But there are left delights as high as these
And I shall ever bless my destiny,
That in a time, when under pleasant trees
Pan is no longer sought, I feel a free,
A leafy luxury, seeing I could please
With these poor offerings, a man like thee

(*Poems*, 1817, p. 83):

TO A FRIEND WHO SENT ME SOME ROSES.

As late I rambled in the happy fields,
What time the sky-lark shakes the tremulous dew
From his lush clover covert;—when anew
Adventurous knights take up their dinted shields;
I saw the sweetest flower wild nature yields,
A fresh-blown musk-rose; 'twas the first that threw
Its sweets upon the summer: graceful it grew
As is the wand that queen Titania wields.
And, as I feasted on its fragrancy,
I thought the garden-rose it far excell'd;
But when, O Wells! thy roses came to me
My sense with their deliciousness was spell'd:
Soft voices had they, that with tender plea
Whisper'd of peace, and truth, and friendliness unquell'd.[3]

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[1] On the fly-leaf of a copy formerly belonging to Mr. Locker, and now in the British Museum, there is this inscription: 'Robert Browning dined with me to-day, and looking at this volume he said that it was a copy of this edition of John Keats' Poems that was found in the bosom of the dead body of Shelley.

F. Locker, 20 Feb. 1869.'

[2] 'On the evening when the last proof-sheet was brought from the printer, it was accompanied by the information that if a "dedication to the book was intended, it must be sent forthwith." Whereupon [Keats] withdrew to a side-table, and, in the buzz of a mixed conversation (for there were several friends in the room) he composed and brought to Charles Ollier, the publisher, the Dedication Sonnet to Leigh Hunt.'—*C. C. Clarke.*

[3] Charles J. Wells, author of *Stories after Nature*, and the Scriptural drama of *Joseph and his Brethren*, the former published anonymously in 1822, and the latter issued under the pseudonym of H. L. Howard, in 1824, and reissued in his own name, with an introduction by Mr. Swinburne, in 1876, was born in 1800 and died in 1879. A *Sonnet to Chaucer*, bearing date 1823, contributed by Wells to *Chaucer Modernized*, edited by his friend Mr. R. H. Horne (1841), seems to have been written with an eye

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154—CCCIV. This sonnet, of which I have seen no earlier imprint than that of the Paris edition of 1829, was written not later than September, 1818. With the last portion of it read the following fine sonnet (*Io in Egypt, and Other Poems:* 1859, p. 106):

> I will not rail, or grieve when torpid eld
> Frosts the slow-journeying blood, for I shall see
> The lovelier leaves hang yellow on the tree,
> The nimbler brooks in icy fetters held.
> Methinks the aged eye that first beheld
> The fitful ravage of December wild,
> Then knew himself indeed dear Nature's child,
> Seeing the common doom, that all compell'd.
> No kindred we to her belovèd broods,
> If, dying these, we drew a selfish breath;
> But one path travel all her multitudes,
> And none dispute the solemn Voice that saith:
> 'Sun to thy setting; to your autumn, woods;
> Stream to thy sea; and man unto thy death!'
>
> *Richard Garnett.*

155—CCCV. During the summer of 1818, Keats and his friend Charles A. Brown, author of the work on Shakspeare's Sonnets referred to *ante*, p. 279, made a tour in Scotland, of which this sonnet, which I take from the Paris edition of the *Poetical Works* (1829), is a memorial. It was written, says Lord Houghton, at the Inn at Girvan, Ayrshire. It is not uninteresting to compare Keats's impression of Ailsa Craïg with that of a native poet, John Wilson, writing fifty years earlier (*Clyde: a Poem*, 1764: ed. J. Leyden, 1803, Pt. II, 575):

> 'See towering Ailsa o'er the waters rise;
> Beneath the seas his deep foundation lies:
> Hoarse round his rugged roots the ocean roars,
> And high above the clouds his summit soars:
> White wreaths of mist o'er his huge shoulders hang;
> Round his strong sides unnumbered sea-fowls clang;
> The royal falcon, and the bird of Jove,
> Dare only scale the steep, and spread their wings above.'

CCCVI. Written late in 1817. L. 8. Mr. Spedding (*Bacon's Works*, vi, 1858, p. 479) quotes these words with their context as showing that Keats seems to have felt to be true likewise of Poetry what Lord Bacon affirms respecting Painting and Music (ESSAYES: *Of Beauty*): 'Not but I thinke a Painter may make a better Face then ever was; But he must doe it by a kinde of Felicity,[1] (As a Musician that maketh an excellent Ayre in Musicke) And not by Rule.'

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to Keats's on Chapman's Homer, to which, as needs hardly be said, it is immeasurably inferior. The burning words on Hazlitt's tombstone in St. Anne's churchyard, Soho, were written by Wells.

[1] Or, as in the posthumous Latin text of 1638: *Felicitate quâdam, et casu* = 'by a kind of felicity and *chance*,'—Vide Arber's *Harmony of Bacon's Essays*, 1871.

John Keats.

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156—CCCVII. Written Feb., 1818, in answer to a sonnet by his friend John Hamilton Reynolds, ending thus (*The Garden of Florence, and Other Poems. By John Hamilton:* 1821, p. 129):

'dark eyes are dearer far
Than orbs that mock the hyacinthine-bell.'

CCCVIII. *conscience* = consciousness? (see under Milton, CLII, *ante*, p. 350). L. 10. Cp. a passage in one of Thomas Doubleday's sonnets (*Sixty-Five Sonnets*, &c., 1818, p. 27), not improbably seen by Keats, who wrote his in 1819, in which the same effect of sleep is invoked on his enemies:

'The while thou mak'st their waking conscience see
Crimes that the noise and glare of day can hide.'

This exquisite invocation cost its author much 'toil of spright' before it was brought to its final perfection. (See an interesting communication in *The Athenæum* of 26 Oct., 1872, giving an early autograph draft of the sonnet in facsimile from Keats's copy of *Paradise Lost*,[1] in which he inscribed it). It should be compared with Sidney's (XXIX), and those indicated under it (p. 254); to which add the following by Ireland's youngest minstrel (*Songs of Killarney*, 1873, p. 156):

SLEEPLESS.

Pale Queen, that from thy bower Elysian
In slow sweet state supremely issuing forth,
Of thy dear pity to the day-worn man
Dispensest dreams through all the darkened earth;
Hast thou no ray of softliest-silvered span,
To tempt coy Slumber hither? O, if thou hast,
By all the love of thy Endymion
Spare it, that I, even I, may rest at last!
Yea, that for me, sad Present, cruel Past,
Dark Future blend in blest oblivion;
Speed downy Slumber to these aching eyes,
That he with wings of balmiest breath may fan
My cares to rest, confuse each haunting plan,
And steal my spirit with a sweet surprise.

Alfred Perceval Graves.

157—CCCIX. In a letter to his brother and sister in America (May, 1819), Keats introduces this sonnet thus (*Life, Letters*, &c., i, 273): 'I have been endeavouring to discover a better Sonnet stanza than we have. The legitimate does not suit the language well, from the pouncing

[1] This priceless relic contains also the 'Remarks on John Milton, by John Keats, written in the fly-leaf of Paradise Lost.' which were published in the American magazine *The Dial* (Boston, 1843, vol. iii), at the end of an article on George Keats, signed 'J. F. C.' [= Rev. J. F. Clarke].

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rhymes; the other appears too elegiac, and the couplet at the end of it has seldom a pleasing effect. I do not pretend to have succeeded. It will explain itself.'

157—CCCX. Dated 1819.

158—CCCXI. *Nature's Eremite* = 'like a solitary thing in Nature.'—*F. T. Palgrave.* L. 11. *swell and fall.* So in the facsimile of Keats's MS. referred to below. Lord Houghton prints 'fall and swell.' L. 14. *Aliter:*—

'Half-passionless, and so swoon on to death.'

In September, 1820, Keats, accompanied by his friend the late Mr. Severn, set out on the voyage to Italy. 'It was then,' records Lord Houghton all too briefly (*Life*, &c., ii, 72), 'that he composed that sonnet of solemn tenderness—

"Bright star! would I were stedfast as thou art," &c.,

and wrote it out in a copy of Shakspeare's Poems he had given to Severn a few days before. I know of nothing written afterwards.' It first appeared, in facsimile, in the number for February, 1846, of a brief-lived monthly, *The Union Magazine*, accompanied by the following deeply interesting letter from Severn to the editor:

'21, James Street, Jan. 21st, 1846.

SIR,

Through the medium of the Union Magazine, I have the gratification to present the public with an unpublished MS. poem of Keats', (the last he ever wrote,) which I trust may be admired and well received, as the harbinger of many other unpublished works of the illustrious young poet, now editing by Mr. R. Monckton Milnes.

The present exquisite Sonnet was written under such interesting circumstances that I cannot forbear making them public. Keats and myself were beating about in the British Channel in the autumn of 1820, anxiously waiting for a wind to take us to Italy, which place, together with the sea-voyage, were deemed likely to preserve his life; for he was then in a state of consumption, which left but the single hope of an Italian sojourn to save him. The stormy British sea, after a fortnight, had exhausted him; and on our arrival off the Dorsetshire coast, having at last the charm of a fine and tranquil day, we landed to recruit.

The shores with the beautiful grottoes which opened to fine verdure and cottages, were the means of transporting Keats once more into the regions of poetry;—he shewed me these things exultingly, as though they had been his birthright. The change in him was wonderful, and continued even after our return to the ship, when he took a volume (which he had a few days before given me) of Shakespeare's Poems, and in it he wrote me the subjoined Sonnet, which at the time I thought the most

John Keats.

enchanting of all his efforts. Twenty-five years have passed away, and I have by degrees (in the love I bear to his memory) placed it in my mind as amongst the most enchanting poetry of the world.

After writing this Sonnet, Keats sank down into a melancholy state, and never wrote again, save one painful letter on the same subject as the Sonnet—for the love so rapturously sung in it was then hastening the poet's death: it was a real and honourable love, which, but for the separation occasioned by his direful illness, would have been blessed in a happy and advantageous marriage. Alas! for Italy—he only went there to die. I remain, Sir,

Yours truly,

JOSEPH SEVERN.'

'Do you remember that last sonnet? Let us repeat it solemnly, and let the words wander down with the waters of the river to the sea. . . . How the star-sheen on the tremulous tide, and that white death-like "mask," haunt the imagination! Had the poet, who felt the grass grow over him ere he was five-and-twenty, been crowned with a hundred summers, could he have done anything more consummate? I doubt it.'—*Nugæ Criticæ.* By 'Shirley' [= John Skelton]: 1862, p. 236.

'This beautiful Sonnet was the last word of a poet deserving the title "marvellous boy" in a much higher sense than Chatterton. If the fulfilment may ever safely be prophesied from the promise, England appears to have lost in Keats one whose gifts in Poetry have rarely been surpassed. Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth, had their lives been closed at twenty-five, would (so far as we know) have left poems of less excellence and hope than the youth who, from the petty school and the London surgery, passed at once to a place with them of "high collateral glory."'—*F. T. Palgrave.*

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155–158—CCCVI–CCCXI. First collected in the *Life, Letters,* &c., edited by Lord Houghton: 2 vols., 1848.

William Sidney Walker.

CCCXII. From his *Poetical Remains.* Edited, with a Memoir, by the Rev. John Moultrie, M.A., Rector of Rugby: 1852.

Thomas Noon Talfourd.

159—CCCXIII. This noble sonnet, evoked by the ignominious collapse of the famous 'Cadiz Expedition' equipped by Spain for the recovery of her transatlantic possessions (see *The Annual Register* for 1819 and 1820, lxi, 35, 66, &c., and lxii, 221; or *The Gentleman's Maga-*

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zine, 1819, Pt. I, 473, and Pt. II, 169), appeared over Talfourd's initials in John Thelwall's paper, *The Champion*, 11 April, 1819, and was afterwards reprinted by him in *The Poetical Recreations of* The Champion *and his Literary Correspondents* (1822), from which it is here given. It may be of interest to compare it with one which Talfourd addressed to the same men nearly two years previously (*Examiner*, 7 Sept., 1817):

TO THE SOUTH AMERICAN PATRIOTS.

Think not, undaunted Champions! that the sea,
With all its waves can part us from the cause
In which you struggle—that 'neath English laws
We sit in cold and mute tranquillity,
While Freedom's Sons contend in 'holiest glee':—
No! the same pure and uncorrupted blood
Beats in our veins with yours—and we have stood
A sacred band in Earth's Thermopolæ!
E'en Nature blends our sympathies from far,—
The ocean and the winds and clouds are free;
The golden courses of the eternal sun,
And the sweet moon, and every silent star—
All that both Continents may look upon
Breathe in a gladsome voice of LIBERTY!

T. N. T.

159—CCCXIV. Also contributed to Thelwall's paper (15 Sept., 1821), and reprinted in the *Recreations* as above. Neither of these sonnets—the former unquestionably his best—has ever been included among Talfourd's writings, whether here or in America.

160—CCCXV–CCCXVI. From *Tragedies; to which are added a few Sonnets and Verses:* 1844. At the end of a copy of the 4th edition of *Ion: to which are added Sonnets* (1837), presented by Talfourd to the late John Forster, 24 December, 1838, and now in the Forster Collection in the South Kensington Museum, there is an autograph transcript of these two sonnets and the one to Macready, which were then unpublished, showing numerous variations from the printed versions. The sonnet to Dickens is dated 16 February, 1839, and that to *The Memory of the Poets* inscribed: 'Written 1819. Revised and copied here, Shakespeare's Birthday, 23 April, 1839.'

Hartley Coleridge.

'The influence of Wordsworth's peculiar genius is more discernible in the productions of Hartley Coleridge than that of his father, more especially in the Sonnets, which, I venture to think, may sustain a comparison with those of the elder writer. Their port is indeed less majestic, they have less dignity of purpose, and, particularly in combination, are less weighty in effect; but taken as single compositions,

they are not less graceful, or less fraught with meaning; they possess a softer if not a deeper pathos, they have at least as easy a flow and as perfect an arrangement. A tender and imaginative fancy plays about the thought, and as it were lures it forward, raising an expectation which is fully satisfied. Indeed, if I am not wholly mistaken, there will be found among these sonnets, models of composition comparable to those of the greatest masters.'—*Rev. Derwent Coleridge.*[1]

'That infirmity of will which is so touchingly acknowledged and deplored in the poetry of Hartley Coleridge was the cause doubtless of his not reaching a far higher place in literature. His poems are excellent alike for soundness of thought, descriptive power, fancy, and felicity of diction; and their moral tone is elevating. His Sonnets are very remarkable. They are the most imaginative part of his writings, as well as the most highly finished; and possess that indescribable union of sweetness and subtle pathos for which the sonnets of Shakespeare are so remarkable.'—*Aubrey de Vere.*[2]

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161—CCCXVII, 3-4. Cp. Wordsworth's *Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle:*

'The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.'

This and the sonnet given under CCCXX were written not later than February, 1823. They appeared in *The London Magazine* of that date, addressed to R. S. Jameson, husband of Mrs. Jameson, authoress of *The Loves of the Poets*, &c.

162—CCCXIX. Cp. Wordsworth's sonnet, CXC (p. 97).

CCCXX. With this most pathetic sonnet read another of the same series, evidently reminiscent of the beautiful lines, full of a prescient tenderness, which Wordsworth had written on Hartley as a child thirty years before *(To H. C. Six Years Old)*:

'O THOU! whose fancies from afar are brought;
Who of thy words dost make a mock apparel,
And fittest to unutterable thought
The breeze-like motion and the self-born carol;
Thou faery Voyager! that dost float
In such clear water, that thy boat
May rather seem
To brood on air than on an earthly stream;
Suspended in a stream as clear as sky,
Where earth and heaven do make one imagery;
O blessed Vision! happy Child!
Thou art so exquisitely wild,

[1] Memoir prefixed to the *Poems*, i, clxi.
[2] *Select Specimens of the English Poets, with Biographical Notices*, &c., 1858, p. 218.

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I think of thee with many fears
For what may be thy lot in future years.
. . . .
Thou art a Dew-drop, which the morn brings forth,
Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks,
Or to be trailed along the soiling earth;
A gem that glitters while it lives,
And no forewarning gives;
But, at the touch of wrong, without a strife
Slips in a moment out of life.'

This is the sonnet (*Poems*, p. 11):

How long I sail'd, and never took a thought
To what port I was bound! Secure as sleep,
I dwelt upon the bosom of the deep
And perilous sea. And though my ship was fraught
With rare and precious fancies, jewels brought
From fairy-land, no course I cared to keep,
Nor changeful wind nor tide I heeded ought,
But joy'd to feel the merry billows leap,
And watch the sunbeams dallying with the waves;
Or haply dream what realms beneath may lie
Where the clear ocean is an emerald sky,
And mermaids warble in their coral caves,
Yet vainly woo me to their secret home;—
And sweet it were for ever so to roam.

162-163—CCCXX-CCCXXI. Quoting these and other illustrations from this series in an analysis of Hartley Coleridge, the late Walter Bagehot remarks (*Literary Studies*, edited by R. H. Hutton, 1879, i, 63): 'It is in this self-delineative species of poetry that, in our judgment, Hartley Coleridge has attained to nearly, if not quite the highest excellence; it pervades his writings everywhere. . . . Indeed the whole series of sonnets with which the earliest and best work of Hartley began is (with a casual episode on others), mainly and essentially a series on himself. Perhaps there is something in the structure of the sonnet rather adapted to this species of composition. It is too short for narrative, too artificial for the intense passions, too complex for the simple, too elaborate for the domestic; but in an impatient world where there is not a premium on self-describing, whoso would speak of himself must be wise and brief, artful and composed—and in these respects he will be aided by the concise dignity of the tranquil sonnet.'

165—CCCXXV. 'In all respects adequate to its high theme.'—*Henry Reed.* Compare Mr. Arnold's treatment (*Poems*, ed. 1877, i, 5):

SHAKSPEARE.

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill
Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,

Hartley Coleridge.

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Planting his stedfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foil'd searching of mortality;
And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure,
Didst stand on earth unguess'd at.—Better so!
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.
Matthew Arnold.

161–165—CCCXVII–CCCXXVI. From the *Poems:* 1833.

166—CCCXXVII. Dated 'Spring Cottage, Feb. 12, 1841.' This charming and highly characteristic sonnet, now first printed, I draw forth from the obscurity of a private MS. album (containing many other most interesting autographs) which, at the time our sonnet was written into it, belonged to Charles Swain the poet. It is now the property of Dr. Coveney of Prestwich, to whose courtesy I am indebted for the privilege of adding this grain of Hartley Coleridge's gold dust to my *Treasury*. The sonnet, *verbatim* as given in the text, is written, dated, and signed in the undoubted autograph of Hartley Coleridge. I presume the youngest reader would resent any further information than the allusion itself supplies (l. 12) touching the 'birds' that wrought the

'good and pious deed
Of which we in the Ballad read.'

Curiously enough, the two ballads of *The Children in the Wood* and *Barbara Allen's Cruelty* stand in close proximity in Percy (*Reliques*, ed. Wheatley, 1877, vol. iii, Book the Second, p. 128–169).

167—CCCXXIX. L. 2. Wordsworth (*Excursion*, Bk. I):

'that mighty orb of song,
The divine Milton.'

Aliter (Poems, 1833, p. 134):

HOMER.

Far from all measured space, yet clear and plain
As sun at noon, 'a mighty orb of song'
Illumes extremest Heaven. Beyond the throng
Of lesser stars, that rise, and wex, and wane,
The transient rulers of the fickle main,
One steadfast light gleams through the dark and long
And narrowing aisle of memory. How strong,
How fortified with all the numerous train
Of human truths, Great Poet of thy kind,
Wert thou, whose verse, capacious as the sea,

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And various as the voices of the wind,
Swell'd with the gladness of the battle's glee—
And yet could glorify infirmity,
When Priam wept, or shame-struck Helen pined.

167—CCCXXX, 13–14. Cp. Mr. Patmore's delineation of his 'Ruth' (*Tamerton Church-Tower*, iv, 4):

'A girl of fullest heart she was;
Her spirit's lovely flame
Nor dazzled nor surprised, because
It always burned the same;
And in the maiden path she trod
Fair was the wife foreshown,
A Mary in the house of God,
A Martha in her own.'

While Mr. Patmore's little volume is in my hand, let us secure his voice for our Sonnet-Antiphon. (*Tamerton Church-Tower and Other Poems:* 1853, p. 218):

My childhood was a vision heavenly wrought;
High joys of which I sometimes dream, yet fail
To recollect sufficient to bewail,
And now for ever seek, came then unsought.
But thoughts denying feeling, every thought
Some buried feeling's ghost, a spirit pale,
Sprang up, and wordy nothings could prevail
And juggle with my soul; since, better taught:
The Christian's apprehension, light that solves
Doubt without logic, rose in logic's room;
Sweet faith came back, sweet faith that hope involves,
And joys, like stars, which, though they not illume
This mortal night, have glory that dissolves
And strikes to quick transparence all its gloom.

Coventry Patmore.

168—CCCXXXI, 5. Cp. Polwhele's use of a similar image in one of his sonnets,—smoke rising from a thatch-roofed cottage on a calm evening (*Pictures from Nature*, 2nd ed. [1786], p. 17):

'With its grey Column to yon' sapphire Cloud
Stealing in Stillness the calm Mind ascends—
The unruffled Line, tho' lost amid the Shroud
Of Heaven, in Fancy rising, never ends!
Thus ever may my tranquil Spirit rise
Free from the Gust of Passion—to the Skies!'

CCCXXXII. The title is supplied.

CCCXXXI–CCCXXXII. Compare the different modes in which several living writers have presented the subject of Prayer. The first illustration I select is from the pen of one who has identified himself with the literature of the Sonnet not only by many highly-finished compositions of his own in that kind, but as one of its most charming historians. (*Sabbation; Honor Neale; and Other Poems:* 1838, p. 162, as amended 1865):

Hartley Coleridge.

Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in thy presence will prevail to make,
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,
What parchèd grounds refresh, as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear;
We kneel how weak, we rise how full of power.
Why therefore should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others—that we are not always strong,
That we are ever overborne with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy and strength and courage are with Thee?

Richard Chenevix Trench.

It may be observed with regard to the second—one of the series of short poems composing 'Rose's Diary,' printed with one of the author's prose works—that, like Shakspeare's 99th Sonnet, Sara Coleridge's verses on Blanco White, and other abnormal examples that might be mentioned, it consists of fifteen lines, and that it and others of the series furnish an interesting and, so far as I can recollect, unique variety of what Mr. Palgrave regards as a judicious expansion of the sonnet-form (*supra*, p. 296). The Silurist himself never echoed George Herbert more perfectly than does this 'sweet singer' in the nineteenth century (*Quinquinergia*, 1854, p. 321):

Prayer is the world-plant's purpose, the bright flower,
The ultimate meaning of the stem and leaves:—
The spire of the church; and it receives
Such lightning calm as comforts, not aggrieves,
And with it brings the fructifying shower.
Prayer is the hand that catcheth hold on peace:
The living heart of good and nobleness,
Whose pulses are the measure of the stress
Wherewith He us doth, we do Him, possess:
When these do fail, our very lives decease.
Who uses prayer, a friend shall never miss;
If he should slip, a timely staff and kind
Placed in his grasp by hands unseen shall find;
Sometimes upon his forehead a soft kiss;
And arms cast round him gently from behind.

Henry Septimus Sutton.

The third and last illustration I will select is taken from the Devotional section of *Ambarvalia: Poems by Thomas Burbidge and Arthur H. Clough*, 1849, p. 155:

O leave thyself to God! and if indeed
'Tis given thee to perform so vast a task,
Think not at all—think not, but kneel and *ask*.
O friend, by thought was never creature freed

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From any sin, from any mortal need:
Be patient! not by thought canst thou devise
What course of life for thee is right and wise;
It will be written up, and thou wilt read.
Oft like a sudden pencil of rich light,
Piercing the thickest umbrage of the wood,
Will shoot, amidst our troubles infinite,
The Spirit's voice; oft, like the balmy flood
Of morn, surprise the universal night
With glory, and make all things sweet and good!
Thomas Burbidge.

169—CCCXXXIII. One of a series of eighteen 'Sonnets suggested by the Seasons,' of which I subjoin a second example, together with a sonnet descriptive of Spring by a living poet. (*Poems*, ii, 62):

FEBRUARY 1st, 1842.

One month is past, another is begun;
Since merry bells rung out the dying year,
And buds of rarest green begin to peer,
As if impatient for a warmer sun;
And though the distant hills are bleak and dun,
The virgin snowdrop, like a lambent fire,
Pierces the cold earth with its green-sheath'd spire;
And in dark woods the wandering little one
May find a primrose. Thus the better mind
Puts forth some flowers, escaped from Paradise,
Though faith be dim as faintest wintry skies,
And passion fierce as January wind.
O God, vouchsafe a sunbeam clear and kind
To cheer the pining flow'ret ere it dies.

Compare (*Laurella and Other Poems*, 1876, p. 218):

THE FIRST SPRING DAY.

But one short week ago the trees were bare,
And winds were keen, and violets pinched with frost;
Winter was with us; but the larches tost
Lightly their crimson buds, and here and there
Rooks cawed. To-day the Spring is in the air
And in the blood: sweet sun-gleams come and go
Upon the hills, in lanes the wild-flowers blow,
And tender leaves are bursting everywhere.
About the hedge the small birds peer and dart,
Each bush is full of amorous flutterings
And little rapturous cries. The thrush apart
Sits throned, and loud his ripe contralto rings.
Music is on the wind, and in my heart
Infinite love for all created things.
John Todhunter.[1]

[1] Ll. 3 and 11. Cp. Tennyson (*In Memoriam*, xci):

'When rosy plumelets tuft the larch,
And rarely pipes the mounted thrush.'

Hartley Coleridge.

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169—CCCXXXIV. Compare on the same theme Scotland's sweetest and tenderest old poet (*Flowres of Sion*, ed. 1630, p. 7):

FOR THE MAGDALENE.

These Eyes (deare Lord) once Brandons of Desire,
Fraile Scoutes betraying what they had to keepe,
Which their owne heart, then others set on fire,
Their traitrous blacke before thee heere out-weepe:
These Lockes, of blushing deedes the faire attire,
Smooth-frizled Waves, sad Shelfes which shadow deepe,
Soule-stinging Serpents in gilt curles which creepe,
To touch thy sacred Feete doe now aspire.
In Seas of Care behold a sinking Barke,
By windes of sharpe Remorse untò thee driven,
O let mee not expos'd be Ruines marke;
My faults confest (Lord) say they are forgiven.
Thus sigh'd to Jesus the Bethanian faire,
His teare-wet Feete still drying with her Haire.
William Drummond.[1]

166-169—CCCXXVIII-CCCXXXIV. From the posthumous *Poems by Hartley Coleridge. With a Memoir by his Brother:* 1851.

Charles Johnston.

170—CCCXXXV. From *Sonnets, Original and Translated, by the late Charles Johnston, Esq., of Danson, Kent:* 1823. It had appeared shortly before as one of his contributions to *A Collection of Poems, chiefly Manuscript, and from Living Authors, Edited for the Benefit of a Friend, by Joanna Baillie* (1823), in a foot-note to which the editress announces that the author, a nephew of Professor William Smyth of Cambridge, had just sunk into an early grave.

Thomas Hood.

171—CCCXXXVII. The first of two sonnets on the same subject.

170-173—CCCXXXVI-CCCXLI. Given from his *Poems:* 1846. They had all appeared in serials, chiefly *The London Magazine*, between 1822 and 1827.

John Moultrie.

CCCXLII. From the collected edition of his *Poems: with a Memoir by the Rev. Prebendary Coleridge*, &c., 1876 (ii, 407).

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[1] L. 1. *Brandons* (= torches): 'Tapers' (1656); 5. *faire:* 'gilt'; 6-7.

'Waves curling, wrackefull shelfes to shadow deepe,
Rings wedding Soules to Sinnes lethargicke sleepe,' (1623);

expos'd be Ruines: 'be Ruines aym'd-at' (1656).

Chauncy Hare Townshend.

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174—CCCXLIII. From *Sermons in Sonnets*, &c., 1851. Text, 2 *Corinth.* vi. 10. 'As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.'

Isaac Williams.

CCCXLIV. This sonnet, given from *The Cathedral, or the Catholic and Apostolic Church in England*, 1838, had already appeared in the *Lyra Apostolica*, 1836, under the signature ζ. F. W. Faber, in one of his sonnets ('Favourite Books'), describes Origen as 'my dear and perilous guide.'

175—CCCXLV–CCCXLVI. From *Thoughts in Past Years*, 1838.

Thomas Lovell Beddoes.

176—CCCXLVII. Given from the posthumous volume of *Poems* by the author of *The Brides' Tragedy* (1822) and *Death's Jest-Book, or The Fool's Tragedy* (1850), published with a Memoir in 1851. I have ventured to alter 'eyes' to *eye* in l. 4.

Samuel Laman Blanchard.

176–177—CCCXLVIII–CCCL. From his *Lyric Offerings:* 1828. Charles Lamb, writing in acknowledgment of a gift-copy of this little volume, which was dedicated to him, said: 'I have been much pleased with it throughout, but am most taken with the peculiar delicacy of some of the Sonnets.' (Memoir prefixed to Blanchard's *Poetical Works*, 1876). It may be mentioned that an inferior version of CCCXLIX makes its appearance in the recent Aldine edition of Keats as a 'Sonnet of doubtful authenticity,' the editor, Lord Houghton, remarking in a foot-note that he believes it to be 'one of George Byron's forgeries.'

Robert Stephen Hawker.

178—CCCLI. From *Records of the Western Shore. Second Series. By the Reverend R. S. Hawker, M.A., Vicar of Morwenstow, Cornwall:* 1836; but with the heading (Vulgate, *St. Matt.* vi, 26) as in *The Cornish Ballads*, 1869. The volume last named, and the collected *Poems*, 1879, read 'Grasps' for *Grasp* in l. 5, completely destroying the sense. The sonnet appears also in Mr. Hawker's *Ecclesia: A Volume of Poems*, 1840, with 'waves' for *wave* in l. 2. In a very interesting presentation-copy of that work, containing numerous notes and corrections in the author's own hand, described by Mr. J. E. Bailey in *Notes and Queries*, 15 July, 1876, this 'Sonnet of the

Robert Stephen Hawker.

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Sea,' as its title stood until 1869, is marked as having been 'wr. at Boscastle': Stephens of Calver, Wife, and Wife's Sister on the Sea.' The recent edition supplies the date, 'August 25, 1835.'

178—CCCLII. Dated 1840. From *Reeds Shaken with the Wind*, 1843; but title of 1869 as above, in lieu of 'Ecclesiography' as here, or 'The Stem and the Boughs,' as it became in the later *Echoes from Old Cornwall*, 1846.

179—CCCLIII. Dated 1842. The following extract from a letter of Mr. Hawker's, dated June 15, 1856, is appended to this sonnet in the posthumous edition: 'I inserted in my sermon an account of the discovery of St. Thomas the Apostle's death and burial in India. Thus the sole question ever was, Is it apostolic? Then it must endure. Was it from one of the Twelve? Then it will never pass away. A small company of Christian men found in Upper India among the mountains, origin unknown; afterwards a tomb, with staff and cross, a legend that there lived, laboured, and was slain, St. Thomas the Apostle. St. Thomas the Twin, even in his ashes, survived the apostolic fire, and whole ages after he was dust virtue went out of the dust of St. Thomas of India.'

CCCLIV. Dated in the collective edition 'Feast of St. John the Baptizer, 1843,' and introduced as follows: 'The well of St. John in the Wilderness stands and flows softly in the eastern boundary of Morwenstow Glebe. In the old Latin Endowment, still preserved in Bishop Brentingham's Register in the Archives of Exeter, A.D. 1296, the Church land is said to extend eastward, *ad quendam fontem Johannis*. Water wherewithal to fill the font for baptism is always drawn from this well by the Sacristan in pitchers set apart for this purpose.'

CCCLIII–CCCLIV. From *Echoes from Old Cornwall:* 1846.

Sir William Rowan Hamilton.

180—CCCLV. This sonnet, the sublime and holy aspiration of one of the greatest and best men of any age,[1] is given from the biographical Memoir of Hamilton written by his friend the Rev. R. P. Graves of Dublin, which appeared in *The Dublin University Magazine* for

[1] Mr. Aubrey de Vere, in his *Recollections*, &c., as before (Wordsworth's *Prose Works*, iii, 492), says: 'Wordsworth's estimate of his contemporaries was not generally high. I remember his once saying to me, "I have known many that might be called very *clever* men, and a good many of real and vigorous *abilities*, but few of genius; and only one whom I should call 'wonderful.' That one was Coleridge. . . . The only man like Coleridge whom I have known is Sir William Hamilton, Astronomer Royal of Dublin."'

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January, 1842. Its composition, however, must be assigned to a much earlier date. Ticknor, who justly regarded it as one of the finest sonnets in the English language, speaks in a letter (*Life, Letters*, &c., 1876, ii, 471) of his daughter's having had a copy of it given her by Sir William in August, 1835, a few days after they had witnessed him receive the honour of knighthood; but he errs in supposing that it was evoked by that event. I have seen documentary proof that it was written in November, 1831; and it arose out of a conversation with the friend named above, in whose forthcoming *Life* of Hamilton the incident will be duly related. I take the heading only from Ticknor's version, which, it may be remarked, has 'leave' for *keep* in l. 7. It is gratifying to know that the *Life and Correspondence* of Hamilton on which Mr. Graves has been so long engaged, and which will include, besides other remains, many beautiful sonnets hitherto uncollected, may now be expected shortly.

180—CCCLVI. *Discoverer*, &c.: more accurately 'with Le Verrier, co-discoverer,' &c. This second example, selected partly as affording a fine proof of the great mathematician's sense of the duty of unselfishness in the pursuit and communication of truth, applying to a brother discoverer in science what the earlier sonnet had expressed for himself, is given from a paper on Hamilton, written, I believe, by Professor P. G. Tait, of Edinburgh, and printed in *The North British Review* for September, 1866. Dr. C. M. Ingleby ('Modern Metaphysicians:' *British Controversialist*, September, 1869) calls it 'the pearl of Hamilton's sonnets.'

Henry Glassford Bell.

181—CCCLVII-CCCLVIII. From *Romances and Minor Poems:* 1866.

John Sterling.

182—CCCLIX. This sonnet and one or two others of lesser merit, excluded for some reason from the little volume of *Poems* published by Moxon in 1839, make up, so far as is known to me, the sum of Sterling's experiments in this species of composition. They all appeared in *The Athenæum* during 1828, and were reprinted by Archdeacon Hare, with the prose narratives of which they form part—'A Meditation at Netley Abbey' and 'The Isle of Wight' (*Travels of Theodore Elbert, a young Swede*)—in the second of the memorial volumes of 1848. I append one of these others, descriptive of the sandstone cliffs 'which run behind Steephill, and are continued the whole way from Niton to Eastend' (*Essays and Tales by John Sterling*, 1848, ii, 87):

John Sterling.

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The hills in rude tremendous beauty rise,
With frost and storm through countless ages rent;
Of yellow, brown, and red, a thousand dyes
On each rough crag and airy ledge are blent.
These giant walls a haunt secure have lent
And natural dwelling to the ivy's green;
And none along these rocks their gaze have sent,
Nor blest with softened heart its living sheen.
Like it, along the steep, man's daily way,
All high resolves and gentle feelings climb,
Each sympathy that hallows human clay,
Impulse of love, and Godward thought sublime.
Beyond that toilsome mountain's summit grey
Is nought but gales of joy and heaven's unclouded day.

Helena Clarissa von Ranke.

182—CCCLX. From *A Coronal of English Verse; or, A Selection from English and American Poets, by Thomas Solly, Professor, and Lecturer on English Literature at the University of Berlin.* Berlin: 1864. This gifted lady, the wife of the eminent historian, has another poem in the same volume, under the title of 'Wishes for a Supposed Admirer,' which is not unworthy of association with Crashaw's 'Wishes for the Supposed Mistress,' to which it was composed as a companion-piece.

Charles (Tennyson) Turner.

Archbishop Trench, lecturing in 1866 on the history of the English Sonnet, observed: 'Alfred Tennyson never seems to have cared much for the Sonnet; at least, he has very rarely clothed his own thoughts in this form. . . . But although he has given us little in this kind, there was a tiny volume of Sonnets published by his brother Charles, between thirty and forty years ago, which shows plainly that, however the poetical gift may have come to its head in Alfred, he is not the only poet of the family. "In this volume . . . there are some Sonnets of rare and excellent workmanship."[1]

Charles Tennyson, like his illustrious elder brother Alfred, was born at his father's rectory, Somersby, in Lincolnshire, and received his early education at the Grammar School of Louth, from which in 1827 the two youths put forth the now famous joint-volume, *Poems by Two Brothers*, so prized by book-hunters as containing the poet-laureate's earliest verses. Subsequently, they removed to Trinity College, Cambridge,

[1] *Dublin Afternoon Lectures*, as before, iv, 163.

whither another brother, Frederick, the eldest of this family of poets—for he too is a poet—had preceded them; and it was while there that Charles published the 'tiny volume'[1] of which the lecturer speaks, and to which an eminent college-companion of the poet's, writing about him the other day, pays this charming tribute: that it 'has never, during the fifty years save one that have followed, lost for me any part of its charm: but I can take it up at any hour of the day, sure of finding all within it as fresh and bright as when I was an undergraduate.'[2] Some time after leaving college, Charles Tennyson, for family reasons, assumed his grandmother's name of Turner. He took holy orders, and, either in 1835 or the year following, became vicar of Grasby, in his native county, where he ministered until his lamented death, which occurred at Cheltenham on the 25th of April last, in the 71st year of his age.

Mr. Henry G. Hewlett, in an article on English Sonneteers, written in 1873 apropos of Mr. Turner's little volumes,[3] remarks: 'No contemporary poet has shown a more persistent preference for the Sonnet as a mode of artistic expression than Mr. Charles Turner. Since the first appearance of a volume with his name, in 1830, to the present year, when we welcome a fourth, his thoughts have rarely been crystallized in any other shape.[4] Though far less known than they deserve to be, these volumes have not escaped the recognition of discerning eyes. A copy of the first which came into the possession of Coleridge was liberally scored with his marginal annotations, and his high opinion of the poetic promise it displayed is recorded in his Table-Talk.[5] Although for more than thirty years afterwards, Mr. Turner took little pains to keep his name remembered, it was not forgotten.[6] A second volume, issued in 1864, and a third in 1868, were greeted as gifts from an acknowledged

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[1] *Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces, by Charles Tennyson, Trin. Coll.*—Cambridge: 1830. Pp. 83.

[2] *The Nineteenth Century*, Sept., 1879. Art., 'Charles Tennyson Turner,' by James Spedding, p. 464.

[3] *The Contemporary Review*, Sept., 1873, p. 637. The student may be referred also to the following articles: Leigh Hunt's *Tatler*, Feb. 24—Mar. 3, 1831; *The International Review* (New York), Sept., 1875; *St. James's Magazine*, July, 1879; and *The Leisure Hour*, Nov. 6, 1875. This last, written by Dr. Grosart, is accompanied by a faithful and well-executed wood-cut portrait of the poet.

[4] There are no sonnets in the earlier *Poems by Two Brothers*.

[5] See under CCCLXII, p. 439.

[6] Five-and-thirty years ago the now venerable author of 'Orion' remarked (*A New Spirit of the Age. Edited by R. H. Horne*, 1844, i, 270): 'There is something peculiarly touching in the withdrawal of Charles Tennyson from the pathway to the temple of Poesy, as though he would prefer to see his brother's name enshrined with an undivided fame. One little volume of sweet and unpretending poetry comprises all we know of him. It has long been out of print. His feeling of the "use and service" of poetry in the world may be comprised in a few lines, which may also be regarded as the best comment upon his own:—

> "We must have music while we languish here,
> To make the Soul with pleasant fancies rife
> And soothe the stranger from another sphere."
> *Sonnet* 15.'

Charles (Tennyson) Turner.

benefactor, and must have prepared a larger audience for the reception of his newest offering. The dominant charm of all these Sonnets is the pervading presence of the writer's personality, never obtruded, but always impalpably diffused. The light of a devout, gentle, and kindly spirit, a delicate and graceful fancy, a keen, if not very broad, intelligence, irradiates their thoughts, while to the language in which they are condensed, Art lends a power that

"Consolidates the flame,
And keeps its colours, hardening to a gem."'

The article thus concludes: 'Now and then Mr. Turner has been tempted to lavish good workmanship upon material scarcely worthy of it. Weeded of any such examples, and of the polemical sonnets, his three little books might well be collected into one, and brought within the reach of a wider circle. That such poetry needs only to be known to be welcomed, we cannot doubt, since it appeals to a healthy national taste to which Chaucer, Spenser and Wordsworth have successively ministered, and which no infection of

"Poisonous honey stolen from France"

has yet succeeded in vitiating.'

It will be no breach of confidence here to state that such a design as Mr. Hewlett suggests is being carried out at the present moment by Mr. Turner's literary executors. The forthcoming volume, besides including some uncollected sonnets and the 'many more in manuscript' which Mr. Spedding announces (and taps) in *The Nineteenth Century*, will be enriched with Coleridge's marginal annotations referred to above, reproduced—with a few deductions for frayed margins and faded characters—from the original copy, which fortunately came into Mr. Turner's own hands at an early date, and is still a treasured possession of his family. By the kindness of its present owner I have had an opportunity of examining that copy, and am permitted to use one or two of the 'S. T. C.' pencillings, which are thus printed here for the first time.

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183—CCCLXI. On this sonnet, Coleridge, having marked admiringly in the margin the first eight lines, and written 'dele' opposite the word *fond* in l. 14, annotates: 'A noble sonnet. But the last distich is inferior to my—

And Ocean 'mid his uproar wild
Speaks safety to his Island-child!
Ode on Dep. Year.

I notice this, only because it is too inferior for the resemblance. The parenthesis [= last clause of l. 13] is weak, and of an *alien* tone of feeling—a metabasis εις αλλο γενος, tho', I admit, not εις ἑτερον.

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But it is a noble strain, *non obstante*.' He then marks ll. 10–12, and says: 'Might I recommend Mr. T. to substitute:

> "To that lone Sound mute Listener and alone—
> And yet a Sound of Commune, strongly thrown
> That meets the Pine-grove on the cliffs above."'

It may be observed that any alterations which the sonnet did undergo afterwards were wisely confined to the first portion of it.

183—CCCLXII. It is upon this sonnet that Coleridge makes the remark (in slightly different form) printed in the *Table-Talk* (3rd ed. 1851, p. 57): 'Mr. Tennyson's sonnets, such as I have seen, have many of the characteristic excellences of those of Wordsworth and Southey.' In addition, Coleridge indulges in some observations on the beautiful word 'gloaming' (Mr. Turner's original expression for *twilight* in l. 1) which, for his own sake, I hardly regret that I am not at liberty to quote.

185—CCCLXV, 14. *mortal:* 'little' (1830). Over this sonnet Coleridge has written: 'A sweet Sonnet: and with the exception of the one word "little," faultless.' At the bottom of the page, so far as an amputated dog's-ear will allow me, I make out this after-thought: '"Little" may be a proper word if Man has been here contemplated *positively*—he is not little, comparatively, in his Eagle relation to the Pigeons.'

183–187—CCCLXI–CCCLXIX. From *Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces*, 1830, as altered in *Small Tableaux*, 1868 (Macmillan & Co.), and in *Sonnets, Lyrics, and Translations*, 1873 (H. S. King & Co.). Of these examples, besides those already specified, the following are scored or annotated by Coleridge in the old copy: CCCLXIII–IV, CCCLXVI–VII, and CCCLXIX.

189—CCCLXXIV. 'Breathes a kindred spirit to George Herbert's, without the excess of quaintness which so often mars his utterances.'—*H. G. Hewlett.*

187–199—CCCLXX–CCCXCIV. From *Sonnets*, 1864, and the two later volumes of 1868 and 1873, as above. The volume of 1864 is affectionately dedicated to his brother, the poet-laureate, whose *In Memoriam* is thus exquisitely described in that of 1868 (*Small Tableaux*, p. 40):

> 'that Book of memory,
> Which is to grieving hearts like the sweet south
> To the parched meadow, or the dying tree;
> Which fills with elegy the craving mouth
> Of sorrow—slakes with song her piteous drouth,
> And leaves her calm, though weeping silently!'

200—CCCXCV. Printed in Dr. Grosart's paper in *The Leisure Hour*, Nov. 6, 1875, and thus introduced: 'Here is a sonnet that reached

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me the other week from the friend to whom it was sent, and I print it with the modestly-put consent of its author. It will repay to pause over its quaint realism of observation—all the realism of John Clare, but with an added glow of Tintoretto-colour he never could impart.'

200—CCCXCVI. From *Macmillan's Magazine*, December, 1876.

Having mentioned Mr. Frederick Tennyson as a poet—a name to which even his single *published* volume ('Days and Hours,' 1854) gives him an indefeasible title—I am happy to be able to associate him with his brothers in these pages, by means of the following Keats-like sonnet, which, though written forty years ago, has never, I believe, been put in type until now.

SONNET.

'Tis not for golden eloquence I pray,
A godlike tongue to move a stony heart—
Methinks it were full well to be apart
In solitary uplands far away,
Betwixt the blossoms of a rosy spray,
Dreaming upon the wonderful sweet face
Of Nature, in a wild and pathless place.
And if it chanced that I did once array,
In words of magic woven curiously,
All the deep gladness of a summer's morn,
Or rays of evening that light up the lea
On dewy days of spring, or shadows borne
Across the forehead of an autumn noon,—
Then would I die and ask no better boon.

Frederick Tennyson.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

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201–207—CCCXCVII–CCCCX. *Poems. By Elizabeth Barrett Barrett.* 1844.

208—CCCCXII, 1–4. The passage in Theocritus alluded to (*Syracusan Gossips*, 102) is thus imitated by the great modern idyllist (*Love and Duty*, 56):

'The slow sweet hours that bring us all things good,
The slow sad hours that bring us all things ill,
And all good things from evil.'

209—CCCCXIII. 'This has been said before, but never more touchingly or eloquently.' Frederick Locker (*Patchwork*, 1879, p. 12). Compare the old song (Wilbye's *Madrigales*, xii, The Second Set, 1609):

'Love not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part,
No, nor for my constant heart,—
For those may faile, or turne to ill,
So thou and I shall sever:

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Keepe therefore a true womans eye,
And love me still, but know not why—
So hast thou the same reason still
To dote upon me ever!'

and a little poem in the same key by Alexander Brome (1620–1666), beginning 'Tis not her birth, her friends, nor yet her treasure;' both of which, together with Mrs. Browning's sonnet, may be found in juxtaposition in Mr. Davenport Adams's *Lyrics of Love* (1874).

208–211—CCCCXI–CCCCXVIII. *Poems. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning:* 1850. I presume it is almost unnecessary to observe that the seven last examples belong to a series of which the title (a purely fictitious one) was doubtless assumed as a screen proper to the sacredly personal character of the poems; for of these far more truly than of Shakspeare's *Sonnets* may it be affirmed that 'each is an autobiographical confession.' 'A passionate tenderness,' says the late William Caldwell Roscoe, 'finds a voice in the *Portuguese Sonnets.* Nay, so passionate and so tender are they, that one half shrinks from the perusal of them, and reads with some such feelings as one opens the love-letters of those long dead, and can scarcely reconcile oneself to an intrusion into the innermost secrets of another heart.' Like all work of the highest originality, these sonnets have had a marked assimilative effect on contemporary verse. I recall one very perfect echo in sonnet-form, which might pass unchallenged among Mrs. Browning's sonnets, and may even be read with those of Shakspeare devoted to the subject of love in absence. It occurs in a little volume of refined and thoughtful essays and poems collected under the title of *The Pelican Papers* (1873, p. 198):

LOVE AND ABSENCE.

Let it not grieve thee, dear, to hear me say
'Tis false that absence maketh the fond heart
More fond; that when alone and far apart
From thee I love thee more from day to day.
Not so; for then my heart would ever pray
For longer separation, that I might
In absence from thee gain the utmost height
Of love unrealized; nor would I stay
In my swift course, but ever onward press
Until mine eager hand should touch the goal
Of possible passion. Did I love thee less,'
Then might I love thee more; but now my soul
Is filled throughout with perfect tenderness:
No part of me thou hast, but the full whole.

James Ashcroft Noble.

These examples from Mrs. Browning are given as finally amended in the Fourth Edition of her *Poems:* 1856.

Henry Alford.

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212—CCCCXIX, 6-7. 'Flos regum Arthurus.'—Joseph of Exeter (Fragment of 'Antiocheis').

CCCCXX. One of a series of sonnets suggested by the death of a young mother. The funeral sermon was on the text, 'The Master is come, and calleth for thee.'—*St. John* xi, 28.

CCCCXIX–CCCCXX. Given from his *Poetical Works:* 1845.

Arthur Henry Hallam.

213-214—CCCCXXI-CCCCXXIII. Dated respectively April and July, 1829, and May, 1831.

215—CCCCXXVI. Dated 1831.

213-215—CCCCXXI–CCCCXXVI. From his *Remains, in Verse and Prose:* 1834.

Frederick William Faber.

216-217—CCCCXXVII–CCCCXXX. From *The Cherwell Water-Lily, and Other Poems:* 1840; but with the Scriptural mottoes from the Douay (in place of the Authorized) Version, as in his collected *Poems:* 1857. Besides these mottoes (from *1 Pet.* i, 17, *Job* i, 22, *Eccles.* xii, 12, and *Acts* v, 15), there is also the general one (*Ps.* ix, 20): 'Arise, O Lord, let not man be strengthened: let the gentiles be judged in Thy sight.' The Catholic writer before quoted (*ante*, p. 258), referring to Father Faber in the second portion of his valuable Critical History of the Sonnet (*Dublin Review*, Jan., 1877, p. 158), says: 'Among the multiform triumphs of the versatile genius of this gifted man[1] may be reckoned remarkable success in sonnet-writing. Father Faber's sonnets are numerous, and of a high order of merit. They are almost all regular in form, and they are free from what is a fault in Father Faber's poetry generally, the tendency to exuberance of language and to excess in illustration. . . . We know few more striking poems in the language than the sonnets on the "Four Religious Heathens."'

218—CCCCXXXI. From *The Rosary, and Other Poems:* 1845.

A peculiarity in the structure of many of Father Faber's sonnets is that the pause or turn in the thought is made to take place in the eleventh verse, instead of in the ninth as the rule enjoins.

[1] Mr. Aubrey de Vere in his *Recollections*, as before, reports Wordsworth's having said in conversation: 'I have hardly ever known any one but myself who had a true eye for Nature, one that thoroughly understood her meanings and her teachings—except' (here he interrupted himself) 'one person. There was a young clergyman, called Frederick Faber, who resided at Ambleside. He had not only as good an eye for Nature as I have, but even a better one, and sometimes pointed out to me on the mountains effects which, with all my great experience, I had never detected.'—Wordsworth's *Prose Works*, iii, 488.

John Forster.

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218—CCCCXXXII. This sonnet, the only one published, but not, I understand, the only one written, by the late Mr. Forster, bears date 'March, 1848,' and forms the Dedication of *The Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith* (1848), as the title of his biography ran originally. Hence the epithet 'adventurous' in l. 8.

Arthur Hugh Clough.

219—CCCCXXXIII. One of a set of poems under the motto, 'Blank Misgivings of a Creature moving about in Worlds not realised.' Given from *Ambarvalia: Poems by Thomas Burbidge and Arthur H. Clough:* 1849. In all subsequent English impressions of Clough's poems the three last lines of this sonnet are printed, not as a question, but as a statement, thus:

> 'It is enough to walk as best we may,
> To walk, and, sighing, dream of that blest day
> When ill we cannot quell shall be no more.'

Charles Kingsley.

CCCCXXXIV. From the collected edition of his *Poems; including The Saint's Tragedy, Andromeda, Songs, Ballads, &c.:* 1878.

William Caldwell Roscoe.

220—CCCCXXXVI. Dated 'Richmond, 1852.'

221—CCCCXXXVII. The pre-eminently perfect workmanship and beauty of this sonnet suggest the remark—otherwise hardly necessary, I presume—that these exquisite productions had not the advantage of their author's final revision. Had he lived to finish the studies in sonnet-form contained in Mr. Hutton's memorial volumes, my selection from his sonnets would have been much less limited. Not a few of these studies possess the mournful interest and value of unfinished masterpieces. I select two examples (*Poems and Essays*, i, 75):

A WET AUTUMN.

> Behold the melancholy season's wane!
> Oppressed with clouds and with the rainy days,
> And the great promise of that lavish gain
> All shattered, which his shining youth did raise,
> In misty fields the dripping harvest-grain
> Hangs its dank head; the sorrowing reaper stays
> From day to day his sickling, chiding in vain
> His unused sunshine and unwise delays.
> Thus when I see this bright youth aged in tears,
> With bitter drops I wash my wasting prime,

William Caldwell Roscoe.

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And sadly see mine own unharvested years
In the unprofited past their dark hours wave,
And the great visions of my early time
Wax fainter, and my face grows to the grave.
Hafodunos, 1847.

(*Ibid.*, i, 83):

M. S.

Like morning, or the early buds in spring,
Or voice of children laughing in dark streets,
Or that quick leap with which the spirit greets
The old revisited mountains—some such thing
She seemed in her bright home. Joy and Delight
And full-eyed Innocence with folded wing
Sat in her face; and from her happy smiling
Clear air she shook, like star-lit summer night.
What needed pain to purge a spirit so pure?
Like fire it came,—what less than fire can be
The cleansing Spirit of God? Oh, happy she,
Able with holy patience to endure!
Her joy made peace, and those bright ores of nature
Subdued to purest gold of piety.
Hafodunos, 1852.

221—CCCCXXXVIII. Dated '1852.'

222—CCCCXXXIX. Dated 'Bryn Rhedyn, 1854.'

CCCCXL. This pathetic sonnet forms the epilogue to the author's *Violenzia*, a very noble tragedy published anonymously in 1851, of which his biographer, writing nearly ten years later, said with perfect truth that, excepting Kingsley's *Saint's Tragedy*, no drama which had appeared since the publication of Shelley's *Cenci* was worthy to be compared to it in power and beauty. L. 5. *while:* 'white' (1851 and 1860). I trust it may be regarded simply as an error of judgment if I have erred in acting on the belief that the poet's alteration of *while* to 'white' in the margin of his proof-sheet (which I have had the opportunity of examining) was unintentional.

220–222—CCCCXXXV–CCCCXL. From *Poems and Essays by the late William Caldwell Roscoe. Edited, with a Prefatory Memoir, by his Brother-in-Law, Richard Holt Hutton:* 1860.

James Drummond Burns.

223—CCCCXLI. Written at Hastings, in the autumn of 1860. From *Memoir and Remains of the Rev. James D. Burns, M.A., of Hampstead. By the late Rev. James Hamilton, D.D.:* 1869.

Sydney Dobell.

CCCCXLII. This profoundly impressive sonnet—3rd in a group of

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five titled as below—is at an obvious disadvantage isolated from its fellows, especially the 1st and 2nd of the group, which are therefore subjoined (*Poetical Works*, ii, 354):

TO 1862.

(IN PROSPECT OF WAR WITH AMERICA.)

1.

Oh worst of years, by what signs shall we know
So dire an advent? Let thy New-Year's-day
Be night. At the east gate let the sun lay
His crown: as thro' a temple hung with wo
Unkinged by mortal sorrow let him go
Down the black noon, whose wan astrology
Peoples the skyey windows with dismay,
To that dark charnel in the west where lo!
The mobled Moon! For so, at the dread van
Of wars like ours, the great humanity
In things not human should be wrought and wrung
Into our sight, and creatures without tongue
By the dumb passion of a visible cry
Confess the coming agony of Man.

2.

Even now, this spring in winter, like some young
Fair Babe of Empire, ere his birth-bells ring,
Shewn to the people by a hoary King,
Stirs me with omens. What fine shock hath sprung
The fairy mines of buried life among
The clods? Above spring's flow'rs a bird of spring
Makes February of the winds that sing
Yule-chants: while March, thro' Christmas brows, rime-hung,
Looks violets: and on yon grave-like knoll
A girlish season sheds her April soul.
Ah is this day that s. ns the exquisite
Strung sense to finer h of delight
An aimless sport of Time, Or do its show'rs
Smiles, birds and blooms betray the heart of conscious Pow'rs?

From this 2nd I have taken the liberty of borrowing a word as a title for the sonnet in the text.

224–225—CCCCXLIII–CCCCXLV. *Sonnets on the War. By Alexander Smith, and by the author of 'Balder' and 'The Roman:'* 1855.

223–225—CCCCXLII–CCCCXLVI. From the posthumous collection of his *Poetical Works, with Introductory Notice and Memoir by John Nichol, M.A. Oxon. LL.D.*, 2 vols., 1875.

Out of several beautiful tributes that have been paid in verse to Dobell's memory, I select the following sonnet by his friend Professor Blackie, which appeared in *The Scotsman* newspaper (issue of 15th September, 1874) shortly after the poet's death.

Sydney Dobell.

TO THE MEMORY OF SYDNEY DOBELL.

And thou, too, gone! one more bright soul away
To swell the mighty sleepers 'neath the sod;
One less to honour and to love, and say,
Who lives with thee doth live half-way to God.
My chaste-souled Sydney! thou wert carved too fine
For coarse observance of the general eye;
But who might look into thy soul's fair shrine
Saw bright gods there, and felt their presence nigh.
O! if we owe warm thanks to Heaven, 'tis when
In the slow progress of the struggling years
Our touch is blest to feel the pulse of men
Who walk in light and love above their peers,
White-robed, and forward point with guiding hand,
Breathing a heaven around them where they stand!

John Stuart Blackie.

Mortimer Collins.

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226—CCCCXLVII. From his *Summer Songs:* 1860.

The writer on the Sonnet repeatedly quoted above makes the remark (*Dublin Review*, Jan., 1877, p. 179): 'We believe we are correct in stating that no sonnet has ever graced the pages of our witty contemporary *Punch*;' and he adds in a foot-note: 'The spell has at last been broken. Mr. Punch, we learn, has at length joined the rank of sonneteers. His first essay in this line, we believe, appears in the number for June 17th, 1876, three "Sonnets for the Sex," strictly regular and Petrarchan in form.' This, as a friend points out to me, is not strictly accurate. A sonnet, the germ of the charming triad named—in which it was not difficult to detect the deft hand of Mortimer Collins (see his *Letters*, &c., 1877, ii, 190)—had appeared in that journal as far back as December, 1846. See *Punch*, vol. xi, p. 237.

Julian Fane.

The Hon. Julian Fane's sonnets are close and masterly imitations of Shakspeare's, which, his biographer Lord Lytton informs us, 'he loved and studied, till he became saturated with the spirit of them.' I subjoin an example of Fane's sonnet-work, written before he had abandoned the Petrarcan for the Shakspearian method. Lord Lytton (Memoir, p. 45) questions 'if it be possible to select from the boyish versification of any man whose name is not recorded amongst those of acknowledged poets, a specimen of verse more chastened in expression, or more carefully completed in form.' (*Poems, Second Edition, with additional Poems*, 1852, p. 27):

TO A CANARY-BIRD,

TRAINED TO DRAW SEED AND WATER FROM A GLASS-WELL SUSPENDED TO ITS CAGE.

Thou should'st be carolling thy Maker's praise,
Poor bird! now fetter'd, and here set to draw,
With graceless toil of beak and added claw,
The meagre food that scarce thy want allays!
And this—to gratify the gloating gaze
Of fools, who value Nature not a straw,
But know to prize the infraction of her law
And hard perversion of her creature's ways!
Thee the wild woods await, in leaves attired,
Where notes of liquid utterance should engage
Thy bill, that now with pain scant forage earns;
So art thou like that bard who, God-inspired
To charm the world with song, was set to gauge
Beer-barrels for his bread—half-famish'd Burns!

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226—CCCCXLVIII. The 3rd of a series of four sonnets dated Vienna.

227—CCCCXLIX. The 1st of a series of six dated London.

CCCCL. The last of a series of six dated Vienna.

228—CCCCLI. It will be observed that this sonnet contains only thirteen lines.

CCCCLI–CCCCLII. Dated London. A melancholy interest attaches to these two beautiful tributes of filial love, from their having been written by the poet during the agony of mortal illness. 'On the evening of the 12th of March, 1870,' writes Lord Lytton (p. 291), 'his physical suffering was excessive. The following day was the birthday of his mother. That day had never yet dawned upon a deeper sorrow than it now reawakened in the soul of her he loved so well. For the first time in all the long course of their tender intercourse she could not look forward to that accustomed and treasured tribute of dedicated song wherewith her son had never yet failed to honour the advent of this day. Yet she found what she dared not, could not, anticipate. There lay upon her table, when she rose on that saddest of all her birthday anniversaries, a letter in the old beloved hand-writing; which, with a few simple utterances of devoted affection, contained the two following sonnets. They are the last words ever written by Julian Fane. But this golden chain of votive verse into which from his earliest years he had woven, with religious devotion, the annual record of a lifelong affection, was not broken till life itself had left the hand that wrought it.'

226-228—CCCCXLVIII–CCCCLII. From *Julian Fane. A Memoir. By Robert Lytton:* 1871.

Alexander Smith.

229—CCCCLIV. With the modern sonnet compare the following piece of

Alexander Smith.

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quaint old handiwork by Dr. Giles Fletcher, father of the famous Giles, which may be regarded as its Elizabethan correlative. 'Marlowe himself,' says his editor, 'might have written the twelfth verse.' (*Licia*, 1593, Son. 12, ed. Grosart, 1876):

> I wish sometimes, although a worthlesse thing,
> Spurd by ambition, glad for to aspyre,
> My selfe a Monarch, or some mightie King:
> And then my thoughtes doe wish for to be hyer.
> But when I view what windes the Cedars tosse,
> What stormes men feele that covet for renowne,
> I blame my selfe that I have wisht my losse,
> And scorne a kingdome, though it give a crowne.
> Ah! Licia thou, the wonder of my thought,
> My heartes content, procurer of my blisse,
> For whom a crowne I doe esteeme as nought,
> And Asias wealth too meane to buy a kisse:
> Kisse me, sweete love, this favour doe for me,
> Then Crownes and Kingdomes shall I scorne for thee.
>
> *Giles Fletcher.*

229-230—CCCCLIII-CCCCLV. From his *Poems:* 1853.

CCCCLVI. *Surprised to tears.* 'Flatter'd to tears' (Keats's *Eve of St. Agnes*, iii, 3). This fine sonnet is one of Smith's contributions to the little pamphlet, *Sonnets on the War*, published by him and Dobell in 1855.

David Gray.

These selections from David Gray—with William Caldwell Roscoe, and Oliver Madox Brown later, the most deeply deplored since Keats of

> 'Those dying hearts that come to go,
> And sing their swan-song flying home'—

are from his only volume, *The Luggie and Other Poems. With a Memoir by James Hedderwick, and a Prefatory Notice by R. M. Milnes, M.P.*—Cambridge: 1862; of which a second and enlarged edition, without the Memoir, was published by Mr. Maclehose, Glasgow, in 1874.

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232—CCCCLIX, 10. A recollection of *In Memoriam*, LIV—and, I presume, an instance of that 'direct and seemingly unconscious transference of some of the best known lines or phrases from such obscure authors as Shakespeare and Wordsworth into the somewhat narrow and barren field of his own verse,' which Mr. Swinburne contemptuously asserts to be one of the two most remarkable points in the 'poor little book' of this 'poor young Scotchman'! (*Essays and Studies*, 1875, p. 153, foot-note).

CCCCLX, 1. Cp. Tennyson's *Princess* (p. 79, 4th ed., 1851):

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'Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green.'

This sonnet was addressed to his brother-poet, Robert Buchanan. See Mr. Buchanan's *David Gray, and Other Essays*, 1868, p. 117.

233—CCCCLXII. There is something infinitely touching in the fondness with which young poets passing through 'the shadows' have looked to this little flower as the emblem of hope for them. One of our latest 'inheritors of unfulfilled renown' thus glorifies it in sonnet-form (*The Life of a Scottish Probationer: being a Memoir of Thomas Davidson. With his Poems and Extracts from his Letters.* By Dr. James Brown, of Paisley: 1878, 2nd ed., p. 226):

A SICK MAN TO THE EARLIEST SNOWDROP.

From off the chill and misty lower verge
Of Autumn, when the flowers were all gone past,
Looks, that were prayers, o'er Winter I did cast,
To see beyond thy fancied form emerge:
Thy advent was my dream, while storms did surge,
And if Hope walked with me 'tween blast and blast,
With phantom Snowdrops her pale brows were graced.
And now thy presence and my heart's fulness urge
This word of hail to thee, Emblem of meekness,—
Yet in thy meekness brave and militant,
Leading flower-armies from the bloomy South,
Hard on the heels of Frost and Cold and Bleakness!
O when I spied thee in this yearly haunt
'Life! Life! I shall not die!' brake from my mouth.

Thomas Davidson.

It was probably the reference in the text to the snowdrop that suggested the exquisitely tender episode in Mr. Buchanan's *Poet Andrew*, which manifestly depicts the brief sad life of David Gray. Age cannot wither such poetry as that in which Andrew's father, the simple-hearted handloom weaver, tells the story of his son's death (*Idyls and Legends of Inverburn*, 1865, p. 59):

'One Sabbath day—
The last of winter, for the caller air
Was drawing sweetness from the bark of trees—
When down the lane, I saw to my surprise
A snowdrop blooming underneath a birk,
And gladly pluckt the flower to carry home
To Andrew.

Saying nought,
Into his hand I put the year's first flower,
And turn'd awa' to hide my face; and he . .
. . He smiled . . and at the smile, I know not why,
It swam upon us, in a frosty pain,
The end was come at last, at last, and Death
Was creeping ben, his shadow on our hearts.

David Gray.

We gazed on Andrew, call'd him by his name,
And touch'd him softly . . and he lay awhile,
His een upon the snow, in a dark dream,
Yet neither heard nor saw; but suddenly,
He shook awa' the vision wi' a smile,
Raised lustrous een, still smiling, to the sky,
Next upon us, then dropt them to the flower
That trembled in his hand, and murmur'd low,
Like one that gladly murmurs to himsel'—
"Out of the Snow, the Snowdrop—out of Death
Comes Life;" then closed his eyes and made a moan,
And never spake another word again.'

The following tribute in sonnet-form to David Gray's memory from the pen of another living writer, originally printed in *Hedderwick's Miscellany*, 7 March, 1863, will fittingly close our selection from Luggie's poet. (*A Scholar's Day-Dream, Sonnets, and Other Poems*, 1870, p. 190):

'IN MEMORIAM'
DAVID GRAY.

Oh, rare young soul! Thou wast of such a mould
As could not bear the poet's painful dower!
Hence, in the sweet spring-tide of opening power,
Ere yet the gathering breeze of song had roll'd
Out on the world its music manifold,
Death gently hushed the harp, lest storm or shower—
Which surely life had brought some later hour—
Should snap the quivering strings or dim their gold.
Yet not the less shall tender memories dwell
In those sweet notes—and sad as sweet they seem—
Which from the burning touch of boyhood fell;
For long as little Luggie winds her stream,
And the twin Bothlin prattles down the dell,
Thither shall many a pilgrim turn and dream!

Alsager Hay Hill.

Oliver Madox Brown.

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234—CCCCLXIII. *descries:* used in the old sense = marks, points out. From *The Dwale Bluth, Hebditch's Legacy, and other Literary Remains of Oliver Madox Brown, Author of 'Gabriel Denver.' Edited by William M. Rossetti and F. Hueffer. With a Memoir and Two Portraits:* 1876. The editors note that the sonnet was found prefixed to the first MS. of 'The Black Swan,' a tale written in the winter of 1871–2 and published in an altered form under the title of 'Gabriel Denver,' in 1873; and that there were duplicate readings to several of the lines. They record also that even some years earlier, while in his fourteenth year, and before it had ever been supposed by his family that he so much as understood the meaning

of the word sonnet, this truly 'marvellous boy' had produced a number of sonnets, which he unfortunately destroyed 'in a fit of morbid irritability or bashfulness caused by their being shown to a few friends.' One of these, however, written for a picture by Mrs. Stillman (then Miss Spartali), and printed on the gilt of the frame, has survived. It is as follows:—

Leaning against the window, rapt in thought,
Of what sweet past do thy soft brown eyes dream,
That so expressionlessly sweet they seem?
Or what great image hath thy fancy wrought
To wonder round and gaze at? or doth aught
Of legend move thee, o'er which eyes oft stream,
Telling of some sweet saint who rose supreme
From martyrdom to God, with glory fraught?
Or art thou listening to the gondolier,
Whose song is dying o'er the waters wide,
Trying the faintly-sounding tune to hear
Before it mixes with the rippling tide?
Or dost thou think of one that comes not near,
And whose false heart, in thine, thine own doth chide?

End of the Notes

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The End

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ERRATA

It is desirable that these Corrections be made at the outset, the two marked with an Asterisk being presupposed in the Notes

PAGE	SONNET	LINE	FOR	READ
16	XXX	11	man-at-arms	man of arms
16	XXXI	9	if	so
45	LXXXVIII	7	any's	any
61	CXX	5	sat	set
*66	CXXXI	8	Fly	Ply
93	CLXXXI	10	we	me
118	CCXXXII	11	prolusive	prelusive
*125	CCXLV	14	their	her
134	CCLXIV	8	wreath	wreathe
156	CCCVII	12	secresy	secrecy
223	CCCCXLII	8	extils	exstils
263	..	39	'to sonnets'	'into sonnets'
295	..	22	'need'	'weed'
340	..	31	style	form
378	..	36	*Tableux*	*Tableaux*
425	..	16	Thermopolæ	Thermopylæ
438	..	bottom	γερος	γενος

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